THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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A story of a fan is told,
A story that is ages old;
With tender messages is fraught,
And all the shades of love are caught
In milady's feathered fan.

Milady's Fan

P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

She can send an invitation,
She can start a new flirtation,
She can pierce man's strongest armor
With the mystery and the glamor
And the cayness of her fan.

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AUSTRALIA'S *New Era* in *Music* & RADIO

DR. EDGAR BAINTON, Director of the Sydney Conservatorium, who will act as judge for The Australian Women's Weekly at their forthcoming £100 piano scholarship contest.

MR. W. J. CLEARY, the "Great Uncle" of radio, who has announced that National broadcast programmes are to be improved forthwith.

MR. MAURICE de ABRAVANEL, who is conducting the season of grand opera broadcasts over the National stations.

MEMBERS OF the world-famous Budapest String Quartet looking for a baffling word in their English dictionary. From left to right (standing) Mischa (cello) and Alexander Schneider (second violin), and Josef Roismann (first violin), and Stefan Ipolyi (viola). —Women's Weekly photo.

Influence on Our Cultural Life: Search for Talented Pianist

This week sees the dawn of a new era for music in Australia. Mr. Cleary, chairman of the A.B.C., has announced that drastic reforms in National broadcasting programmes, so long and earnestly advocated by this paper, are to be undertaken forthwith.

Weekly broadcasting of grand opera, with de Abravanel conducting, and the recitals of the Budapest String Quartet, are musical events of national importance.

In this State, the City of Sydney Eisteddfod is in progress with 10,000 entries to its credit. One of the most interesting highlights of this great cultural festival is the contest between juvenile pianists for The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship. This will be finalised on the evening of Thursday, September 5, in the main Assembly Hall of the Scots Church, Margaret St.

THE cream of the competitors in under-eighteen piano sections will be heard at this session of the Eisteddfod. By Thursday the 5th, the contestants will be narrowed down to between twelve and eighteen, and, with the generous Australian Women's Weekly prize at stake, every young player will be at concert pitch.

It will be an exciting night, one that should draw a large audience. The keenness of these youngsters has to be seen to be believed. They have come from Boolaroo and Brisbane, Manly and Murrurundi—from every point of the compass potential Paderewskis have converged on Sydney, keen to seize an opportunity to provide for themselves a future in music.

Even to see the manner in which they attack the preliminary tests is well worth while. There is an enthusiasm in their work, a youthful verve that augurs well for the future of music in this country.

The task faced by the judges is no easy one. The Australian Women's Weekly, in making this scholarship available, has not set out to unearth a prodigy who will flare spectacularly for a brief period only. On the contrary, the intention is to award the prize to the competitor who, in the opinion of the adjudicators, seems more likely to combine all those qualities which, properly developed, will form a musician of whom Australia will be proud.

THIS being so, the age of the contestants will be taken into consideration when allotting points. The fairness of this has appealed to all, with the result that the public, on the night of the finals, may see aspirants of eight or ten (perhaps even of six) pitting themselves against giants of sixteen and seventeen.

It will be something you must not miss, this night of youthful competition and excitement. Musically, too, the evening will be very interesting; the performers will be picked juveniles, sifted out from the winners of first and second places in individual piano sections.

THE programme will be opened at seven o'clock with a choral contest. The final tests in The Australian Women's Weekly event will commence at about a quarter to eight. The tests concluded, the two judges, Dr. Edgar Bainton and Mr. John Bishop, will confer while the Business House Choirs compete, and, when this choral event is over, the winner of The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Scholarship will be announced.

Nearly nine hundred children and young people have entered for piano sections, from which they may qualify to compete for the scholarship.

DURING this week and next, in various halls in the city, they will be striving to gain their first step upward in the musical world. Some will be more successful than others, but, for all, the experience gained will be invaluable.

Those who, out of the nine hundred juvenile piano competitors, reach the platform of the Assembly Hall on Thursday, September 5, will have achieved something of which they may reasonably feel proud. There will be less than twenty who will win this privilege, and to be one of that small band will be a prize in itself.

Honor and glory will go to these few, irrespective of who may win the scholarship. To the public, however, will be granted a pleasure that will be nearly as stimulating—the pleasure of listening to them.

Budapest Quartet

ONE of the world's most famous chamber music combinations, the Budapest String Quartet, comprises Josef Roismann, first violin, a Russian by birth, who studied in Berlin before being returned to Russia to be leader of the Odessa Opera Orchestra and to tour his native country at the behest of the Soviet Government; Mischa Schneider (cello) and his brother, Alexander (second violin), both natives of Russia; and Stefan Ipolyi (viola player), the only Hungarian in the party.

"Much, much more modern than we expected" is the opinion each member of the quartet gave The Australian Women's Weekly of the Australasian cities they have already visited. The audiences, too, they have found exceptionally warm and appreciative.

The quartet leads a nomadic existence, travelling from one musical centre to another the whole year round, and they are overjoyed to find that the Australian seasons last longer than they do in any other part of the world.

For once, they are able to enjoy a small measure of domesticity, and their wives, three of whom are also in Sydney, have already rented flats for the period of their stay here.

First event planned for their Sydney season was a private recital at the Hotel Australia on Monday night, the programme including the Quartet in C Major by Mozart, and the Reger Quartet, Opus 109 in E Flat Major. At the Conservatorium on August 29 their first public recital will be held, and later concerts are listed for September 3, 5, and 12.

Viennese Choir

ANOTHER outstanding musical feature this month will be the arrival of the Viennese Boys' Choir, which will open its season at the Sydney Town Hall on September 17.

MAKING *Housework* a *Popular* CAREER

Y.W.C.A. On "Domestics" Problem

Householders will probably be amazed to hear that domestic servants, as a class, are practically extinct. "Domestic employees" will applaud when they hear the reason.

A special Y.W.C.A. committee has, since January of this year, been inquiring into the conditions under which they work, and it desires that the former "servant" shall be called a household employee, "because of the suggested stigma" attached to the word "servant."

At the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. World's Executive Committee at Geneva at the beginning of this year, it was decided to send out a few pertinent questions to the association branches of the world.

DETERMINED to find out why women and girls disliked domestic service as a career, and why they would only turn to it as a last resort, the committee sent out these questionnaires to Y.W.C.A. officials in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Japan, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States of America, and although some of the replies were prompt, it is thought that the problem is one which will continue to occupy the attention of the committee both at national and international headquarters for some time to come.

Inquiries elicited the information that there has been widespread exploitation of domestic servants, and the Y.W.C.A. intends to try and put a stop to that.

Upon inquiry, word came from the National Recovery Administration that household employment could not come under any code, one reason being that there was no organised group of either employers or employees to represent the occupation.

That was when the Y.W.C.A. was urged to try to do something definite, as it was felt that that organisation included in its members both employers and employees.

MISS ROSE WINTER, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in South Australia, has just received a report on the work that is being done from Geneva, and this report states: "It will be interesting to observe whether the same problems regarding household employees (the term is used in preference to domestic servants, which in some quarters is thought to carry a suggestion of stigma) arise in all countries, and how far the proposals made for improving the situation are applicable to varying circumstances."

It also points out that the fact must not be overlooked that employers will also have to make radical changes in their domestic life to adapt themselves to the new conditions for their employees.

In America, the job of probing into the problems of the employer and the employee is being done thoroughly, and friendly, united discussions between them are being conducted and recommended.

The committee inquiring hopes that eventually a definite working agreement between the household employer and employee will be made in writing, when the duties of the latter will be defined with provisions made for emergencies and the times when the employee may or may not leave the house also defined. Here are other conditions it is proposed to adopt:

Total actual working hours should not exceed 60 per week, and a shorter working-week comparable to that of other workers is recommended. Two half-days a week off duty, beginning not later than 2 p.m. on the week-day and 3 p.m. on the Sunday, or one whole day each week, should be scheduled. Four national public holidays should be given and one week's vacation with pay after the first year's work.

Living conditions should include adequate food, private (or possibly shared) bedroom, access to bath, adequate warmth, and space for personal belongings.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

GIFTED ARTIST

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, who was created A.R.A. in 1928, is known for her thoroughness in detail when painting. She even took lessons in ballet dancing when she first started painting dancers.

At the early age of thirteen she became an art student in Nottingham. Her first successful picture was "The Beach," painted at Staithes some years later.

Dame Laura Knight was the first Englishwoman to serve on the jury of the International Art Exhibition. She married Harold Knight, whom she met in Nottingham, who is also A.R.A.

VOLUNTARY MISSIONARY

MISS LUCIE OWEN, a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who is at present in Sydney, has visited and lectured in nearly every part of the world. During the war she was in Egypt, Palestine, and the Sudan, doing secretarial work at the Australian military headquarters; canteen work in the Esbekiah Gardens; and working for the Armenians. She spent two years lecturing in Africa, sometimes being interpreted in many different languages. She has been in India three or four times, and last year she was lecturing in Korea, China, and Japan.

In Canada she worked for four months among the North-American Indians, addressing meetings in schools and in the small towns.

After leaving Australia Miss Owen hopes to go across to Dr. Northcote Deck's mission in the Solomon Islands, and then north to Sumatra and Malay.

FAMOUS DANCER

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH, better known as Adele Astaire a few years ago, was often referred to as "the most vivacious dancer in two continents." From early childhood she appeared with her brother, Fred, in dancing acts in America and England. Since her marriage in 1932 to Lord Charles Cavendish she has deserted dancing and taken up fishing, hunting, shooting, and living very quietly at Lismore Castle, County Waterford, Ireland. Her wedding is reputed to have been the quietest society wedding of the century, as it was not until 12 o'clock the night before that even the clergyman knew of the arrangements.

ORIENTAL *Splendor* of MYSORE

Impressions of One of India's Most Progressive States

By LADY GAME

AUSTRALIAN civilisation is so "Western" we are apt to forget that the Commonwealth is about the only "Western" stronghold out East. India is one of our nearest neighbors; India with its fascinating Oriental customs, which Lady Game, wife of Sir Philip Game, ex-Governor of New South Wales, describes so well in this article. Sir Philip and Lady Game visited India recently.

ABOVE: The Great Bull of Mysore, an object of worship. Left: Entrance to the Palace.

Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly

MYSORE is one of the most interesting and progressive of the native States of India, and we felt ourselves fortunate to be the guests of the Maharajah for a few days. He was in Bangalore when we arrived, but we were met by his Indian secretary, and driven through the spotless streets of the city, between hedges of bougainvillea, to the stately white building known as Government House.

We went to the Baby Health Centre of which Mysore may be very proud. Here the Indian mothers are taught to look after their babies, and are given instructions in simple health rules. It was extremely interesting to watch them learning to bathe their babies. They sit on the floor of the verandah until called by the trained Indian sister to come into the bathroom.

Each "bath" is merely a division in the stone floor. On the edge of the division, with her feet in the bath, sits the mother, her brown legs bare to the knees. On her legs, between her knees and her ankles, she places the little brown baby—head downwards as a rule—with its face between her ankles.

In this position it is smeared all over with coconut oil, soaped with native soap, and rinsed from a pail of warm water, which is gently poured over the little brown body, as it rests upon its mother's legs. The babe is dried in the usual manner, and the primitive but effectual process is complete.

The feeding-bottle is shaped like a miniature sauce-boat, from which the child drinks rather than sucks. It is easily kept clean, and has been used in this form for centuries.

It may sound as if the mother's education left much to be desired, but one only has to remember the extremely primitive nature of their native methods to realise that it would be impossible for these women to follow any elaborate system. A supply of pure milk is available, and the babies are weighed, and advice is given, just as in the most up-to-date centre in Australia.

There is also a solarium, where the children sun-bathe, as a preventive against tuberculosis, which is rampant among Indians.

ABOVE: Sir Philip nursing a little tiger cub. Right: Native women and their babies at the Mysore Baby Health Centre.

The Great Bull

UPON the hill above the city, looking down upon the plain, sits the Great Bull of Mysore—a huge figure, jet black and dignified—carved out of the solid rock. The religion of Mysore is Hindu, and the bull is worshipped as a god. On the same hill is the temple of the goddess who is dedicated to the Maharajah's family, although, as our guide remarked, anyone might worship her save "Christians and low-caste people."

She is an evil goddess, and has to be propitiated. It is said that the Christian-minded ruler has none of the joy of the Christian religion, but spends many hours in prayer to the sinister goddess in the temple on the hill.

Her figure, with its numerous arms and legs, is reproduced in carvings on the outside of the temple.

Some miles from the city a dam has been built on the river, to conserve the water and provide electric power.

ABOVE: One of the ancient temples in the district. Left: Sir Philip Game off for a ride on one of the Maharajah's ponies.

The Maharajah gives his people electric light and sanitation. The interest in this enormous work is greatly enhanced by the manner in which the overflow from the dam has been used to make a beautiful and unique garden.

Thirty or forty fountains throw jets of clear water over well-kept grass. After sunset they are delightfully illuminated by colored lights, skilfully hidden beneath the water. The effect is unforgettable and worth coming many miles to see.

The Maharajah's palace is full of Eastern magnificence, the State apartments being painted and carved in the most elaborate manner, and inlaid with ivory, gold and silver.

A great festival takes place in Mysore upon the birthday of His Highness, when the beautiful cream-colored horses, his elephants with gold and silver howdahs, and his hundreds of gaily-dressed subjects, throng the great courtyards of the palace to salute him.

Prince in White

PASSING through Bangalore the Maharajah received us in his palace, which resembles a Scottish castle. We were shown into a large room with many glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

His Highness, a gentle, but dignified little man, was dressed in spotless white muslin, an embroidered white silk coat, and a lavender silk turban. He speaks good English, and it is hard to realise that he is one of the few Indian rulers who have never been to England.

We expressed our admiration for all we had seen in Mysore, and our thanks for his hospitality. He smiled kindly, and appeared pleased at our appreciation.

Nothing better could be wished for India than that her States should be in the hands of such rulers as the Maharajah of Mysore.

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WORLD MOURNS with *Widows of Famous* PAIR

Mrs. Post and Mrs. Rogers

From GEORGE WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly. By Beam Wireless from New York.

All this week the overwhelming sympathy of a generous-hearted nation has so enveloped two widows that even the solace of homely grief is denied them. Mrs. Post, Mrs. Rogers, and their families have required special police arrangements to ensure them some respite from the thousands of people who wanted to share in the mourning rites for the famous airman and actor.

Shocked to the depths of her soul by the tragic death of her husband, Mrs. Rogers did not cry on the brief occasions she had to face the public. But her face was pitifully white and she seemed suddenly to have aged terribly.

Mrs. Post was near collapse at the first news. Then she rallied and sought to learn every detail.

WILL ROGERS'S daughter, Mary, was scarcely able to restrain her tears and hid her grief-stricken face in the collar of her coat when she attended the service for her father. She was too weak to walk unsupported, but seemed to derive some solace from her dog, Scotty, who is her constant companion.

By Fate's irony Mary heard the tragic news while playing in "Ceiling Zero," a play which hinges round an intensely dramatic off-stage air crash, and was a sensational Broadway hit.

Mrs. Rogers wanted her husband's body buried alongside his father's mother in Oklahoma. She wanted the last sad rites to be far from movie-mad millions who made Will Rogers's funeral the occasion for a spectacular display of adulation.

She wanted to let sink into her heart the simple message cabled from Evangeline Booth, world-leader of the Salvation Army, and staunch friend of the dead film-star humorist.

Eva Booth's message to the sorrowing widow was, "Remember Christ has abolished death, and pours resurrection light into the graves of our departed."

BUT for Will Rogers's widow quietude was impossible when the authorities requested the Los Angeles ceremony.

Rogers rests, temporarily, in the same cemetery as Marie Dressler, Flo Ziegfeld, Lon Chaney, and other celebrities, but later his body will be moved to his native soil.

Wiley Post's widow is charming and beautiful. After the first shock of the news, she hardly left the long-distance telephone until she knew the whole stark story of how a frightened Eskimo saw a red plane plunge from the murky Alaskan sky in a ghastly crash.

In a letter to her parents written just before the disaster, Mrs. Post said she had planned to accompany the men on their flight, but both Will Rogers and her husband "kidded her out of it, because the Arctic was no place for a lady."

Mrs. Post escaped the movie atmosphere ordeal to which Mrs. Rogers was subjected. Her husband's funeral service was held in his home town, and, while awaiting the last sad rites, she sought comfort with his parents on their farm.

MISS HAZEL PRITCHARD, well-known Australian sportswoman, is here shown wearing neat uniform approved by the Australian Women's Cricket Council. The shorts fall into full, graceful pleats, and their length can be varied to suit the individual. The Australian Women's Weekly is featuring a free pattern of these shorts in next week's issue.—Women's Weekly Photo.

A SPECIAL *Free* PATTERN Next Week!

This week The Australian Women's Weekly has an announcement to make, which is of special interest to the outdoor girl.

We have secured the exclusive design of a splendid shorts pattern, and are featuring it as a special free pattern in our next issue. This will enable every woman to make herself a delightful pair of shorts for summer wear.

SPORTING girls will particularly appreciate these shorts. They are ideal for wear on all the playing fields, and equally useful for hiking, beach, and cruise wear.

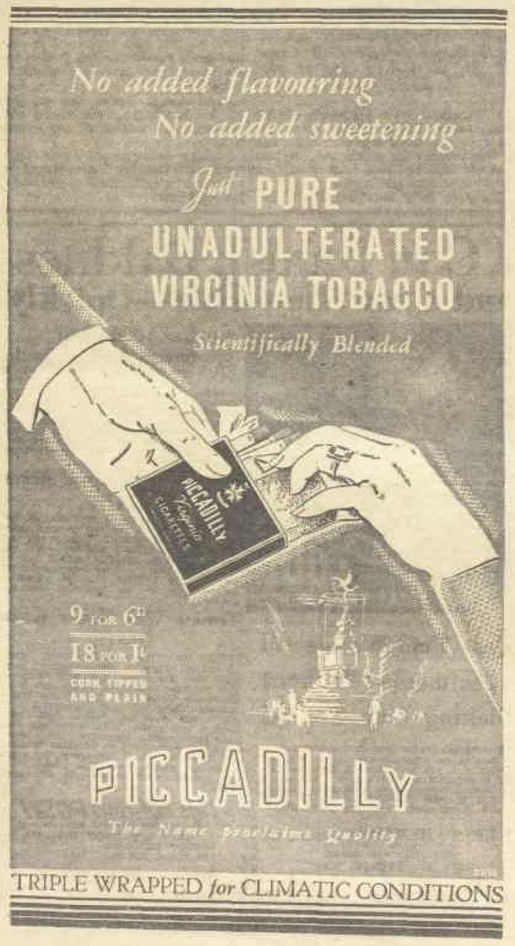
It is interesting to note that shorts or abbreviated divided skirts first became popular on the Wimbledon tennis courts.

Australians quickly recognised their value for sports wear, and shorts of many designs have been tried out by members of various sporting bodies. The Australian Women's Cricket Council have adopted shorts as their national uniform. During the last twelve months many designs have been tried out, and at a recent meeting of the council—where representatives from West Australia, South Australia, Victoria, N.S.W., and Queensland were present—an approved pattern was adopted. The Australian Women's Cricket Council is probably the first in the world to adopt shorts of an approved pattern as their sports uniform.

This pattern, which has been secured exclusively by The Australian Women's Weekly, is that which we are now offering to our readers as a free pattern.

You will be delighted with it. You will find full details of it in our next issue. The supply is limited, so make sure you secure next week's copy of The Australian Women's Weekly early, so that you can apply forthwith for your shorts pattern.

In addition to this pattern our three-in-one free pattern will be given away, as usual, next issue.



TRAFFIC in BABIES *Alarms Adoption* SOCIETIES

English Move to Inquire into Extent of Terrible Trade

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London. By Air Mail.

Inquiries are being made into Britain's adoption laws, as it has been discovered that scores of British children are being bought from their parents and sold abroad, allegedly to childless couples, in countries where adoption is not encouraged among their own people.

THESE traffickers in babies are making quite considerable sums, and British authorities are beginning to ask questions as to the destination and well-being of these infants.

The people who do this trade appear to watch the birth registers, and where there is an illegitimate child they go to the mother, pretending to belong to some respectable adoption society, and make her a tempting monetary offer.

The authorities are fearful lest these poor children should just be brought up to be nothing but slaves in the homes of their foster parents, or that they may lose their nationality and be trained to fight against England in a future war.

The adoption societies are urging the Government to immediately pass a new law stopping this terrible trade in babies.

Australian Position

CHILD WELFARE authorities in Australia are confident that no traffic of this kind goes on here, and that, because of the safeguards provided in the various Child Welfare Acts, there is nothing to apprehend.

Provision is made for the adoption of children, and after such legal adoption a child for all purposes is deemed to be the child of its adopted parents as much as if it had been born to them in lawful wedlock.

When such an adoption order is made all rights and liabilities between the child and its natural parents are terminated, other than the right of the child to take property as heir or next-of-kin.

When an application for the adoption of a child is made to the Child Welfare Department, a most rigid investigation of the circumstances is made, and the matter has to be approved of by a Judge of the Supreme Court.

One of the requirements of the Act is that the adopting mother must be at least 18 years older than the child, and the adopting father at least 30 years older than the child.

With regard to children under seven years of age, a special safeguard is provided against baby-farming in that the home into which the child is to be received must be licensed, and the child must be registered with the department, under pain of a heavy fine.

Further, the adopting parents are prohibited from taking a lump sum for the adoption of the child, and the maximum amount allowed to be paid in respect of any child is £1 a week, and no more than four weeks' allowance may be paid in advance.

Prior to the introduction of this legislation it was recognised that baby-farming was carried on to some extent in New South Wales, but the department is satisfied that the safeguards under the Act have completely eradicated it.

"Unwanted babies" of tender age, when abandoned by their mothers, are usually handed over to the Benevolent Society, which has a home at Waverley for them. There they are cared for until they reach the age when they can be handed over to the Child Welfare Department.

Boarded Out

IF the mother can be found and she is deemed a fit and proper person to have the custody of her baby, it is boarded out to her by the Welfare Department, a small allowance being made to her for its keep. If no mother can be found, usually some childless couple are willing to undertake the responsibility of rearing the child, with assistance from the Department in the form of a weekly allowance.

During the hearing of a recent divorce case in the Supreme Court, an allegation was made, and denied by the mother, that she had sold her infant child to another woman for the sum of £50, and instances have come under official notice where a woman in desperate circumstances has endeavored to purchase a baby to deceive a trusting husband, but such cases are exceptional.

Where to Find

BOOKS 12
BEAUTY 41
COOKERY 30
FASHION 9
FASHION PARADE 8
FILM NEWS 20
KNITTING 47
LOVER 11
MOTHERS AND WIVES 42
PATTERNS 43
SPORT 51

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Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Georgette HEYER'S

GAY Adventure

MANY SUITORS pay court to a wealthy young maid, but WHICH ONE is the REAL Prince Charming?

"Bread and cheese instead of hunting!" exclaimed Judith. "I cannot allow it to be a choice!"

While Judith Taverner's great wealth, charm, and beauty won her many friends, her spirited, frank manner made enemies of others. Deciding to come to London with her brother, Sir Peregrine, to set up an establishment worthy of their fortune, she met with a mixed reception from the social lights of the day. But Beau Brummell, society's famous leader, set the seal on her popularity with his approval, and counselled her to do anything that would make her out of the ordinary.

Owing to the extraordinary will of their father, the young Taverners learned that they had been made wards of one, Lord Worth. To their horror, they found their guardian to be none other than the gentleman with whom they had quarrelled on their way to London. His manner constantly provoked Judith, and there were many scenes between the two. He provided Judith with a chaperon, Mrs. Scattergood, a distant relative of his.

A cousin, Bernard Taverner, impressed the young heiress with his sympathetic manner, and she found herself attracted to him.

Peregrine became infatuated with Miss Harriet Fairford, a shy young lady not long out of the schoolroom, and secured Lord Worth's approval of his engagement, although the latter further offended Judith by a declaration that he would never agree to her engagement to any suitor.

Involved in a dispute with a Mr. Farnaby, who seemed to have some secret motive, Peregrine was challenged to a duel.

To the disgust of both duellists, police learned of the affair and stopped it. Peregrine blamed Bernard Taverner for informing, but Judith, thankful that her brother was saved from harm, expressed her gratitude to her cousin.

Meeting Farnaby at the King's Arms Inn, Lord Worth made veiled references to the former's part in the duel episode. Now read on—

LORD WORTH took out his snuff-box and opened it. He inhaled a pinch with deliberation. "You are not in a position to resent any tone I may choose to take, Farnaby," he said. He laid his box down open on the table, and leaned back in his chair, his driving coat falling open to show a glimpse of a light waistcoat, and a blue coat, and the irreproachable folds of his cravat. "Let us be frank," he said. "You have made a stupid bungle of a very simple affair."

Farnaby shot a quick look round. "Sir!"

"Don't be alarmed," said Worth. "No one is listening. You were hired to put Sir Peregrine Taverner out of the way, and you have failed to earn your hire."

Farnaby's hands clenched; he leaned forward. "Damn you, shut your mouth!" he whispered. "You daren't say I was hired!"

Worth raised his brows. "What makes you think that?" he inquired.

"You can't say it!"

"On the contrary, I can say it with the greatest ease, my good Farnaby, and if you give me any trouble I shall say it. And—my credit being good with the world, as I have already pointed out to you, I think my word will be believed before yours. We will put it to the test, if you like."

Farnaby was rather white; he looked at the Earl with a good deal of fear in his eyes, and said breathlessly: "Everyone knows what happened! Taverner's cock was squeezed, and I said so, and I'll have you know, my lord, there are dozens who will bear me out that it was so! Taverner struck me, I sent him a cartel, and that is the whole story!"

"Not quite the whole story," said Worth. "You forgot to add that through your bungling folly the duel was stopped."

"If we were informed against that was not my fault," said Farnaby sulkily.

"There I take leave to differ from you," said Worth coolly. "To force a duel on Sir Peregrine Taverner was one thing, but to do it in such a public spot as the Cock-Pit Royal was quite another. Those were not your instructions, I think. I find it hard to believe that even you could do such a stupid thing, Farnaby. Did it not occur to you that at the Cock-Pit there must be any number of persons who might consider it their duty to carry the tidings to the proper quarter? Yet that is precisely what happened. You have blundered, Farnaby, and that ends your part in the affair."

Farnaby was staring at the Earl as though fascinated. "You're a devil!" he said chokingly. "You can't say I was hired! I've not touched a penny for it!"

"Not only have you not touched a penny for it, but you are not going to touch a penny," said Worth, taking another pinch of snuff, and dusting his fingers with a fine handkerchief.

"You were not hired to put Sir Peregrine on his guard. Had you succeeded—but you did not succeed, Farnaby, so why should we waste time in idle conjecture? What I am endeavoring to point out to you is that, though the reward has still to be earned, you are not the man to earn it."

Farnaby swallowed something in his throat. "What do you mean?" he asked weakly.

"I mean, Farnaby, that the task of disposing of Sir Peregrine must be left to some less clumsy hireling," said the Earl pleasantly. "I am persuaded you will perceive that any further attempt made by you on his life would bear an extremely suspicious appearance."

"Do you suggest—do you dare to suggest that I would—I'm not a common cut-throat, my lord!"

"You will have to forgive me for misjudging you," said Worth scathingly. "The scruples of persons of your kidney are, alas, hidden from me. Do not touch my snuff-box, if you please, or I shall be obliged to throw the rest of its contents into the fire."

FARNABY, who had stretched his hand out absently towards the box, drew back with a start, and flushed to the roots of his hair at the note of cold contempt in the Earl's voice. "You are insulting, my lord! You come here to threaten me, but you won't put this on me, let me tell you!"

"No?" said the Earl, raising his eyes. "No?"

Farnaby tried to give back that long, cool look, but his own eyes shifted under the Earl's, and fell. "No," he said uncertainly. "If you dare to accuse me—if you try to put it on to me, do you think I shall have nothing to say? I shan't suffer alone, I——" He broke off, and moistened his lips.

Worth was sitting very still in his chair; his glance never wavered from Farnaby's face. "Go on, Mr. Farnaby," he said. "I am waiting to hear what it is you will say."

"Nothing!" Farnaby said quickly.

"Not even the name of the man who hired you?" said the Earl softly.

"Nothing, I tell you! No one hired me!"

The Earl shut his snuff-box. "No doubt you are wise," he said. "He might—who knows?—take steps to put you out of the way, might he not? And I am afraid that even if you had the courage to divulge his name it would not be of very much use. It would be your word against his, Farnaby, and, to be honest with you, I hardly think yours would be heeded. You see, I have considered all that."

"No need!" Farnaby said, glaring at him. "I've told you I shall divulge nothing!"

"I am glad to find that you have such a wholesome regard for your skin," murmured Worth. "I hope that it may prompt you to keep away from Sir Peregrine in the future. I should go into the country for a while, if I were you. I have an odd notion that if anything were to happen to him while you were in town you might suffer for it."

Farnaby forced out a laugh. "Very interesting, my lord, but I'm no believer in premonitions!"

"Ah!" said the Earl. "But that was more in the nature of a promise. One blunder may be forgiven; a second would prove fatal." He rose, and picked up his gloves and cane. "That is all I wanted to say to you."

Farnaby jumped up. "Wait, my lord!" he said, gripping the edge of the table, and seeming to search for words.

"Well?" said the Earl.

Farnaby licked his lips. "I could be of use to you!" he said desperately.

"You are mistaken," said the Earl in a tone that struck a chill into Farnaby's veins. "No man who has bungled once is of the least use to me."

Farnaby sank down into his chair again, looking after the Earl's tall figure with an expression of mingled venom and despair in his eyes. Worth strolled away towards the parlor door.

HE had not reached it when his gaze alighted on the figure of a gentleman who had entered the tavern a few minutes earlier, and was standing at the other end of the taproom, fixedly regarding him.

The Earl checked, gently put aside a slightly inebriated sailor who was in his way, and walked across the room to the newcomer. "Your servant, Mr. Taverner," he said.

Mr. Taverner bowed formally. "Good evening, Lord Worth."

The fingers of the Earl's right hand began to play with the riband of his quizzing-glass. "Well, Mr. Taverner, what is it?" he asked.

Bernard Taverner raised his brows. "What is it?" he repeated. "What is what, my lord?"

"You seemed to be much interested in my movements," said Worth. "Or am I at fault?"

"Interested . . ." said Mr. Taverner. "I was not so much interested, sir, as surprised, since you ask me."

"To find me here? I am often to be seen in Cribb's parlor," replied the Earl.

"I am aware of it. What I was not aware of, and which, I must confess, occasioned some surprise in me, was that you are also to be seen in such company as Farnaby's."

This was said plainly enough, and with a straight look that met Worth's cynical gaze squarely. It did not, however, appear to embarrass the Earl. "Ah, but I frequently find myself in strange company at Cribb's, Mr. Taverner," he said.

Taverner's lips tightened. After a moment's silence he said in a measured way: "You will admit, Lord Worth, that to see you in conversation with a person who only this morning set out to fight a duel with your ward must present a very odd appearance. Or are you perhaps in ignorance of to-day's release?"

The Earl's fingers slid down the riband to the shaft of his quizzing-glass. He raised it. "No, Mr. Taverner, I was not in ignorance of it."

There was another silence, during which Bernard Taverner seemed to be trying to read what thoughts might lie behind the Earl's suave manner. "You were not in ignorance, and yet——"

"Curiously enough," said Worth, "it was on that very subject that I have been talking to Mr. Farnaby."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," said the Earl. "But why should we fence, Mr. Taverner? You suspect me, I think, of taking a large interest in the affairs Farnaby, and you are quite right. I have informed him—and I believe he understood me tolerably well—that his part is played. So you must not worry about him, my dear sir."

Please turn to Page 32

Piping Satyr

YOU'VE piped a very merry song
And I have danced the whole day long,
Have found a wild abandon in
Your reedy notes that twirl and spin.
So I have twirled and spun for you,
My small, pink toes were wet with dew,
Until the Sunbeams came for me—
And joined our breathless revelry.
Ah! Pity me! I did not know
That both your ears were pointed so!
And ere your merry whim was over
I'd danced the heads off all the clover.

—YVONNE WEBB.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607344

SMOKED OUT

By BASSETT MORGAN

Women's curiosity may often be criticised, but in this case it revealed an unusual mystery.

Illustrated by FISCHER

WHEN Richard Dyke, shabby but young, stepped up to the employment bureau desk, the eyes of the girl behind the typewriter did not quite behave. Yet he knew a girl of her class must have taken some bumps before accepting a job in that section of town interviewing the jobless.

"Do I tell you my troubles?" asked Dick.

"Only as a last resort," she said crisply, though she had been sympathetic to the old man ahead of him. Dick had danced and petted with girls like her.

"I worked my way through college for a diploma. Now you tell me what to do with it," he stated briefly.

As their gaze met an extra shade of pink tinted her cheeks.

"Would you consider a blind date?" he asked.

"I've pawned the evening dress, the sports togs, and winter ulster, but a picnic might interest me."

She typed rapidly and frowned severely.

"Richard Dyke," she addressed him. "We had a call for a young, husky man who happens to have a prison record. The request came from a man who said he liked to help them reform."

"Sorry," said Dick. "I can do many odd things—ride a horse, twang the light guitar, warble for glee purposes, mix it with gloves, sprint some. But majoring in architecture is the best I can offer in graduation honors. And now I wonder why I worked my way through all of it."

"This employer," continued the girl, "wants an ex-convict. Haven't you a little confession of how you were tempted and fell?"

"I was not bad in English composition. And confessing to you helps. If the tale I spin for this client of yours doesn't fool him, you can say it fooled you," he suggested.

Her smile included him in an innocent conspiracy.

"I'm curious why he wants a man just out of prison. If you get and hold the job do you mind telling me what it's all about some day?"

"I'll tell you all you'll let me," he said earnestly. Dimples dug into the cream of her cheeks though her eyes were hidden as she searched the desk drawer for an envelope and began typing a card to insert in it.

"You'll find the address and bus fare in this. Report for work to-morrow morning. Good luck."

"It's good luck running into you," he said.

After a siege of jobless weeks Dick's morale was recovering. As he turned at the door his gaze met the girl's and held for an instant. She was a nice, understanding youngster, brown-eyed. Outside the door he read the address on the envelope:

"Mr. Harrison Ware, Beach Road, Half Moon Bay."

Probably some old fellow with a philanthropic streak for lifting the fallen, Dick surmised. He need only spread a little imaginary prison aura to get the job and earn the wherewithal for a return trip to report to Brown-eyes on the position. At once he began inventing a prison background with trimmings.

Dick's last trip to Half Moon Bay had been after a football game at Stanford, in a fraternity brother's car, with a fluffy little blonde beside him. They'd had a roadhouse dinner and dance. It was now weeks since he'd enjoyed a full meal, and he wondered if the bus-fare could be managed to include a sandwich at the depot restaurant, where sizzling beef proved too much for his resistance.

He sat munching a thick sandwich until a man beside him rose to leave and thrust an evening paper in his vacated seat.

Dick took it, and when the bus rolled in found a corner seat and began perusing the news. The usual scare heads supplied information he desired, notably the case of Stidger, committed for an assault with a deadly weapon, paroled that day.

A callous brute, Stidger. He had knocked at a door and when it was opened by a housewife he had banged her over the head with a revolver and ransacked the house. A man like Stidger would have no scruples about Dick borrowing his name and crime to secure an honest job, surely. By the time the bus pulled up at Palo Alto, Dick's story was invented and memorised. The cost of his sandwich prevented a further bus ride, but he had all night for the hike to Half Moon Bay. Ten of his remaining fifteen cents went for cigarettes, and his engaging grin brought free matches from the girl behind the counter.

Over Palo Alto the stars were shining when he started towards the coast, but half-way there Dick met fog which was thick as he reached the dunes of white sand. Dark mounds of kelp along the shore added to the cold, forbidding scene, and he was glad to return and search for the house of Harrison Ware.

It proved to be a big estate, thickly wooded with trees and shrubs, attractive once but run wild for years. Dick leaped the straggling fence and wandered towards the dwelling, a large frame building with scroll-work decorations and colored glass, of the atrocious nighties in California architecture. The chimneys were topped with tiles and smoke came from two which Dick designated mentally as outlets from the kitchen range and a living-room fireplace. Harrison Ware, who helped convicts, had no furnace in his rambling house.

The tall old trees kept out considerable fog, but the night was cold for sleeping out of doors. Looking for shelter, Dick came to a stable at the end of a moss-grown drive. The door, fastened with a hasp, was easily opened, but it was too early for sleep, so he walked towards the house and saw the kitchen windows darkened. A woman came from the rear door, circled the house, and went down the road.

"A housekeeper who goes home at night," he decided.

Upstairs a lighted window corresponded to the chimney smoke, and edged the leaves of a magnolia tree with radiance. Curious to see his employer, Dick climbed the magnolia until he was high enough to see wall-paper of faded red parrots and pagodas, an antique high bookcase, marble-topped chest of drawers, mantelpiece of mirrors and small shelves, and an elderly man in a chintz-padded wing-chair, hawk-nosed, thin-lipped, long-legged, and wearing a flannel robe over his clothes.

With his curiosity satisfied, Dick dropped to earth not a moment too soon, for the front door opened. A man came out, walking stealthily on his toes, and went towards the stable. Concealed by shrubbery, Dick could see through the wide hinge aperture of the stable door while the man looked along wall stringers, and among an assortment of old paint cans and bottles on the floor. A thud broke the silence. A revolver had fallen from his pocket to the floor.

Grabbing it quickly, he also seized a long-necked oil-can and went towards the house in the same stealthy manner. After a few moments a light appeared in the upper window of a wing opposite to the elderly man's room. Dick retreated to a distance and watched the man from the stable remove his coat and sit. For a half-hour his head was bent over a task involving the oil-can and a grimed rag which he shook out at intervals.

"Oiling a gun," Dick thought. "Nice blind date I have run into. Me, Stidger, who hit a woman with a gun so hard her skull was fractured, then ransacked her house."

WHEN all lights were out in the house, Dick went to the stable and spread newspapers from a pile in one corner. He slept till daybreak when the creaking gate roused him as the housekeeper entered the yard. A few minutes later smoke came from the kitchen chimney. Dick knocked at the door. The man who had oiled a gun sat at the table eating and Dick presented his card, adding the information that he had been sent to ask about the job.

"Are you Mr. Harrison Ware?" he asked.

"Harrison Ware left a week ago. I'm John Brown," he was told. "How bad do you need work, because the wages don't amount to much, a couple of dollars a week, and your room and meals. You are expected to clean up the yard, weed the drives, that sort of thing. What put you behind the bars?"

Dick repeated the story he had invented, glibly.

"I was broke and had a gun. Used it on a dame that answered a door I knocked at an' they picked me up. I got time off for good behaviour."

"Well, you'd better not try that around here. The old man has plenty of money that he knows how to hang on to, but if anything was to happen your record would have the cops suspicious of you, first crack."

"I'm through with all that," Dick said, hoping his attempt at acting shame-faced seemed convincing. "I'm hungry. A room, meals and pocket-money looks good to me. When can I start, Mr. Brown?"

"Have your breakfast and start right away. Give him all he can eat, Mrs. Cavallo."

The housekeeper spoke broken English, but she fed Dick liberally with hot cereal, ham and eggs, toast and coffee, then she began laying the table in the dining-room beyond.

"This is Caleb Ware's house," Brown explained. "Harrison Ware is his grandson. He and the old man had a bad row about money, and the kid left with his wind up. He told me he needed five thousand, bad, and hoped to coax it out of the old man. But that's over. He left here spouting what he'd do to get the money. And the old man told him to leave and not come back."

"Kind of tough on the kid," remarked Dick.

"Yeah, an' tough on me," said Brown. "He was helpin' me clean up around the place. I told the old man I needed a helper and he said he wasn't payin' any more, so I'm handin' you the two bucks out of my own pocket. He's kind of feeble an' fussy. I told him you was a friend of mine, an engraver that made some good money till the authorities examined it. An engraver has soft hands. I said you was a slicker at cards too, and he might ask you to a room for a game. You'd better wear gloves like a card-shark would to keep his hands in condition. It's lonely here nights. One of us has got to stick around on the old man's account. You'll be doin' that now because I haven't had a night off in weeks."

Brown provided Dick with a pair of blue jean trousers, a fairly-worn sweater, and a pair of cotton work gloves.

"The kid left these," he explained.

Dick was on his knees digging weeds from the gravel when old Caleb Ware came along and watched him working.

"Gloves," he commented. "Keepin' your hands soft for future crimes, eh?"

"This job doesn't take brains," said Dick, "and blisters aren't any help to a man."

"Funny. I never thought of blisters when I was washin' gravel on the Eddy River," said the old man.

"The Eddy River? I never heard of it," said Dick.

"Probably not. It's in New Guinea."

DICK looked up with genuine interest. By daylight he judged Caleb Ware to be about sixty-five, a man who showed the stress of a hard adventurous life rather than age.

"New Guinea sounds like real adventure, sir."

"It was. Head-hunting, cannibal natives. Hell all the way in to the mines and out again. What you are doing for mere food would not have satisfied me at your age."

"It doesn't satisfy me, Mr. Ware."

"I worked my way around the world on vessels."

"I tried to get a berth, but there wasn't a chance."

Caleb Ware went on talking of old windjammer days and Dick grinned appreciatively at his stories.

"I'd like to see some of your souvenirs," he said.

"Come to my room after dinner to-night and I'll show you a few," said the old man. Dick thanked him. Caleb Ware was uneducated but not illiterate, and he was likeable. At supper in the kitchen that evening Brown said he was going out.

"That means you're staying in the house, Stidger."

"Mr. Ware invited me to his room," said Dick.

"Good. Maybe he'll show you his gold nuggets. He made a fortune goldminin', but he knows how to hang on to it."

Dick changed the work-clothes for his own, made the best of his appearance, and went upstairs. Caleb Ware was playing solitaire, but he motioned Dick towards a chair and dealt hands for poker. He proved more than a match for Dick at the game, and the chips drifted to his side of the table rapidly.

"If we was cashin' in, you'd owe me something, eh?" he said. "You've got a lot to learn, youngster. On the Eddy we played for nuggets—soft, pure gold like this . . ." Fishing in his pocket, the old man brought out a worn lump of gold and tossed it on to the table before he began gathering up the cards.

"We got along fine till my partner was killed by natives and I was run out. I come back here to give my partner's share to his widow and son, but I found she'd run off with another man and the son was in prison, resting easy. It didn't seem fair when I recollected how my partner slaved and sweated an' lost his life tryin' to make money for his family. He thought they was waitin' decently while he lathered and went crazy with fever at times. His son had soft hands like yours, an' he couldn't even go straight. So I decided to give him a chance to reform before I handed him his father's share o' what we made. You young fellers are a soft lot; no guts to speak of. You see that thing on the mantel?"

Please turn to Page 30

Both of them went down the stairs in a snarling, cursing tangle, from which Brown extricated himself and darted into the night.

Complete Short Story

My Favorite Poem

Service

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again!
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson.

Sent in by Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607345

SAILORS Don't CARE

A Short Story of Cinderella Up-to-date

By MARGARET FERGUSON

Illustrated ..by.. WEP

As she stood on the moonlit deck with Jett, Bunty knew that she had found Romance.

"NOW, Bunty, you will have everything ready for me this evening when we get back, won't you? Because there won't be much time for me to dress. And you'll remember, won't you, to match up the ribbon for my petticoat and to fetch the beads from the jewellers that they've re-strung! Oh, and the flowers! Whatever you do—don't forget those! Pale pink carnations and maidenhair and don't let them give you any other shade but the right one. . . ."

In a whirl of directions, exclamations, cigarette smoke and scent, Daisy swept out to join her mother in the car and Bunty dutifully poked her head out of the window to catch the flying frantic orders that floated up to her faintly.

". . . . get in some cocktails before dinner . . and if there's any message for me from the ship, just see what it is and if there's an answer needed. But everything's fixed up all right, . . ."

The car moved off and Bunty drew back her head, heaved a sigh of rather weary relief, tied on a smart little apron and began tidying up the littered sitting-room. But the open windows on to the sea front kept drawing her attention away from her work and at last she dropped the duster and idly hung out of the window, staring at the blue curve of bay and the two grey monsters of battleships that swung there with the tide, their great funs striking sparks of fire in the moonlight. The Navy! What a thrill it gave one down one's spine to see those majestic shapes floating on the bay, and to see the town full of brown-faced, blue-eyed, jaunty sailors with swaggering shoulders and admiring smiles for every pretty girl who put on her prettiest frock in honor of the annual naval visit of two battle cruisers to Charmouth.

The sea front was gay with bunting and backwards and forwards from the pier small launches fussed noisily with loads of visitors and ship's officers and their friends. As she watched now, Bunty saw a car pass, crammed with people, rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed midies and some of the Brightest Young Things in the town, all armed with golf clubs and bathing suits and cigarettes. The car pulled up in front of the Hotel Majestic and they all vanished through the glittering swing doors, laughing and chattering.

Bunty came away firmly from the window, fetched her work basket and one of Daisy's gossamer stockings that had a minute hole in the toe to be mended. It wasn't any use wasting any more time hanging out of that window staring at the gaiety in the town, at the people swarming into the Majestic, at that huge, red-lettered poster that adorned its gate:

"Grand Naval Ball To-night.
Dancing from 9.45 till 2 a.m.
Vicey's London Band."

With exquisitely tiny stitches, she mended the stocking. When she had finished that she would have to attend to the new ribbons for the petticoat and the absurd wisp of chemise. Everything must be perfect for Daisy when she arrived home half an hour before the dance was due to begin. Surely, by this time, she must be used to playing lady's maid to Daisy!

For Bunty was only a very poor and distant relation of the rich Shelleys, and it was only kindness of heart that had prompted Mrs. Shelley, when Bunty's father died, leaving her about thirty pounds in the world, to suggest that Bunty should come and live with them. Of course, they expected her in return for so much generosity to do odd jobs and make herself useful. All the same there were times when Bunty hated the sight of Daisy's heaps of silky undies and cobweb stockings and cupboards full of clothes and shoes.

In one of the cupboards a new frock hung ready for to-night's ball. It was a shimmering thing of golden tulle and lace billowing to the floor. The little golden shoes stood beside it, and Bunty remembered suddenly that there was a tiny spot on one of them that must be cleaned carefully off. Daisy had eagle eyes for noting little things like that that Bunty had overlooked, and when she was in a hurry and excited as she would be to-night she didn't hesitate to point them out and inquire what Bunty thought she was doing.

With another sigh, a sadder and heavier one, Bunty went to attend to it. It was no good moping and moaning and feeling horribly lonely and depressed. She ought to be grateful for a comfortable home and nice, plain clothes and what little amusement she did get out of travelling about with the Shelleys. If she kept very busy all day she might forget about that poster and the gaiety on the sea front.

She did keep so busy that it was six o'clock before she found that she had nothing to do for a moment. She had tidied and cleaned, washed and exercised the fat dog, ironed stacks of frail frillies, arranged fresh flowers, made a sponge cake, answered some of Mrs. Shelley's letters and got all Daisy's evening things in perfect order spread out on the bed for her. All she had to do when she came in from the day's motoring was to step into them.

SIX o'clock and the blue bay flooded with brilliant red-gold sunshine. The front seemed more crowded than ever, the hotel door swung round more incessantly. Bunty's deep golden-brown, dark-lashed eyes were wistful as she watched. How heavenly to be one of those people who strolled in there so casually for cocktails and gossip and flirtation! To sit for half an hour and then to drive home and wallow in a deep, scented bath, and get out and put on delicious clothes and dine out and spend the evening dancing and dancing in the arms of those blue-eyed naval officers! To be admired and flattered and—and perhaps—loved. . . .

Bunty came away from the window determinedly. Then glancing at the clock she was surprised to see that she had spent over twenty minutes mooning and dreaming. It was nearly half-past six.

It was funny that Aunt Edna and Daisy weren't home yet; they had said they would be back at a quarter past sharp. They were having dinner at half-past seven and Daisy always wanted a quarter of an hour's rest on her bed before she dressed. They were cutting it rather fine. Bunty settled herself in a chair with a book, shutting her mind to everything else and she did it so successfully that when she next looked up it was five minutes past seven. At that she shot out of her chair to the window. What on earth had happened to them? They had gone to lunch and a small tennis tournament at a big country house fifteen miles away, and they couldn't have been delayed so long there. But she couldn't do anything except hang out of the window, watching for the car.

FIVE minutes later the doorbell rang and a telegram was thrust into her hand when she opened the door. Nervously she opened the envelope.

"Had motor accident not hurt, but badly shaken staying night at Brentley.—Aunt Edna."

"All right, no answer."

She shut the door slowly, feeling curiously flat and disappointed. The evening was going to be desperately long and empty without even the excitement of getting Daisy dressed and off to the ball to meet this distant cousin who had suddenly written to her from one of the ships, announcing himself and arranging to meet her at the ball. At least it would have been fun hearing Daisy's lively description of the men and the frocks and the sport.

But now she would be all alone in the flat till to-morrow or perhaps longer. Well, she might go out to a cinema, though there didn't seem to be anything very interesting on anywhere.

She was just turning away when her eye caught sight of something propped up on Mrs. Shelley's desk, a large yellow ticket stamped, "Naval Ball, Hotel Majestic."

Bunty stood motionless for two long minutes, her heart thudding. A ticket to the ball—and Daisy's lovely frock hanging up in the cupboard—and the Shelleys away till to-morrow.

After all, hadn't she earned a little fun after three years of slaving for them? It couldn't do anyone any harm. Still trembling, she slipped into the bathroom, turned on the hot tap, took up Daisy's bath salts and tipped a good portion into the steaming water. Might as well do the thing properly.

At a quarter to ten Bunty stood in the crowded cloak room of the Majestic, surveying herself in a long mirror. Well—she looked as nice as Daisy would have looked—if not nicer. Daisy's hair was really too fair to wear gold but Bunty's hair was a warm, coppery brown and her skin faintly sun-browned. And the frock fitted her like a glove.

Five minutes later she was in the ballroom that was rapidly filling up with parties. Everybody seemed to know everybody else and for a moment or two no one noticed the quiet girl sitting on a corner sofa with her golden frock billowing out round her and her eyes shining like stars. But pretty soon one of the hostesses who was looking after the naval guests and introducing them saw her and took her in, in one swift, expert glance.

"From the flat next door to the hotel, isn't she?" she whispered to a friend. "Miss Daisy Shelley. Rather sweet. I'll find her a partner."

The band struck up, the floor was covered with gay, whirling frocks and Bunty's little gold shoes began to beat to the rhythm.

"Miss Shelley, isn't it? May I introduce one of the officers to you, my dear? Ah, here's Mr. Vincent! Lieutenant Vincent—Miss Shelley. Coming, dear."

And she swept on, leaving two people looking at each other, the one shyly, the other eagerly.

"Shall we dance?"

"I'd love to," Bunty murmured, and she took the arm he gallantly offered her, hoping he wouldn't feel the trembling of her hand. Heavens! A perfectly strange man and a crowded ballroom and she hadn't danced a step for three years! She sent up a silent, but desperate prayer. But she needn't have worried. Her feet hadn't forgotten how to dance, and her partner knew how to get the best out of her. She followed him easily, lightly as a bit of thistledown, and the golden frock floated round her like a flower. People looked and whispered: "Who's that girl? Rather lovely . . ."

After the dance they sat out in a dimly-lit corridor.

"I say," he said to her, "you don't seem to have taken in who I am. Your long-lost cousin! You know I wrote to you and asked if I might introduce myself to you at this dance? Rather funny we should strike each other straight off."

Bunty turned her head away to hide the sudden whiteness of her face. Daisy's cousin! Of course, it had to happen like this—it served her right.

"How idiotic of me!" she said gaily. "I quite forgot what your name was."

"Don't forget it again, will you?" he said gravely. "James Brett Vincent—commonly known as Jett to his relations."

That suited him because his hair really was as black as jet, thick and inclined to curl if it weren't so sternly cut and brushed.

"It's grand, discovering you," he said. "Everyone else had relations and wives and things here. I felt horribly out of it not being able to produce a single soul. But I'm all right now. Look here, you must come out to dine and dance on board to-morrow night, and what about doing something in the afternoon? Golf or a picnic or something?"

Bunty stood up quickly.

"I—I can't promise anything yet. Let's go on dancing shall we?"

She wouldn't miss a second more than she need of being in his arms, drifting to the music under the magic lights. A dream . . . and she knew what it would be like to wake up to-morrow—but why think of that? And after all—wasn't it because he liked her as well as thought her some sort of relation that he was so nice? He mightn't have asked the real Daisy to do that with him. Her spirits soared again absurdly.

At half-past two, a flushed and sleepy Bunty said good-night to him at the flat door. They had danced until even her tireless feet ached and her head swam a little with the beat of the music and the echo of laughter.

"Good-night," she said softly. "It's been lovely."

And suddenly her eyes clouded over and she had to set her lips tight to keep them from trembling. Jett looked at her without smiling.

"Yes," he said seriously. "It's been lovely. See you to-morrow. Look out for me. Sleep well."

His eyes held hers for a moment with a look in them that turned her first rosy pink and then white. Then he left her abruptly and ran down the stairs. Bunty shut and bolted the flat door very slowly and went into her room. The golden frock was taken off—very carefully—and hung up. It didn't look as though it had been worn. Good-bye, golden frock and—romance. She lay in bed with her hot face pressed into the pillow and she couldn't sleep.

Please turn to Page 28

A Strange Impersonation

Buttons

Buttons, buttons, straight or crossways,
Buttons large and buttons bright,
All the dresses in the city
Have them on the left or right.

As I go I count the buttons,
Old rhymes help in this endeavor,
In the bus or tram I murmur,
"This year, next year, some time, never."

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief."
Varied fortunes told by buttons
Are exciting, though they're brief!

I myself have lately purchased
A new frock with buttons four,
"This year, next year, some time, never,"
Will I add a button more?

So, if someone counts my buttons,
Then this knowledge they'll derive,
That this year I'll wed a rich man
For my buttons number five.

—Elsie Carter.

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The Fashion Parade

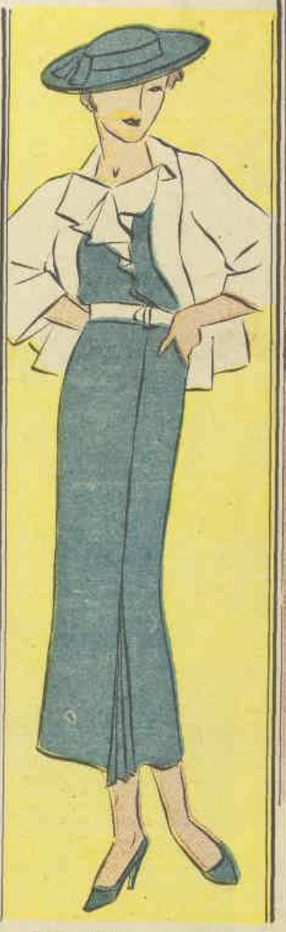
by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

CHEER UP *Your* WINTER DRESS

with Spring Touches

Adopt these practical suggestions to tide you over the trying 'tween-season moods of the weather

ARE you looking at your winter's dress and wondering how it can be made to appear new and springlike? With some careful thought and very little expenditure you can turn the black, navy, or brown wool or crepe frock that you're wearing beneath your topcoat into a useful and attractive costume for spring.



- *OVER a brown dress put a tailored coat of print, green chrysanthemums on a brown ground, and a two-color hat.*
- *USE WHITE pique to give springlike accents. In the sketch above you see the effect of adding a loose jacket, jabot, and narrow pleated godet of white pique to a navy dress.*
- *AT THE extreme left of the page is shown a black winter dress remade for spring. The top of the dress is cut off, a blouse or bodice of pink crepe dotted in black substituted, with tailored jacket to match. Worn with pink panama hat.*
- *THE NEXT sketch shows a navy frock transformed by the addition of yellow leather belt, yellow chamois gloves, and a navy straw hat trimmed with yellow pique flowers.*
- *THE SKETCH in the centre illustrates the treatment for an old black crepe or wool dress. A loose printed jacket is added; also a sash of white crepe or pique splashed with red and black flowers.*

HERE are some suggestions for rejuvenating a black crepe or wool dress. Make the sleeves three – quarter length. Add a wide yellow leather belt, yellow chamois gloves, a yellow bag, and, if you like, a little black straw hat.

Cut the sleeves off short. Wear short white gloves, a small white straw hat, and two large white pique flowers at the neckline.

Wear with the dress white lingerie accents—collars and cuffs or a jabot, either of pique, linen, organdie, or taffeta. Match these up with white gloves and a black or white straw hat.

To be different, have pale-pink lingerie accents and a pink straw hat.

Pique Flowers

HAVE a tight-fitting jacket of pink pique or linen, single-breasted and shaped to the waist; wear this over a plain black dress and put two pink pique carnations in the front of your black hat.

Cut the top off a black dress, just leaving a skirt, then add a blouse and loose, hip-length jacket of black-and-white printed crepe, of pink-and-black dotted linen, or black-and-white plaid taffeta.

With just the skirt of the dress left, add a short-sleeved bodice of printed crepe, black with red, white, and green daisies.

Over a plain black dress, a print jacket. The jacket—hip, finger-tip, or three-quarter length—with the back hanging loose from the yoke, the sleeves full and shirred into the armhole. The print, white on black or vice-versa, field flowers on black, yellow flowers on black. If you prefer it, a tailored jacket of print just like the coat of a tailored suit—a very heavy crepe or linen for this.

A white pique jacket, a yellow sheer wool jacket, a turquoise-blue crepe jacket.

SOMETHING new in belts—a wide one of pigskin, a wide fabric one in emerald-green, crimson, yellow, or pink crepe fastening with a big square covered buckle. Match this belt with two flowers at the neckline.

With a brown crepe or sheer wool dress, the same ideas as above only in different colors.

White or string-colored pique is smart with brown, and so is dusty-pink, shrimp-pink, turquoise-blue, and lime-green. All these colors could be used for jackets, collars and cuffs, belts, hats, bags.

A pale-pink panama, pink belt, and bag, with a brown dress.

A print jacket, white leaves on a brown ground, lime-green flowers on brown.

With the top cut off a brown dress add a shirred bodice of pink crepe and a loose waist-length jacket—both with three-quarter sleeves.

To transform a navy-blue crepe or sheer wool dress use exactly the same changes as for the black, substituting navy-blue wherever black is mentioned. In addition, a large white hat and white gloves with a navy dress. Two white chiffon flowers on the dress, two navy ones on the hat. Either white or navy bag and navy shoes.

The new yellow—a vivid shade between mustard and maize—is extremely smart with navy-blue. Use it for gloves and bag, or gloves and belt—and a band of it around your hat.

The new pinks are all good with navy for lingerie accents, for hats, belts, bags, and flowers.

White and navy-blue is the most popular combination this spring. White pique details, white jackets, white flowers, white and navy prints, white gloves and bag.

DUBONNET, the new wine-color, is correct with navy-blue. A large straw hat in Dubonnet, banded with navy ribbons, and a flower in the same shade.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

CHANEL is showing separate sailor collars instead of evening capes with many new gowns. They are wide-shouldered and shallow, and are fastened either in front or at the back, forming a square bib effect. They are made of artificial carnations and daisies, or of the same fabric as the dress.

o o o

MOLYNEUX shows leather belts with the front half white and the back section navy, matching the costume, as smart sports accessories.

o o o

SUMMER evening frocks are made of pastel chiffons with shirred bodices and hip yokes; they have three-color ribbon sashes or deep contrasting color touches at the neck. They have balloon sleeves.

o o o

SLEEVES are of outstanding importance in the new mode. They are most elaborate, very full, intricately cut, draped, shirred, pleated, and puffed.

o o o

REBOUX is showing vivid green, blue, and rose eyevells on black felt berets. Fine black lace lines the brims of pastel felt off-the-face hats.

WITH tailored spring clothes you will wear a small sailor hat with a straight brim and shallow crown, worn over one eye. For dresses there are sailors with upturned brims, little toques with a pushed-forward expression, trimmed with flowers and little bunches of artificial vegetables perched in front. Nearly all crowns are low. Off-the-face hats are still popular.

o o o

A LITTLE turban for formal wear is entirely composed of blue cotton hyacinths.

o o o

WITH a plain black, high-necked dress—a small triangle of scarlet crepe knotted in front and sewn all over with huge red wooden beads.

o o o

LOW heels are definitely "in," low-heeled sandals with the new flowing evening dresses and draped classical models; some low heels are showing for day wear.

o o o

BELT and bag sets are popular. A wide, pale pink kid belt and matching bag are worn with a black dress. A yellow set goes with a navy dress.

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How I Build My Gowns

BY MAGGY ROUFF

• *A CHARMING garden party frock in white taffeta printed in gay plaid design of yellow, green, black, and red. The skirt is full, as are the interesting little sleeves. The accompanying hat is by Lemonnier.*

• *VERY becoming is the white crepe frock in the centre. Two points of special interest are its ample kimono-type sleeves and its wide swathed belt.*

• *THE graceful chiffon evening gown at the left above is printed in red and white in a very modern design, and picturesquely finished with organdie frills.*

• *NAVY-AND-WHITE glace linen fashions an attractive beach ensemble. Its short cape is of white albene crepe, smartly initialled in navy.*

Clothes Must Be Dynamic!

THERE is probably no profession more difficult than that of the dress creator, for this art is bound up with commercial exigencies which render it especially trying.

A writer, a musician must produce sometimes creating to a set time. But few are held down to the constant flood of original production demanded from us by the four showings a year, which we now have to prepare.

Four times every year we must be original. We must find something new, something that others have not thought of or shown. Therein lies our problem, for the dress designer, being an artist and therefore sensitive to all surrounding currents, is often hypnotised and carried away by these.

Unwittingly, a fleeting line, a tiny detail remains in the memory. And it is for this reason that there are so few really creative artists in our profession.

I always start to create a new model on a living mannequin, using a simple lining material of neutral color and no appearance. Only in this way can I be sure that the architecture of my gown is correct, that the lines are strictly studied, that the garment is a success in itself, irrespective of any material I may use.

PHOTOGRAPHS and article by air mail from Paris. All models shown are Maggy Rouff designs.

Often a lovely fabric may blind the designer to faults of design. This is as true of the couture as it is of dancing: many a lovely costume covers technical defects in footwork. But no artist can ever attain perfection except through honest hard work.

The personality of the successful couturiere must be especially sensitive and supple—sensitive in order to be receptive of the trend in the thought of women, since we must guess what women want before they have even formulated that desire, and supple, since we must find an endless variety of applications for each idea.

No dress designer, in my opinion, can create a distinct genre and be successful, for clothes are not static. In fact, probably, of all the arts, dress creating is that which changes oftenest and evolves with the most terrific rapidity. Every passing mood seems to find its reflection in what women wear: a war scare brings out epaulets and braids a few months after. A colonial exhibition gives pagoda sleeves and Javanese silhouettes.

Of course, the great problem is not to be obsessed by these currents, and to be able to stem them and remain original and individualistic.

Personally, I believe in elegance and beauty. I am strongly opposed to anything eccentric in clothes, which is designed to attract attention to the wearer. The well-dressed woman never arouses indiscreet comment or vulgar attention. She is so perfectly turned out in every detail that she receives discreet admiration, a just appreciation.

When all is said and done, the aim of clothes is to adorn as well as to clothe, to bring out the good points of the wearer and adroitly hide the defects. It is not to provoke a smile.

We Parisians have understood this great art of the dress as nobody else. It is the evolution of centuries, the tradition of an old race. To us, a gown or a coat is a work of art, and when I set myself to work on a new showing, I do not hesitate to change a silhouette a dozen times, until it is right. Every true art demands hard work.

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An Editorial

AUGUST 31, 1935.

POOR LITTLE RICH BABIES!

KIDNAPPING having become one of the major industries of America, it follows that Mr. John Jacob Astor's son, born last week, will spend all his infancy, and probably all his life, in dire peril.

Already his parents have decided that the baby shall be taken aboard their yacht to spend most of his babyhood at sea. Memories of the fate of the Lindbergh and other babies still strike cold terror into the hearts of wealthy parents.

A complete contrast to the million-airedom of the Astors is provided by the extreme poverty of the Dionnes. One would have thought Mr. and Mrs. Dionne need never dread for a child of theirs the fate which threatens, not only the Astor "£20,000,000 baby," but every child of wealthy parents in America.

Yet when, by a strange freak of fate, they became parents of quintuplets, the shadow of the kidnapper darkened their humble little home also. In this case it was not money, but the money-making possibilities in the ownership of the five little girls, which constituted their charm for baby thieves.

In America, evidently, neither poverty nor wealth provides complete protection for babies. There are too many other Americans who are "kidnapping-minded." There, at least, the happiest babies are "those who have no history."

Australian parents face many problems, from taxation and politicians to drought, floods and bushfires, but at least are free of the American kidnapping menace.

We suffer from a national inferiority complex. So, take a look round the world to-day and ask yourself which babies are the most truly well-born. It should not take long to convince you that, if babies could pick and choose their native land, quite an astounding number of the little wiseheads would elect to take their chances of being born in Australia! —THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

The Leveller

We have watched the years and the days pass by
On the road that is life; and you and I
In their slow procession are marching on
Down the way that eternal Time has gone.
Time, that etches the line on heart and face
And ripens the soul to a wider grace,
Time, the leveller; what of our sorrow
And mortal joys—in the world's to-morrow?

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Blow to Cynics!

TO-DAY the years seem to hold few terrors for the woman in her forties. In the latest portraits of Gertrude Lawrence and her daughter, Pamela, it is really very difficult to tell who is who. Gertrude looks quite lovely enough to still be a menace to the young bloods, and it is not at all surprising that Doug. Fairbanks, jun., should have lost his heart to her.

One no longer feels surprised to hear of successful marriages in which the woman is several years older than the man. So, it's good-bye to one more old cynicism about the sex. You know that one, doubtless, which credits all men with wishing that wives were like bank-notes—so that they could change one 50 for two 25's!

Regulating Business

EIGHTY PER CENT. of Australian workers are paid at the end of the week, and a movement is now being made to alter the pay day for large sections of the community to Tuesday or Wednesday. Since no one gets paid an hour too soon, the present system means the rush-and-slack periods of business to which we are all accustomed—but not reconciled.

If however, we are to even things up thoroughly and spread the work of the community smoothly over the working hours, we will have to tackle more than the early pay day problem. What about the food rush at present meal hours, and the traffic jams at peak transport hours?

Will there ever come a time when everybody can bank on getting a seat in tram, bus, or train, whatever the hour of travel? Yes, it will take more than an early pay day to flatten out all these unevennesses in our daily lives.

Not So Exclusive

THE discovery in an ages-old New Guinea cavern of mummified remains forms a link between a country just coming into contact with civilising influences and one which has influenced nearly all civilisations of which history makes mention.

Experts will not declare themselves decidedly on the question of the age of the New Guinea mummy which has just reached Brisbane—stating merely that it is probably much more than 1000 years old. But the mere existence of this method of preserving bodies, used so long ago, gives rise to the thought that even while experts on the banks of the Nile were embalming and wrapping the remains of scions of rich families, the witch-doctors of New Guinea may have been officiating more rudely, perhaps, but effectively, on the corpse of some savage warrior slain in a jungle skirmish.

It would not have been pleasing to the cultured, highly-refined Ptolemies and their nobles to know that the bodies of lowly bushmen inhabiting an island not even existing in their geographies were being preserved for posterity even as they were.

Value of Wives

WHAT is the cash value or a wife? That is the question juries have to decide day after day in the Divorce Courts. Of course, everything depends upon the wife. The average amount fixed by a divorce petitioner in claiming damages for the loss of his wife is £3000, and the average amount awarded by juries is between £300 and £400. Recently a petitioner claimed £5000 but accepted £500, which was the amount paid in by the co-respondent as his value of the prize he had secured from his rival.

Many women who have appeared before the Divorce Court to defend suits against them by their husbands are amazed at the description given to the Court of their estimable qualities as wives, when the husband is building up a claim for heavy damages against a co-respondent.

Old-Age Benefits

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand were the first countries in the world to recognise the obligation of a civilised community to adequately care for its indigent aged, and in Australia 26 years ago the Old-Age Pension Act was passed, providing a pension of 10/- a week for men and women who had reached the stipulated age. To-day it is costing the Commonwealth some twelve millions a year to provide pensions for about 175,000 old people.

America is going one better. The Social Security Bill, which has just passed the American Senate, outlines the biggest social experiment in history.

It provides a huge pension scheme to embrace no fewer than 25,000,000 workers, who, on attaining the age of 65 years, will receive a pension of 65 dollars a month.

On the Australian ratio of 34 taxpayers providing a pension for one, America will need something like 900,000,000 people to look after its anticipated army of 25,000,000 pensioners. With the world's population increasing at the same rate, it seems likely that the struggle for existence will make it harder to attain to the ripe old age of 65 years at which the benefits will commence. What will happen to the fund in that case?

THE PRETTY GIRL on ice is Clarice Kennedy who, with her partner, Mr. S. Croll, won the Australian amateur dance championship at the Sydney Glaciarium the other week. Miss Kennedy is one of Australia's most attractive and expert ice-skaters.

No Legal Claim

WHEN a few pounds are owing for groceries, and the grocer gets tired of sending in his account, he puts the matter in the hands of a solicitor, who writes to the debtor demanding payment. The letter of demand usually states that unless the amount due to the grocer is paid within seven days "Together with my costs, 10/6," legal proceedings will be taken.

Many people are not aware that the solicitor has no authority in the world to make such a demand for his costs. Prior to the hearing of an action, the solicitor may only look to his own client for his costs, and his demand for an extra 10/6 or so is really a gentle form of blackmail which should be ignored.

Judges from time to time have condemned this practice, which is common among solicitors of little standing, one learned Judge once remarked in court that some day a solicitor would find himself in serious trouble with the Court over such an impertinent demand.

How England Obtained the Suez Canal

By STEWART HOWARD

To-day, the importance to the Empire of the Suez Canal is once again to the fore. After figuring in every discussion of England's policy in the Near or Far East during the past forty years, the cables now bristle with references to it in connection with the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, and suggestions have been put forward that it should be closed to Italy in the event of Mussolini's belligerence becoming more than verbal.

IN the light of the way in which it is regarded now, Disraeli's note, advising Queen Victoria of the purchase of Britain's 177,000 shares in the canal was charmingly informal.

"Mr. Disraeli, with his humble duty to Your Majesty:

"It is just settled. You have it, Madam. . . . Four millions sterling! And almost immediately. There was only one firm that could do it—Rothschild's. They behaved admirably; advanced the money at a low rate, and the entire interest of the Khedive is now yours, Madam."

Strangely enough, until Disraeli became fired with the idea of Empire, the idea that England could not be considered apart from her dominions and colonies, British statesmen had failed to see the importance of the canal.

When de Lesseps, the French engineer who built the canal, applied to the Sultan of Turkey in 1856 for confirmation of the concession granted to his company by the Viceroy of Egypt, British diplomats blocked him. Later, in London, on attempting to interest the Government in the proposition, Lord Palmerston informed him that the Queen's Ministers considered the canal a physical impossibility, and, further, that such a project could not be viewed favorably since it would injure English maritime supremacy and would also mean French interference in the East.

De Lesseps, however, succeeded at last in having his concession confirmed in 1866; in the meantime his company had been floated and construction begun. The first spadeful of sand was turned near Port Said on April 25, 1859, but although of the 400,000 shares of 500 francs each French investors had purchased some 300,000, the balance being held in the main by the Ottoman Empire and the Khedive, the response in England was negligible.

No Preference

THE formal opening of the canal was celebrated in November, 1869. By the terms of the concession of 1856 canal dues were to be the same for the ships of all nations, preferential treatment of any kind was forbidden, and the canal and its ports were to be open to every merchant ship whatever her nationality.

This policy was reaffirmed in 1885 at an international conference again held at Constantinople. England, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Holland, Russia, and Turkey here signed the Suez Canal Convention, the purpose of which was to ensure that the canal should "always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of commerce or of war, without distinction or flag."

England signed, with one reservation, but later, by the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, declared her adherence to the terms of the convention.

Precedents for Closing

ALTHOUGH this agreement, unequivocal in character, would make it difficult to close the canal to Italy in the event of her declaring war on Abyssinia, the closing of this hundred miles of highway would not be without precedent.

In 1882, just before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Sir Garnet Wolseley suspended all traffic for four days. Again, during the World War, when the Turkish army from Damascus marched on Egypt in 1915, shipping was blocked for the few hours during which fighting took place.

Britain holds seven-sixteenths of the shares of the canal company, but the organisation, for administrative purposes, is predominantly French. There are one Dutch, ten British, and twenty-one French directors, all working in closest harmony.

The original £4,000,000 paid by England for her shares has been repaid more than eight times over by dividends. The 1927 dividends to Great Britain reached the nice sum of £1,550,000. Amazing figures, but very little to the big men of finance.

According to Andre Maurois in his "Disraeli," when the decision to purchase the Khedive's interest was made, a messenger shot off, post-haste to Rothschild's. "He told him (Rothschild) that Disraeli needed four millions on the following day. Rothschild was eating grapes. He took one, spat out the skin, and said: 'What is your security?'

"'The British Government.'

"'You shall have it.'"

Thus casually are the destinies of Empire moulded.

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THAT'S LIFE *Among the* BILLIONAIRES

£ennie £ower £ives in £azy £uxury

The genesis of the Lower fortune.

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I note that a representative of Carnegie, who goes about the place endowing libraries, is having some trouble in giving away money. He finds it very difficult.

That's my worry, too! Do you know that at the present moment I couldn't give away two bob. Of course, I wasn't always like this. Once I was known as the "£uxurious £ennie £ower."

I WOULD rise about eleven and be carried into the bath, which was filled with champagne or sometimes rum. Meanwhile the shoes, suit, hat, etcetera, which I had worn the previous day, would be thrown away and a fresh lot laid out by my valet.

A footman would then hold me up while the valet dressed me. One of the under-footmen would then go for a brisk walk for me. One morning he overdid it, and walked two miles. Boy, was I tired when he got back!

Then the fleet of cars would be got out. The one with the orchestra in it went in front. Then came the limousine with my hat and stick in it, then the one with the eau-de-cologne sprinkler to lay the dust, closely followed by the armored car with my pocket-money in it, and the next car held ME.

Bought Streets

On either side of me was a limousine, one to carry my cigars and one for the matches. Spare chauffeurs, mechanics, messengers, secretaries would follow on in the rear. Should I be held up at an intersection, I just bought that particular street and went on my way.

Arriving at my destination the car would be peeled off me, the red carpet put down, and I would make my leisurely way into my offices.

Seating myself, I would press a button and immediately a secretary would shoot through a trap door in the floor.

"Why is there no one here to press buttons for me?" I would inquire coldly. "You're fired. Take twenty – five years' salary in lieu of notice."

Another one of my secretaries would enter.

"Sir, the Prime Minister has been waiting for three hours, and he won't go away."

"Send him in."

The Prime Minister would enter timidly.

"Hello, Joe! Sit down, man! Sit down! Don't stand there like a great woolly-headed oaf!"

"Thank you kindly, sir," Joe would say, seating himself gingerly on the edge of the chair, "I was wondering, sir, if you wanted any more laws passed this week?"

Paid National Debt

"Ah! Trying to get round me, eh? Want some more battleships I suppose. Didn't I pay the national debt last week? You don't mean to tell me you've gone and run up more bills! Speak up, man! Don't cringe!"

"Well, sir, it's about the new Governor-General . . ."

"What! about Haili Selassie? Looks as if he's going to be out of a job shortly. Pretty hot stuff on progress and enlightenment and all that bunk, too, if you can believe the newspapers."

"But, sir, he's black!"

"So were the Murada and the Orungal and the Moruya. Get him bleached! See to it. Shut the door gently as you go out."

"Oh, sir!"

"Well, what is it!"

"When I was in London the King particularly asked me to thank you for the gold-mounted stamp catalogue you . . ."

"That's enough. Get out!"

More button pressing.

"The Governor of the Commonwealth Bank to see you, sir."

"Haven't I told you before that I don't wish to be bothered with these tinpot concerns? Isn't there a notice on the door, 'Hawkers and Canvassers Not Admitted'? How did he sneak in?"

"I understand, sir, that he secreted himself in the lift-well last night."

"Sling him out. And tell my footmen that I wish to be carried to my car. I have finished here for the day."

£uxurious £ennie £ower on the spree. Streets paved with banknotes were common until he had to go off the note standard.

Clothes Don't Always Make the Man!

From Our London Office

GIRLS of to-day who wish to make men out of their boy friends should carefully study what Mr. C. E. M. Joad, a scientist, of London, has to say as to what goes to make the man.

"Take these ingredients, combine them in the right proportions, in the right way," he says. "The result is, apparently, a man."

Water: Enough to fill a ten-gallon barrel.

Fat: Sufficient for seven bars of soap.

Carbon: Enough to make 9000 lead pencils.

Phosphorous: Enough to head 2200 matches.

Lime: Just sufficient to whitewash a chicken-coop.

Magnesium and Sulphur: In small quantities.

Iron: Enough to make a medium-sized nail.

There are, of course, variations. "Add a little more iron," says Mr. Joad, "and you may get a Mussolini!"

MAGIC FASCINATION NOW HIDDEN IN YOUR HAIR

Many girls are allowing one of their greatest charms to remain hidden. Their hair looks merely "nice". They do not realise that there are mysterious glints and fascinating gleams of light hidden in the hair — and capable of being revealed in a very simple, harmless way! Look in your mirror. If your hair displayed *all* its beauty — how greatly your charm would increase! There is one shampoo specially created for this purpose—one that infuses into the tresses such life, sparkle and irresistible beauty as to compel the admiration of all. Its name is Hennafoam and, since Kathleen Court introduced this wonderful shampoo some years ago, it has been the most popular of all hair-beauty treatments. Until you have tried Hennafoam you do not really know how amazingly attractive your hair can be! Don't go on hiding your alluring beauty. Hennafoam is waiting for you at any chemist's or at any Store. It is inexpensive and no other shampoo creates such a quick and delightful transformation.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years ★★★

Washing-up, washing-up—three times a day. But with Lux in the washing-up bowl that's *three beauty treatments* a day for your hands! Lux suds are so gentle, so soft, and they make dish-washing twice as easy.

LUX *for dishwashing*

A LEVER PRODUCT

MONEY TRANSFERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

The Bank of New South Wales provides complete facilities for the transaction of banking business throughout Australasia and with other countries.

The Bank establishes commercial credits by mail or cable. It issues drafts and makes money transfers by letter or telegraph. It negotiates and collects Bills of Exchange and issues for the convenience of travellers, Letters of Credit and Travellers' Cheques, available all over the world.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES
(ESTABLISHED 1817)

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TEETHING time . . . and yet baby is perfectly contented and happy. That is because his mother gave him "Ovaltine" Rusks to bite and crunch as soon as the first little tooth was due.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

A Heroine of the French Revolution

Every age and country breeds, no doubt, its heroic souls. Sometimes conditions are not such as to call into action the qualities of grandeur possessed by these few; sometimes a national crisis calls them, irresistibly, into an arena in which the eyes of the world are focused on them as they sacrifice themselves on the altar of what they consider to be truth and their country's welfare. Then their fellows and posterity are accorded the spectacle of a Brutus, a Latimer, a Judith, or a Charlotte de Corday.

"The Angel of the Assassination," by Joseph Shearing, is the story of Charlotte de Corday, aristocrat, dreamer, girl whose vocation, until the Revolution changed everything, had been the cloister, and—murderer of Jean-Paul Marat.

THIS is a book more interesting for its matter than its manner; in the hands of a more skilful biographer and a more competent writer the work could have been given a nobility of character more in keeping with the theme.

One thing, however, Joseph Shearing has done. He has collected material which makes an interesting volume, and, in selecting Marie-Anne-Charlotte de Corday d'Armond as a subject for his pen he has selected a heroine, the exalted nature of whose mind even a biographer much less competent than himself could hardly dim.

The daughter of a younger son of one of Normandy's oldest families, Charlotte Corday, to use the name she adopted at the end, was brought up under circumstances which, while comfortable, were not in accordance with the rank her family enjoyed among the local nobility. The impoverished circumstances of the family, however, while worrying her father, did not trouble the young girl. She had her amusements, her books, and later as a pupil-inmate of the seven-hundred-year-old Abbaye aux Dames at Caen, her dreams, curiously associated, of a past peopled by the heroic figures of Plutarch and a future in which she would take the veil.

Charlotte hailed the coming of the Revolution with enthusiasm. She had been prepared for it by long pondering over Plutarch, and her reading of Rousseau and the Abbe Raynal, for the writings of both of whom she had a great admiration. She pictured a new France modelled on lines of pure republicanism, but she was disappointed. Instead of a State governed by reason and noble motives, she saw reason dethroned and terror put in its place. The men she admired were hunted from power, their positions being usurped by others who were supported by the lowest section of the populace.

Of these new leaders, the most ferocious, the one who typified to her all that was destroying the best elements of the Revolution, was Marat. A young woman now, Charlotte Corday determined to kill Marat, thinking mistakenly that the removal of this one man would be the salvation of her country.

Disclosing her plans to nobody, she journeyed to Paris. There, after securing a lodging, she made one or two calls, and purchased a knife. A few days after her arrival she located Marat's lodging, gained access to him with some trouble, and stabbed him as he lay in his bath.

Stir in the Capital

PANDEMONIUM broke loose in the capital. Marat's fellow deputies and the mob went mad. The dead man was martyrised. Corday submitted quietly to arrest. The full measure of her intrepidity can be gauged by her statement that she had suspected to be torn to pieces for her deed. Instead, she had to go through the farce of a trial, was declared guilty, and guillotined. Right up to the moment the knife fell she did not relax the calm dignity of her manner.

This briefly is Charlotte de Corday's story. Telling it, Mr. Shearing has woven into its texture the careers of two men, Jean-Paul Marat and Jean-Adam Lun. The former was a demagogue, a terrifying figure even on a stage crowded with Terrorists who maintained themselves by ferocity; the latter a German republican from Mayence, a man nurtured on the same mental fare as Charlotte Corday, and who sacrificed home, wife, and children for his principles.

Lun saw Corday but once—when the tumbrel was bearing her to the guillotine. Inspired by her deed, and the sublime courage of her bearing, he wrote a pamphlet vindicating her, deliberately sacrificing himself to the fate that had overtaken his heroine.

All this, and more that has not been touched on, makes good reading. "The Angel of the Assassination," in addition to dealing with the three central characters, provides a picture of one side of the French Revolution. The book, however, shows obvious signs of haste in the writing. The style in many places is not equal to the subject, and the author seems to have been unable to make up his mind about his quotations. All the earlier ones are left in the original, while of the later examples some are translated and some not.

It can be recommended, nevertheless, to all who have a sympathy for that rare quality in human nature: sublime sacrifice of self for humanity.

Heinemann. (Our copy Preece's Bookshop. 10/6).

ANN BRIDGE, author of "Peking Picnic" and "The Ginger Griffin," whose latest novel, "Illyrian Spring," is reviewed on this page.

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"ILLYRIAN SPRING." Ann Bridge. This novelist can write and treat of human relationships with a delicacy and understanding that is supreme. Her two previous novels—"Peking Picnic" and "The Ginger Griffin"—had a great success, and her latest, "Illyrian Spring," should enhance her reputation. It, like its predecessors, is the choice of the Book Society.

The motif of the story is the age-old one of misunderstanding between people of different generations, and the author has dealt with it in a way that will not fail to interest women particularly. Lady Kilmichael, the heroine, is typical of many women who, when marriage has settled into a domestic routine and children have grown up into their late teens, imagine that they have outlived their usefulness as wife and mother. Lady Kilmichael's efforts to be honest about her own situation, to probe for reasons why her daughter despises her as a "fuss pot" and her husband rates her intelligence so lightly, are very interesting, and so are the author's deductions as to whom the blame is really due. The story has a good plot, delightful descriptions of the country around the Adriatic, and is altogether enjoyable. (Chatto and Windus. 7/6.)

* * *

"KENT TELLS THE WORLD." This special Jubilee edition, published by the Association of Men of Kent and Kentish Men, is a beautiful production. The illustrations are particularly interesting and, in keeping with the general tone of the issue, deal mainly with the Royal Family and the Jubilee celebrations. There are, in addition, articles and pictures of historic places and industrial enterprises in the county. The publication is intended to form a link between Kentish men in different parts of the Empire. No doubt it will cause a few pangs of homesickness, also, for even those who have not seen this garden county of England will long to do so after seeing the illustrations and reading of the many bounties Nature has conferred on Kent. (Bookstalls, 1/-.)

* * *

"THE HARPY." Eleanor Morse. Eleanor Morse has presented a good study in contrasts in her latest novel. One could not imagine a more unpleasant or hateful woman than Jerusha Hawkins, or more lovable people than some of her children and certain other characters in the book. Jerusha—the harpy of the title—was domineering and cruel. She had a fanatical passion for the farm she had inherited and enslaved her children in working for it. The story deals mainly with the rebellion of two of her sons to whom love and romance came from unexpected quarters. The love stories of Caleb and Joel are too idealistic to be convincing, but they take away the nasty taste of Jerusha. (Hutchinson. Our copy, Swains.)

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Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about LAUNCHING A SHIP, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "The launch . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 19, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 21st September.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 16

The Winning Competitor in this contest is:—
MISS E. ROBERTS,
"Felixstowe," Kent Street, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

Her Solution, containing only two errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to her.
Prize money will be posted on Friday, September 13th.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 16

"They dropped it down 15ft. on the other side, and put in a charge of dynamite so large that the safe was shattered to pieces. Coins were bent up, banknotes torn to shreds, and a ledger thrown 10 yards away into a pond."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607351

The Black LAUGH

Complete Short Story of the African Veldt!

By : : : : William J. MAKIN

I AWOKE with a start. Blackness all around me except for the dull red glow of the camp-fire now almost smothered in white ash. The awful stillness of the veldt and that impenetrable darkness told me that it was the hour before dawn. A dreadful hour, and one that always finds me unprepared.

What had awakened me? I lifted my head from my sleeping-bag and saw the vague, shadowy forms of my companions stretched in a death-like stupor in a circle about the smouldering fire. Above, an empty blackness that had extinguished the stars. And that awful stillness that emphasised the miles of wilderness.

Then, tearing the stillness, came that rumbling laugh. A laugh that began in the depths and cackled to hysterical heights. A black laugh. It was that which had awakened me.

Again that laugh rose in its crescendo. I twisted my head in the direction of the other camp-fire round which were grouped our native "boys." A shadow moved. One of the natives was cackling horribly.

"For God's sake stop that laughing!"

Maxwell, his fair hair all tousled, had leaped from his sleeping-bag and was shrieking his command into the night.

"Stop it, I say. Stop it!"

Dead silence followed. The laugh was lost in the stillness. One of the sleeping forms grunted, uneasily. That was all.

But I was astounded at the appearance of Maxwell. Standing there in shirt and shorts, he was trembling like a man with a bad attack of malaria. He shook his first into that empty blackness and cursed. I half rose from my sleeping-bag.

"What's the matter?"

HIS eyes glinted at me savagely. He did not speak, but walked to the camp-fire, kicked some of the ash away, flung some logs into the embers, and then returned to his sleeping-bag to sit upon it. He was still shaking as he sat there, all hunched up as though expecting some terror would launch itself out of the darkness like a leaping leopard.

"That laugh!" he muttered. "You heard it?"

"Yes. One of the Kaffirs, damn him. Something funny came into his queer black mind, I suppose. I wish it hadn't. There'll be no more sleep for me."

"Nor for me," groaned Maxwell.

"Man, you're shivering!"

"I know. That laugh comes to me like a curse. A black laugh. Ugh!"

As one of the logs in the fire began to crackle and blaze I could see the tense look in the face of Maxwell.

"Well, if you're going to be upset by a laughing Kaffir," I began, jocularly, "the sooner you get out of Africa the better. These Kaffirs are always laughing. They're happy, even though they are carrying the white man's burden."

But Maxwell refused to come out of his serious mood. He stared into the fitful blaze.

"Ever trekked in the Drakensberg district?" he asked, suddenly.

I shook my head.

"I only know it vaguely," I replied. "Somewhere on the border of Natal, eh?"

"That's it," said Maxwell, eagerly. He obviously wanted to talk. Men do become communicative round a camp-fire, and this hour before the dawn invited confidences.

"I used to know the country around there very well five years ago. Five years ago! I've never been back there since."

There was such intensity in the tone of his voice that I looked up quickly from the filling of my pipe.

"Why?" I asked. "A girl?"

He shook his head, slowly.

"No. It was a laugh, a black laugh that drove me out of the Drakensberg."

I am afraid I chuckled.

"Really, Maxwell," I said, "are you serious?"

"Deadly serious."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I can't imagine——" I began.

"Have you ever seen that peculiar kind of kopje that slopes up like a gentle hill for about five hundred feet and then shoots up a straight wall of rock for another five hundred feet?"

"Of course," I nodded. "It's not really peculiar, that kind of kopje. You will find it in different parts of the veldt. But I know the kind you mean—rather like a giant sarcophagus on a huge mound, eh?"

"A sarcophagus!" muttered Maxwell. "Yes, at sunset this looked like an enormous coffin. Horrible!"

"Had it a name?"

He turned his eyes towards me. They were lit up by the flicker of a flame.

"It was called—Spook Kopje."

THERE was silence for a moment. The breathing of our companions in their sleeping-bags sounded regular and sonorous.

"I was staying in a Boer homestead not half a mile from the kopje," went on Maxwell hesitantly. "I was doing nothing in particular—not even prospecting. I rather enjoyed the quietness, the humdrum life of the farm, the unbounded hospitality of the Boer family with whom I stayed. A real rest."

I nodded.

"A colored girl from the Cape, Olivia, looked after me. Brought the morning tea, prepared my meals, mended my socks, and so on. A good girl, and quite attractive as far as colored girls go. Something of a beauty for the neighborhood, and courted by all the black boys in the vicinity. But she looked down upon them. 'Dis black trash not good enough for me,' she said decisively . . . And having said this she would go back to her pots and pans humming an old missionary hymn.

"She certainly seemed in no hurry to get herself a sweetheart. And a good thing, too, for the Boer, Oom Jannie, and his family. They depended more and more on Olivia. She was undoubtedly a household treasure. But when Johannes came into the district she changed. Johannes was not the sort of man to let himself go unnoticed."

"And who was Johannes?" I asked, puffing away at my pipe and convinced, now that Maxwell had launched upon his story, I would hear all the details.

"JOHANNES was a young buck, a colored man also from the Cape," explained Maxwell. "He arrived in the Drakensberg district in a check suit, a red beret, and a monocle stuck in his eye. He lived in Capetown, where he owned three hansom cabs which did a flourishing business after midnight. And he knew how to talk about himself and his hansom cabs, too. He had drifted to these parts for a holiday apparently.

"He had not been in the district three hours before he discovered Olivia. And he began to court her. Needless to say, Olivia fell blindly for the red beret, the monocle, and the three hansom cabs. At the end of the second day she possessed the red beret. It seemed certain that before another week had passed she would possess the three hansom cabs as well. The black farm boys of the district hated this successful interloper."

I smiled at Maxwell, but his face still had that serious, intent expression.

"But, although Olivia was practically conquered from the beginning, she still had a lurking feminine desire to see her cavalier of the red beret perform some doughty deed. Three hansom cabs were worth having, but Olivia also wanted a man. In her days at the Cape she had regularly visited the cinema, and her hero of the screen was Douglas Fairbanks."

"It used to be Valentino," I murmured.

Please turn to Page 14

Riches

Here is gold that I would not exchange for the gold of a crown,
Though I be poor,
And my riches be naught but the wealth that is shining beside
A cottage door.
Giant poplars whose yellowing leaves are a study against
Blue autumn skies,
So that folk, passing homeward, stand still on the roadway to gaze
In awed surprise.
Bright-colored nasturtiums, and bees hovering, busy, above
A garden bed . . .
But more golden and precious than these are the soft curls upon
A small girl's head.

—Anne Holland.

HOST Holbrook says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Holbrooks' Manzanilla Olives are correct for the cocktail.

GIRL WHO caused a stir in the British Parliament. Maud Mason, the 13-years-old English schoolgirl who, in an essay on "My Native Land," said, "England is the finest country in the world because it has a good King and Queen." This was described by a school inspector as old-fashioned Imperialism, and when the matter eventually provoked a discussion in the House of Commons the Minister for Education declared that it would be highly improper for any inspector to discourage love of, and pride in, country.

—Air Mail Photo.

Both Regained Perfect Health With "JUNIPAH"

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

(Containing the wonderful Oil of Juniper)

Photos by courtesy Ross Studio, 214 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Mrs. Maria Ward, 91 years, of 51 Great Buckingham Street, Sydney, says:—

"I always enjoyed the best of health, but a year or two ago must have been careless and got rheumatism. Then one night I heard about Junipah on the wireless, and I remembered how my father used to talk about Juniper Berries and how good they were for rheumatism. So I tried your Junipah Salts, and now, thank goodness, my rheumatism is almost gone."

Mr. John Faber—66 years.

Mr. John Faber, of Sir Thomas Mitchell Road, Bondi, writes:—

"I am 66 years of age, and have suffered from rheumatism for upwards of 30 years, and now, after only 3 weeks use of your salts, I am able to enjoy the boon of an uninterrupted night's rest—the pains in my limbs having miraculously vanished, and I am also happy to state my general health shows improvement. Needless to say, I am conscientiously persevering with this remedy, and I shall recommend it to my friends."

Junipah is the only Mineral Spring Salts recommended by the N.S.W. Society for the Promotion of Public Health

Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Medical science had discovered no diuretic equal to Nature's own wonderful remedy, Oil of Juniper. Because Junipah Salts contain Oil of Juniper, together with other valuable ingredients, they are remarkably beneficial in all conditions arising from the kidneys and stomach, or induced by uric acid. They are also an excellent slimming agent.

Relief from Kidney and Bladder Trouble!

"I wish to express my appreciation of Junipah Mineral Salts. Prior to using same, I suffered with kidney and bladder trouble, but since taking Junipah I have obtained considerable benefit from same. I can highly recommend Junipah Mineral Salts to anybody suffering from the above complaints," says A.H.J., of Marrickville.

Arthritis Gone After Five Months' Suffering

Mrs. J.P., of Auburn, writes:

"May I state that we have found the Salts very beneficial to my husband, who has had arthritis for five months, and was helpless, and is now well on the road to recovery, thanks to Junipah Salts."

T.H., of Canberra, writes:—

"I have been using your Mineral Salts for the last two years, and I find them very good indeed."

"I always use Junipah Salts and they are doing me a lot of good," says S.H., of Smithfield.

Pleasant to Take . . .

Junipah do not contain Epsom Salts.

Large double size Packages containing 25 per cent. more Salts for your money than any other Mineral Spring Salts on the market. Sold in Red and Yellow airproof waxed containers.

Double Size 2/-
Trial Size . . 1/3

End Constipation

Constipation is considered by the majority of doctors to be the greatest evil affecting health. Poisons spread through the body, causing immediate unpleasant effects, particularly in hot weather, such as headaches, dizziness, pimples, blotchy skin, etc., and paving the way for serious disease.

Clears the Skin!

There is nothing like Junipah for giving a healthy bright glow to the skin, indicative of perfect health. Take it each morning before breakfast, with a squeeze of lemon in a tumbler of warm water. Mrs. P.C., St. Kilda, Melbourne, says: "Since taking Junipah Salts, patches of pimples on my face, chest, and back have completely disappeared. I find them most beneficial."

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Age 13

Old enough for strong drugs?

What the doctors say about giving children a medicine of adult strength.

It is not wise to give a laxative of adult strength to a child, just because you give it less often or in less amounts.

Stomach upsets and bowel troubles of growing children can often be traced to this single mistake.

There is a better way to relieve those occasional sluggish spells or constipation in a child of any age:

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a *natural* laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does **not** harm or upset a child's system.

Doctors advise liquid laxatives, and hospitals use the liquid form. Almost any child who has been convalescing *in the hospital* usually comes out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch.

Make the change now to pure, California Syrup of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you won't risk any more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. Those little upsets and complaints just disappear as a rule and the child is soon normal and happy again.

Give that headachy, bilious child California Syrup of Figs when constipated, *and a little less each time* until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

THE "LIQUID TEST." First: select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suitable to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

REJUVENATE your fat away!

OR PAY NOTHING ★

SLIM *fast* WITHOUT Thyroid or harmful drugs

Many women—and men—are fat in parts—*often worse than being fat all over!* Abdomen, Waist, Bust, Thighs, Calves, Ankles—Neck—any of these, and other parts, may be out of proportion, and ugly.

ENJOLA TAKES OFF UGLY FAT Where You Want It Off

With Enjola, new liquid reducer (no harmful drugs), you can lose 1-lb. a day or more! Unsightly surplus inches go; you can wear the smart frocks that fall in slinky lines over shapely bust, neat waist, slim hips! One Enjola user says: "I took off as much as 8-lbs. in a single week, without change of habit." Another: "I lost over 2-lbs. the first day!" A third: "... After following instructions for 10 days, I noticed a reduction of 1-st. 2½-lbs."

Would You Like These Measurements?

Neck, 12½-in.; Bust, 34½-in.; Waist, 26-in.; Hips, 35½-in.; Thighs, 22½-in.; Calves, 14½-in.; Ankles, 8½-in. NOW, you can have a figure that won't distress you; you can get about, look well, and enjoy life. Enjola begins effective reduction within 24 Hours! No "menus"; no starvation; no exercises; no trouble; no danger. As soon as you're down to normal, you stop taking, and reduction stops. BUT YOU HOLD YOUR NEW SLIMNESS! It's simple—and safe!

REJUVENATES as it SLIMS

Enjola is a Reducing Tonic. Builds health as it ENDS FAT! Makes rapid slimming safe, easy, beneficial. It's guaranteed! Just get a 8/6 bottle of Enjola from the Chemist. Follow easy as A.B.C. directions and if not delighted with results—you can have your 8/6 back! If desired, order privately from Enjola Co., 51M Carrington St., Sydney. Enclose 6d. extra postage. **Caution:** Avoid "fakes," disguised salts, condensed thyroid capsules, etc. Enjola is unlike other products. Made in one of the largest laboratories in Australia to a genuine, expensive and REAL Reducing Formula.

—ENJOLA—

Slims Safely, Pleasantly: Even Where other 'Reducers' Put on Weight!

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SEND FOR FREE DIAGNOSIS CHART

THE *Black* LAUGH

Continued from Page 13

"NOT with Olivia. She adored the leaping antics of her hero. She thrilled when he flung himself to the top of the wall and crashed down again upon his pursuers. This was a man, and the sort of man that Olivia had decided to marry. Johannes was hardly that. Probably he had never climbed higher than the driver's seat on one of his own hansom cabs. But his talk was dizzying enough, and Olivia's mention of her hero encouraged his boastfulness. 'I can jump, I can swim, I can climb,' he announced to her. 'Why, each Sunday on Table Mountain I have climbed where even der Europeans will not go. Allemagtig, I—'

"'Could you climb—that?' asked Olivia, carelessly. They were out on the veldt, walking within a hundred yards of that sinister-looking kopje—Spook Kopje.

"Johannes gave it one glance and laughed. 'Why, dat is nothing,' he said. 'I could climb dat in half an hour. Now, on Table Mountain, I once climbed and—'

"'You certain dat you could climb dat kopje?' persisted Olivia.

"Again Johannes laughed. He was so certain that he did not even turn his head to look at the kopje again. Instead, he gazed boldly into the soft brown eyes of Olivia.

"'In half an hour,' he repeated.

"Olivia looked at him. 'No one has ever climbed dat kopje,' she said quietly. 'No one.'

"'No?' Johannes was not disturbed. 'When I take you back to Capetown, I—'

"'Will you climb dat kopje for me?' asked Olivia excitedly.

"Johannes looked at her, and then decided he had better look at this kopje again. He turned his head and regarded it. In the stark sunlight it looked forbidding enough—the gentle slope, and then the granite cliffs climbing straight for the blue silk of the sky.

"'Of course I will,' he said, carelessly. But he didn't mean it. Olivia did, however. She saw Johannes in a blaze of glory. She was quite right in her assertion that no one had ever climbed that kopje. In the memory of all in the district there had been only three attempts to climb Spook Kopje, and all had failed. One man had killed himself. Sheep had strayed up the slopes and failed to find their way back again. They had perished miserably from hunger. Since the last fatal attempt Spook Kopje had been left severely alone.

"'Climb dat kopje, and when you come down I marry you,' said Olivia. And she meant it.

"Again Johannes regarded the kopje. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable about the affair. But somewhere deep down in him, beneath that boastfulness, there was a strain in his mixed blood that urged him to live up to the hero-worship of his sweetheart.

"'All right! I do it,' he said.

"'When?' persisted Olivia.

"'When you like.'

"'To-morrow morning, at ten?'

"'Yes.'

"And so it was settled. Olivia told me the gist of this conversation, excitedly, as she served me my supper. Here was a hero worthy of the films—and of Olivia. 'My man is some man,' she told me definitely. Oom Jannie shook his head over this folly. 'Aach! Why do you want him to climb a kopje?' he asked testily. Olivia did not reply, but brought him his huge Bible that he read regularly each evening by candle light."

Maxwell stopped talking. The night was still dark and soundless. He walked over to the fire and kicked another log into the blaze. Then he came back and sat on his sleeping-bag again.

"Did Johannes climb the kopje?" I asked, at last.

Maxwell nodded.

"Yes, he did. Incredible. But it took him more than half an hour. Five hours, in fact. One has to admire the achievement. The Lord knows how he did it. But, there, in the late afternoon, we could see him on top of that granite wall waving the red beret which Olivia had given him as a talisman. We grouped ourselves to watch him—Oom Jannie and his family, two neighboring farmers, three black farm hands, and myself. And among us strutted Olivia, proud of her hero, proud of his achievement, and not a little proud of herself. We waved back to the hero with the red beret . . ."

A GAIN silence.

"Well? Did they live happily ever after?" I asked.

Maxwell turned his brooding gaze upon me.

"Johannes never came back," he said briefly.

"But if he climbed to the top," I said, "surely he could—"

"He never came back," repeated Maxwell, monotonously. "Olivia waited for him, we all waited for him to give him the welcome he deserved. But he did not come."

"But you could see him," I persisted.

Maxwell nodded.

"We watched that red blob of a beret trying to find a way down those granite cliffs for the rest of the afternoon. We watched until a saffron glow in the sky silhouetted Spook Kopje and made it once again a long black coffin. The glow changed swiftly into night, and still Johannes had not returned. Obviously he had not found it as easy to descend as to climb. He may have missed his way, or, what is more likely, lost his nerve. He did not return that night although Olivia sat whimpering with a lighted candle waiting for him until the dawn.

"IN the early morning we watched the mist smoking away from the kopje. Again the granite cliffs were lit up by the stark sunlight. We searched anxiously. It was Oom Jannie, old as he was, who saw him first. He pointed a gnarled forefinger at the kopje.

"'Daar is hij!' he shouted.

"We followed his pointed finger. At last I saw him. The red blob of a beret. Johannes had clung to that throughout the night. He was still on the heights, still on the sinister summit of that kopje. But he had traversed the top from one end to the other. He was still seeking a route to descend.

"At this glimpse of him we shouted and waved. Olivia shrilled and screamed. 'My man, my hero!' she yelled. But the figure with the red beret took no notice. Not at first. As the sun climbed higher he noticed us. He waved in reply, waved the red beret. But it was a tired gesture; the last panache. He was dispirited and anxious. For the rest of the time he held the red beret limply in his hand.

"Olivia completely abandoned her pots and pans. She stood in the doorway of the farmhouse, staring into the sunshine at that restless red blob on the kopje. We tried to comfort her with assurances. 'He'll be down for dinner, the young fool,' grunted Oom Jannie in her hearing. It helped her a little, that remark. But she refused to leave her post in the doorway.

"All through the afternoon, with my field glasses, I watched Johannes trailing desperately about the kopje. Yes, I could see he had become desperate. The owner of the three hansom cabs at the Cape had to get down or he would die of hunger and exposure. At first, I let Olivia watch him through the field glasses, but as the man became more and more desperate in his efforts to find a way down to earth I kept them to myself. Olivia began to weep. When she was not weeping, she was crooning those missionary hymns to herself. 'Lord, bring him back to me.' I heard her saying, over and over again.

"Late that afternoon, I went myself up the slopes of that cursed kopje in the hope that I might help Johannes in some way. I toiled with two farm boys to the foot of those granite cliffs that went sheer into the sky. I marvelled that the colored youth had found a foothold of any kind. I traversed those cliffs from end to end, on each side of the kopje, but retired baffled again and again to the slopes. I tried three crevices, but each led to more sheer rock. I nearly broke my neck twice on that expedition. I returned in the darkness to the farmhouse and the weeping Olivia."

Please turn to Page 16

Unique Place For a Wedding

From our London Office, By Air Mail.

FOR the first time in its history the Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey has been made available for the wedding of a young couple outside the ranks of Royalty.

Recently the King granted this privilege to Miss Katherine Keyes, second daughter of Sir Roger and Lady Keyes, who, in a little while, is to be the bride of Mr. Peter Wallop William-Powlett.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes became famous when he successfully brought off the attack on the Mole at Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1917. He has always been one of the King's closest friends.

HOBT Holbrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.***

SO many of the ills of women are due to habitual constipation, that attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open.

Weary eyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples, the general air of lassitude are nine times out of ten the result of constipation or indigestion. Women need *Chamberlain's Tablets*—a mild and gentle laxative, non-griping and non-habit forming.

CHAMBERLAINS TABLETS FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

To WOMEN who want to stay YOUNG

Women suffer greatly from a trouble they seldom suspect—uric acid. Many troubles classed as "female disorders" are simply the result of a temporary inability of the kidneys to filter out poisonous uric wastes which, if ignored, may easily lead to deep-seated disease. Headaches, "dizzy spells," abnormal urination, "nervousness," backaches, pains in the sides, joints and legs, inflammations, swellings and puffiness under the eyes are signs of uric acidity or kidney disorder. The remedy is Harrison's Pills. These dissolve the existing harmful uric acid crystals, ridding your system of poisonous wastes and strengthening the kidneys so that they naturally cope unaided with future deposits. The benefits of a course of Harrison's Pills are unmistakable. Life takes on new interest, worries seem to clear up "on their own," and even where a tendency to fatness exists, this soon yields to more graceful proportions. Truly, Harrison's Pills are a great means for a woman to keep young, lithe, happy and in health, and, as a bottle can be obtained for 2/ from any chemist on satisfaction or money back basis, neglect to try this remedy of a leading London doctor seems sinful. **Special Note:—Harrison's Pills are very valuable to a mother, before and after baby arrives.**

Four "VAREX" Applications . . . Heal Bad Leg

W.D.R. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing home treatment for varicose ulcers at any stage of development. No resting required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 428N George Street, Sydney, 92N Collins Street, Melbourne.***

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THE Brodie Mack Method of Teaching has become nationally famous because of the amazingly successful results it has produced for hundreds of beginners who liked to sketch or could only copy. The Brodie Mack Method of teaching develops originality, and has opened the door to success for many well-known men and women cartoonists to-day, who are earning from £4 to £30 a week. Thousands of pounds are paid every year for comic strips, cartoons, etc. Successful artists have the best of homes, their own cars, and get the best out of life. Why remain a stick-in-the-mud? Get out of the rut now—this minute.

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NEVER before has a book of this nature been offered free; that is why you should send for your copy now. This brand new book shows you how to cartoon; the secret of caricaturing, and every other phase of black and white; and how money can be made even while learning. Fill in the coupon and post now before you forget.

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Dear Sir,
Send me absolutely Free, a copy of your book "How to be an Artist." I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage.
Name .....
Address 31/8/35

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ALL ABOARD *for the Spring* CRUISES!

EARLY spring weather has given a fillip to the cruise vogue, and in some States the white wings of yachts have already been noticed on the waters. Peaceful, lazy hours in the sun are ahead; hours spent in the fresh air with the hiss of the sea a soft accompaniment.

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THE *Black* LAUGH

Continued from Page 14

A LOG fell noisily into the fire. Sparks shot upwards to the black sky.

"How long did this last?" I asked.

Maxwell shivered again.

"I think it might have been the third night that Johannes went crazy. I was awakened in the silence of the night by a horrible, yelling laugh that resounded again and again across the empty veldt. I never heard such a blood-curdling laugh, coming from the depths and ending in a scream. A black laugh! The laugh that wakened me half an hour ago. Ghastly!"

Maxwell covered his face with his hands. It was some moments before he could continue.

"When I first heard that laugh I rushed out of the house on to the veldt. Instinctively I looked towards Spook Kopje. Moonlight bathed it, so that the granite cliffs looked black and slimy. But there, on the top, was a prancing figure, a figure that laughed, and yelled, and danced. Johannes. Mad, and half-naked. But still clinging to the red beret. I heard a stifled scream at my side. It was Olivia. She also had heard that black laugh, and realised at once the full horror of it all.

"'My man! Johannes! I so sorry,' she whispered, and then crumpled into a faint at my feet.

"Oom Jannie, too, looking like a stern ghost in his old nightshirt, had wandered out of the house.

"'This is terrible . . . . terrible!' he muttered. He stared at the kopje in the moonlight. 'Something must be done,' he mumbled.

"The next day five of us, all white men, made a desperate assault on the kopje. We tried again and again to scale those damnable cliffs, and again and again we failed. Baffled and dispirited we returned to the plains in the evening. And the mad, naked figure on the kopje kept up its yelling and screaming and dancing throughout. We all hoped, mercifully, that in this mad state Johannes would pitch down the cliffs and kill himself. But the man seemed to be possessed of an amazing amount of endurance. He lived, and kept up his black laughter throughout the night.

"Of course, every farm in that vicinity was terrorised by that horrible laugh at night. It kept us all awake, and the womenfolk were hysterical. Olivia had not slept since Johannes had climbed the kopje. We were all waiting for the poor devil to die, and he refused to die. The madness seemed to have given him a new lease of life.

"AT last, Oom Jannie called the other farmers to a conference in the eetkamer of his farmhouse. I will not weary you with the discussion that took place there. But a terrible decision was made. We all emerged from the eetkamer with rifles under our arms. All except Oom Jannie. He carried a Prayer Book. Outside the door of the eetkamer crouched Olivia. She gazed at us dumbly. Her sad dark eyes travelled from our faces to the guns under our arms. At once she understood the terrible thing we were about to do. With a shriek she flung herself at the feet of Oom Jannie. He gazed down at her with a stern face, but tears were in his rheumy eyes. 'God's will be done,' he muttered, and gently thrust her aside.

"We all proceeded to the foot of that kopje with its mad, naked figure in a red beret still shrieking defiance of death and dancing hysterically on the edge of those granite cliffs. Slowly and deliberately we toiled up the slope. At last we came to the sheer granite. Oom Jannie sat himself on a boulder. The others took up their positions. I sprawled on the ground and rested my cheek against the stock of my rifle.

"'Sight. Three hundred yards!' I muttered mechanically to myself.

"The mad, prancing figure of Johannes was an easy mark. The red beret which still covered his head helped. I groped for cartridges in my pocket. I heard the 'click . . . click' as the others slipped the cartridges into the magazines of the rifles which were being trained on the mad laugher.

"Sitting on the boulder, Oom Jannie opened his Prayer Book. We had to wait while he adjusted his spectacles. He could never read without his spectacles. Then in a firm and reverent voice he began slowly to read the burial service in Dutch.

"'Daar het de almachtige God, de Heer van leven en dood, behaagd heeft de geest van onze ontalapen broeder te doen weder keren tot God . . .'

"You know how it goes in English. 'As it has pleased the almighty God, the Lord of living and dead, to let the spirit of our deceased brother return to God . . . .'

"Crack! The first rifle had spoken.

"'. . . . . die hem gegeven heeft, en die gesproken heeft . . . .' continued Oom Jannie deliberately.

"Crack! Crack! Two more rifles, almost simultaneously.

"The naked figure in the red beret continued to dance and shriek madly.

"'Allemagtig! My hand shakes,' cursed one Boer.

"I sighted on the red beret. Crack! I had missed.

"'. . . . . stoft zyt gy, en tot stof sult gy wederken . . .'

"Crack! Crack!

"And so it continued in the stark sunlight. We must each have fired five rounds before the end came. We saw the figure in the red beret stagger, and then pitch down.

"'. . . . . bevonden moogt worden in vrede,' concluded Oom Jannie, softly, and closed the Prayer Book.

"Half an hour later we were back in the homestead . . ."

A long silence followed. The campfire blazed merrily. The sky was paling. Dawn had come. Maxwell sat hunched on his sleeping-bag. Neither of us spoke for some time.

"And you never went back there again?" I asked.

Maxwell shook his head.

"Never. I left the next day."

"And Olivia?"

"I heard she went back to her pots and pans. She is now a silent, moody woman. She will never marry. Each evening she walks to the kopje and stares at the heights where lie the bones of the man she loved. And they say," added Maxwell, "that a mad laugh is often heard coming from those strange heights of Spook Kopje. And that laugh portends evil."

I heard a deep chuckle behind me. Startled, I turned. The black face of my Kaffir servant grinned at me.

"Good morning baas!" he said. "Coffee!"

The sleepers began to awake.

(Copyright).

HOST Holbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is tempting to the appetite. Ah! it is the world's appetiser.

BACKACHE

HOW often have you told yourself that your backache was due to over-tiredness—that you had been "taking too much out of yourself?" Make no mistake—those stabbing, sudden pains, or that down-dragging, dull ache are Nature's warning of a trouble that may seriously undermine your health. Your kidneys are at fault—they are not discharging their duty as purifiers of the blood stream. If you try to carry on you will only be giving yourself needless agony. What is more, you will be allowing the blood stream to carry poisons, uric acid among them, all over the body *because your kidneys are too weak to filter them out naturally.* This uric acid will then form crystals that lodge in the joints, giving rise to backache or the fiery pain of rheumatism. It may lead to scalding gravel or chronic inflammation of the bladder.

WHY suffer the maddening pain of backache, when De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will bring quick relief? De Witt's Pills are specially compounded to reach the kidneys and restore them to healthy natural action. You will have visible proof of this within 24 hours of taking them. No other pills will do this. In a very few hours after taking De Witt's Pills your pain will lessen and soon the kidneys will be working naturally. Then your backache will leave you completely and with it will go the risk of the serious health danger of kidney weakness. Price 3/6 per box, or the larger, economical size, 6/6.

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For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.

From Actual Photo (Untouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, age 57. Taken on July 12th, 1934.

From Actual Photo (Untouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

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The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.
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THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 5/-.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

LADY: You should be ashamed of yourself, catching little fish.
FISHERMAN: Well, madam, if they kept their mouths closed they wouldn't get caught.

SHE: French enables one to express such delicate shades of meaning, you know.
HE: Yes? And such indelicate ones, too.

SHE: You had no business to kiss me!
HE: It wasn't business, it was pleasure.

"Excuse me, but does the foreman know that the trench in front of my place has fallen in?"
"We're going to tell him as soon as we dig him out, lady."

GOLFER: Why the dickens do you keep consulting that watch?
CADDY: That's not a watch, sir, it's a compass.

SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'

Sing, to the tune of—

If you were the only girl in the world

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. B. Feldman & Co.)

If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world to-day,
If you went on cooking in the Bisto way.
Meat pies and hot pots, mince hash or stew,
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful things to you,
When you cooked those wonderful things you do,
If you were the only girl in the world
And I were the only boy.

BISTO
for all meat dishes

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Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

"JONES is a rotten sort of chap. I asked him to lend me five pounds for a few days, and he absolutely refused."

"My dear man, this club's full of men like that. I'm another of them."

"WHAT was your plum crop like?"

"Well, a heavy storm blew down 50 per cent. of it, and we had hardly gathered that when another wind blew down the rest."

"Bad luck! Could you do anything with them?"

"Well, my wife ate one, and I ate the other."

JILL: Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?
Jack: No, but I've been slapped.

"IS this the sort of town where everybody goes down to meet the train?"
"What train?"

PATIENT: I w-want t-o-to b-be examined, d-doctor.
Doctor: Do you always stutter?
Patient: N-no, d-doctor, only w-w-when I speak.

HEARNE'S GLO-RUB
Rub it in — Inhale it
Coughs, Croup, Head & 'Flu Colds
Quickly Relieved
Large jar 2/-
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To further popularise my amazing Home-study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big Instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer; so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE Offer is withdrawn.

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★ "not for all the tea in China"

would I use any other face cream but 'Facial Youth', or any other face powder but 'Golden Youth!' "

"Why such animated enthusiasm?"

"Do you see this ring — ever seen such a big diamond?"

"Oh! I see! Yes, you *are* looking lovely. 'Facial Youth' and 'Golden Youth', eh? They're Kathleen Court's, I know. Seem to be all the vogue, as a matter of fact — seen them on three smart dressing tables this morning. I'd better get in on this!"

kathleen court

london - sydney - new york

ICE-SKATING champions, Miss Sadie Cambridge, holder of the world's professional championship title, and Miss Mireylees Reid, holder of the Australian Ladies' Figure Skating Championship.

Both skaters are in the fancy dress they will wear at the "Bohemian Night" to be held at the Glaciarium this Thursday night.

"I keep them HANDY"

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

SNAKE-OIL BATHS *for . .* *Beauty's* SAKE

Latest in Fashionable Treatments

From Our London Office — By Air Mail

Science has just given us a new beauty secret. Baths of snake-oil are the rage among the leading beauties in London, New York, and Paris. Snake-oil is the most sensational discovery for both slimming and rejuvenating purposes.

IT seeps into the cells of the body, making middle-aged flesh, or flesh that has grown flabby after illness, firm, taut, and young again. It draws out all acidity and, by its action on the glands, causes a quick reduction of weight.

The oil costs 80 guineas for a small drum, and it is necessary to have a course of one bath a day for 40 days to obtain the result. After the treatment the patient is, to all appearances, 15 years younger, and the marvellous energising and rejuvenating qualities of the oil have done their work, both mentally and physically.

The originator of this treatment is an American woman who is having large amounts of this expensive oil brought to London. "While I was travelling in the East Indies," she said, "I noticed that the natives used a certain oil, said to have marvellous rejuvenating properties. I tried it, and was amazed at the results.

"It has to be extracted the moment the reptiles are caught, as the oil is so penetrating that the skin mops it up like blotting paper."

There is one drawback to this new beauty secret. The patient must resign herself to great unpopularity during the course of treatment.

She will be shunned by her nearest and dearest. The reason is the smell of the snake oil is horrible, and it sticks to the body and clothes, and even permeates the house, so maybe lots of us prefer to keep our years after all.

Baby Faces

ANOTHER result of scientific research tells us why some women have baby faces and snub noses.

Professor Thomas Wingate Todd devotes most of his time to measuring babies.

He is an Englishman who has been working in the United States for six years. He and his assistant measure the babies born in Cleveland Hospital with calipers and tape measures at regular intervals from the hour of birth onwards.

Their aim is "To improve the human race, and regulate its population." To further this end, the inventor of arc lights, Charles Brush, left £100,000 from which Professor Todd draws the finances to continue investigations.

Dr. Todd has found that undernourishment and malnutrition do not affect the height to which a child ultimately grows. Malnutrition stunts development of chest and head, and snub noses are the result of children lacking proper food for growth. Girls' faces stop growing almost completely at about 13 or 14, while boys go on for several years more.

One of the most interesting experiments in beauty culture was shown in New York recently at the Convention of Beauty Culture Practitioners when a live woman was put on show, half-young and beautiful, and half-old and unattractive.

One side of her face had been "lifted," and showed fresh firm features perfectly made up with the latest cosmetics, the hair was curled and beautifully coiffured, and she was elegantly dressed.

Then she turned and showed the audience the other half of herself which was "just natural." The hair hung limp and greyish; the face was wrinkled and untended, and she wore, on that side, a badly-fitting cotton dress. A gasp of amazement went through the spectators. The promoter of the demonstration declared:

"It certainly would be tough if the beauty surgeon were to be run over or lost. He is supposed to lift the other half of the lady's face after the convention is over. The only thing we couldn't do was to diet her on one side, and get her fat on the other."

WE'VE BEATEN KIDNEY TROUBLE

Backache, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, biliousness, etc.—symptoms of disordered kidneys or liver—*cannot* be cured until these important organs have been made to function normally. Three generations have definitely proven Warner's Safe Cure in the treatment of kidney and liver trouble. Hundreds of letters on our files gratefully acclaim it.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 3/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

"3-in-One" Oil keeps tools always ready for use by preventing rust and keeping working parts cleaner as it lubricates. Ask any carpenter! Three fine oils are blended in "3-in-One" to give it this triple action. Use "3-in-One" for all household devices.

Sold by Ironmongers, Stores, etc., in 1-oz., 2-oz. and 3-oz. Bottles, and 1-oz. and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

R. W. CAMERON & CO., 24, Bond Street, Sydney.

TO THE LAST CRUMB!

We made a cake, a most delicious cake, with nuts and dates and treacle. And we thought, "Ah, this is a cake to be savoured bit by bit, not to be gulped down in unmannerly haste. We must prolong our pleasures." But, alas, others came, others saw our cake, and others ate it—to the last crumb! And that's what always happens when a cake is made with Copha, the famous vegetable shortening. So now we'll make another cake, and here's the recipe we'll use:—

COPHA DATE AND NUT ROLLS

4 ozs. Sugar	4 ozs. Plain Flour
3 ozs. Copha (softened)	2 ozs. Crushed Walnuts or Peanuts
4 ozs. Treacle	
1 large cup of Milk (7 ozs.)	
12 ozs. Self-raising Flour	6 ozs. Stoned Dates

Cream sugar and Copha. Add treacle and milk. Mix to a soft dough with remainder of ingredients, and bake in moderate oven about 350deg. F. This mixture will make two 1 lb. loaves or cakes. And, having tasted this fine recipe, you'll want lots more dishes made with Copha, so we've prepared a recipe book to help you make them. It's full of good things—puddings, pastry, cakes, sweets, and sauces—so you must have a copy. Write to

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.
Department WW,
Box 2625 EE, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

The book is free and post free. The next step is Copha Vegetable Cookery—a method that ensures that all the natural, health-giving mineral juices (so essential for growing kiddies) are retained in the vegetables, and all the garden freshness of flavour. Write to the above address for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

SAY YOUR SAY

If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

THEY GO TO EAT

I WONDER if anyone has ever noticed what a number of people go to theatres, etc., simply to eat?

One has just comfortably settled into one's seat when the occupant of a neighboring seat proceeds to open a box of chocolates to the accompaniment of much crackling of paper, etc.; and those peanut eaters—why, oh why, must they cast their shells on the floor, much to the annoyance of people passing in and out of their seats?

Perhaps I am asking too much to ask the people who will take their "eats" into the theatre to unwrap them before they enter their seats.

£1 for this letter to Esme Curle, 583 Willoughby Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

BROKEN ROMANCES

IS it not more than time that the publicity and sordid elaborations given in some States to divorce proceedings was restricted? An Act was passed in Victoria which prohibited any details from divorce proceedings, and allowed only the names, and grounds, and court's decision to be published in the papers.

Why should poignant details of heartbreaks and broken romances be exploited to satiate ghoulish people with sordid minds? These people in the majority of cases know neither of the participants, but just like details such as those to gloat over.

What torture it must be to a sensitive woman or man when they find all their dreams, which have gone awry, published!

M. Nielson, 101 Katoomba St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

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DANGEROUS SCOOTERS

IT surprises me that there is not a restriction made preventing young boys riding on scooters and trolleys along the busy thoroughfares. The other day a tram was coming towards the city, cars going along each side of the tram, and two young lads, riding on a trolley.

It swerved, and only for the prompt action of our car-driver, there may have been a serious accident. Jay-walking is not allowed, and yet this, which is more dangerous to the general public, is allowed to go on unheeded.

R. Turner, Surrey St., Epping, N.S.W.

"Suffer in Silence" As Life's Golden Rule

I THINK exactly as Miss Agnes Robinson does (10/8/'35) re being over-ready to talk of our troubles.

It is only advertising one's sorrow, and other people soon forget. Some may be genuinely sympathetic at the time, but register a vow to avoid "that grouch who is always complaining about something."

Also, by repeating it, it oftimes grows and, in the end, the trouble, whatever it is, is partly imaginary.

Besides, it is bad for the health to be continually moaning about one's worries, and it makes other people around miserable, too.

Most troubles can be considerably lightened if we try to think of them as little as possible, and not burden other people with them.

Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Broadmeadow Rd., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Advice Helps a Lot

I AGREE with Miss Robinson that it is not wise to broadcast our troubles. On the other hand, sometimes if you are feeling very miserable and you confide in a friend (not just an acquaintance) and he or she advises you instead of just sympathising with you, it helps a great deal. Very often you keep thinking about a small matter until in your mind it becomes quite enormous. Then there is nothing like the frank opinion of someone else to get things back to normal again.

Miss Thelma Lewis, Main Rd., Stanwell Park, N.S.W.

Girls Rally Round In Defence Of Their Knitting

MR. ASHTON (10/8/'35) is certainly exaggerating horribly re wool tangling, slipping, etc. I am a constant knitter, have been for a few years, and I can honestly say that not once have I had my wool annoy fellow-passengers in trams or trains. The majority of knitters nowadays use a wool-holder hanging on the arm, which obviates the danger of wool rolling off one's lap.

There's no difference between knitting and sewing, yet we hear no complaints re girls doing embroidery in public conveyances.

Mrs. E. W. Jeremy, Aikens Road, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Criticism Justified

IN my opinion the criticism of girls who knit in public conveyances, by Mr. Eric Ashton (10/8/'35), is justified. There is nothing more annoying at times than to have to sit and watch a number of over-industrious girls knitting.

Public conveyances, however, are not the only places wherein people are annoyed by these everlasting knitters.

Being interested in a certain science I attended a series of lectures on the subject. Here, three girls would sit night after night and knit right through the lecture, before the eyes of the lecturer, a learned professor. Surely a display of very bad manners!

Olive M. Horn, 2 Ebden Street, Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Pleasure to Watch

WHILE naturally knitters somewhat resent Eric Ashton's encroaching on our domain (10/8/'35), we will forgive him this once as unfortunately he is acquainted only with the knitter who is considered by all a public nuisance.

On the other hand, I have sat in trams, etc., beside girls whom it is a pleasure to watch deftly converting the wool into some useful and handsome garment; but the girl with "lips compressed, eyes glued downwards, needles clashing, and murderous expression as she jabs the wool," is obviously only an amateur. A competent knitter does not "jab" the wool, nor does her face usually show any emotions. On the contrary, it is serenely calm.

Miss Mary Oldfield, 7 West Avenue, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

TEA-POT TALES By JOHN ROGERS

Are You Satisfied To Be a Woman?

ARE you satisfied that you were born a woman? Or would you prefer to be a man? I think there must be a good many women who would prefer to belong to the "sterner" sex, but I doubt if one would find a man who would like to be a woman for preference.—K. G. Porter, Jimbour, Qld.

Is It Weak to Let Movies Move You to Tears?

NO, Miss Wray (10/8/'35), I do not think it is a sign of weakness to allow a picture to affect one to the point of tears. It certainly depends greatly on the nature of the person—they will usually be found to be affected thus right through life in everyday mishaps, accidents, etc. But let us give praise where it is due; it is also superb acting on the part of the players, who make the picture realistic enough to banish from one's mind the idea that it is all make-believe.

Miss Avis F. Hill, 7 Colton Avenue, Brighton, Adelaide.

Mark of a Noble Nature

TEARS in these circumstances, in my opinion, are not a sign of weakness but are the attributes of a tender, emotional temperament.

Reading a touching book such as "Danesbury House" (Mrs. Henry Wood) or "The Rosary" (Florence Barclay), two notable authors of outstanding fame, often reduces one to tears. Sympathy with others in trouble is the mark of a noble nature.

L. Knight, Yarraman, via Ipswich, Qld.

Definite Invitations Are More Sincere

WHEN anyone says: "Do come and see me," or "You must come and stay with us sometime," I always feel those invitations are just so many polite words, without any real sincerity.

Wouldn't it be as easy to say: "What afternoon next week will suit you to call?" Something definite like that. A definite answer could be given immediately, and one would feel the prospective hostess really wanted one to visit her.

I don't say all those indefinite invitations are insincere. But, to me, they always convey that impression.—Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

Shows Sensitiveness

I DO not think Miss Edith Wray need feel at all ashamed of her emotions finding vent in tears (at the pictures). Instead of weakness, I think it shows a sensitive and very sympathetic nature.

I expect her friend probably feels an equal amount of emotion if she would but admit it, but some do not easily give way to tears.

Mrs. H. P. Jones, Bothwell, Tas.

Thinks It Is Silly To Cry

I AM inclined to think that it is silly to go to the extent of shedding tears over pictures. One doesn't go to the theatre to cry, but to have a good time and enjoy oneself as much as possible. I have often heard people who have cried say afterwards how silly it was to cry over something imaginary.

Miss Wray says that it is a compliment to the acting of the players, and I agree with her.

J. Beeston, Levenshulme, 8 Queen's Rd., New Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Tears Are a Fine Tribute

MISS WRAY'S letter (10/8/'35) raises a debatable point: Are those who can be moved to tears by an affecting picture more sympathetic—or only more emotional? I think the latter.

Being imaginative, they feel they are actually seeing real life before them on the screen—and so enter deeply into every emotion portrayed by the players.

It is not everyone who can keep a detached mental outlook and remember it is only a picture, with the principals receiving a handsome salary for their powers thus to make the audience live the story with them.

Still, what a tribute it is, both to the story being unfolded and the way it is interpreted by the players!

M. 19 The Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.

WON'T TAKE "NO!"

HOW many people have friends who won't take "no" for an answer and force one against one's own will into doing things that one knows will only cause trouble later on.

For example: Visiting a woman friend yesterday I was persuaded to go out shopping with her. I knew the result would be that I would get home late, yet, afraid of hurting her feelings, I couldn't force myself to say I wasn't coming. Was I right in going, or should I have committed myself and perhaps lost a valuable friendship?

Mrs. R. Dickinson, 4 Edmund St., Berwyn, Vic.

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TALKIE PROGRAMMES

THOUGH not a frequent visitor to the cinema, I enjoy a good programme occasionally. Almost every time I visit a picture theatre I am annoyed at having to sit through a mediocre programme for an hour and a half in order to have the enjoyment of seeing a good picture later in the evening. Why could not the order of the pictures be reversed? Then believers in the old proverb of "Early to bed and early to rise" (like myself) could enjoy the newsreel and the star picture only, leaving the keener devotees of talkies to see the remainder of the programme, and willingly paying the full price for the only items that attracted them.

Miss M. Stanfield, 41 Jennings St., Hobart, Tas.

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WOMEN ARE LUCKY

WHAT has become of all the time at the disposal of women? We now have electric stoves, radiators, vacuum-cleaners, and telephones. A wife can come home at 5 p.m. and have quite an appetising meal in front of her husband at 6.30. In half an hour all the dust and fluff can be removed from the furniture, curtains, and floor with a vacuum-cleaner, and there need be no ashes to clear up if the radiator has been used. She can ring up her friends and relatives during the day and make inquiries concerning their various illnesses, etc., thus saving the time she would otherwise spend on having to visit them.

And yet on all sides we hear women complaining that they have no time! Our grandmothers made their own bread, scrubbed floors, sometimes wove cloth, and made all the shirts worn by their men, and garments for their children. Is it not time we had a thanksgiving day for all the wonderful blessings this century has to offer us?

Miss M. Raymont, 49 Dover St., Malvern, S.A.

REXONA will relieve that fiery irritation

Guard against the most common disease of modern times. Don't let eczema rob you of your sleep at night, and make your days a torture. Use Rexona at once, before it gets the upper hand. The very first application will soothe and cool the inflammation. Rexona destroys the germs and in a few days your skin will be completely and permanently healed. Keep it in the house. Obtainable in tins and large jars from all chemists and stores.

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Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch", they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Her friends do not know that freedom from constipation has made the difference. Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. To clear impurities from her system she took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. FIGSEN does not purge or gripe . . . it has no unpleasant after-effects. It assists Nature and does not form a habit. NYAL FIGSEN is equally good for children as well as adults. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

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HOW MAGGY ROUFF *Became* A DESIGNER

From Author to Dress Creator

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, By Air Mail.

What undoubtedly makes the art of the dressmaker the leading artistic expression of the Parisian is that in Paris the designing of a gown is placed on a high professional level.

The couturier is an artist, a person endowed with a special talent, combined with a feeling for the purely mechanical execution of these ideas.

THIS ATTRACTIVE study of Maggy Rouff was posed especially for The Australian Women's Weekly. An exclusive article by this famous dress-designer appears on page 9.

—Air Mail photo.

TO design a gown it is necessary to be master of many qualities; to have the feeling for line, the understanding of color, the appreciation of anatomy, of beauty, of what constitutes smartness, and, added to this, an inventive genius and a complete self-assurance. As a result, every great dress-creator in Paris represents an individuality, a fascinating discovery, a series of surprises.

Maggy Rouff. I wondered what "Madame Maggy" was like as I entered the lovely salons overlooking the Avenue des Champs Elysees. I was ushered into a huge office with austere white walls and a few bits of lovely modern furniture. At the desk sat a beautiful young woman. She smiled.

"I'm really an accident in the dress-making world," she explained, "for I began life as a writer of books, and as a journalist."

"Madame Maggy" is in private life Madame Besancon de Wagner, the last being her maiden name, for, according to French law, if a woman is the last of her line, she can retain her family name provided her husband is willing. The de Wagners were a famous family, persecuted as Protestants, and expelled from France at the time of the passing of the Edict of Nantes.

With quieter times, the family returned, and Madame de Wagner's mother was in charge of the once-famous dressmaking house of Drecoll. When the house began to show signs of senile decay, Madame de Wagner deserted her writing and made an effort to infuse new and young blood into it.

"It is impossible to bring a corpse to life," she explained. "A business, like the human body, can actually get old and incapable of absorbing new ideas. It then simply falls back, remains old-fashioned, and eventually dies a natural death. But my experience had given me the taste for this art. So I decided to open a new house, one of my own."

THE young house quickly rose to fame, and a leading position in Paris. Its directress has forged her way not only as a dress-designer, for she has just been appointed as the first woman to be president of the Association for the Protection of the Artisans of Seasonal Industries.

This association includes everybody connected with the haute couture, and as a professional syndicate it concerns itself with all legal and legislative problems which may confront its numerous members, not alone in France, but throughout the world.

"No," Madame de Wagner answered my question, "I know nothing at all about sewing. In fact, I can't even sew a button on. I am, first and last, a designer."

On page nine of this issue, Maggie Rouff herself describes how she "builds" the gowns which have made her one of the world's leading designers.

Definite Hope of Recovery!

LUNG TROUBLE and CONGESTION

A DRY INHALATION TREATMENT: TRIED! TESTED! PROVED!

From a condition of endless suffering and blank despair and hopelessness to a new-found joyous relief from the constant torment of lung trouble—that is the wonderful experience being reported daily by sufferers who, inspired by its definite, KNOWN results, have used Membrosus Dry Inhalation Treatment. These sufferers without exception report the same wonderful benefits.

Mucus is easily dislodged, the cough becomes less distressing and gradually disappears—restful sleep at night—haemorrhages and night sweats cease—weight gained—strength increases—able to mix with friends, play games, and live a normal, healthy life. The dry, healing fumes come into direct contact with all parts of the lungs and also enter the blood stream. Therein lies the secret of its amazing success.

If you would like to experience the wonderful feeling of release—to enjoy not only temporary advantages, but a vital improvement in general health, weight, strength, appetite, ability to sleep comfortably—give Membrosus a fair trial NOW.

CATARRH HAY FEVER and ANTRUM Trouble

WITHOUT OPERATION

Membrosus has given marvellous relief and dispelled for ALL TIME those dreadful symptoms which it has hitherto been believed impossible to get rid of—that is the consensus of reports from many sufferers.

Membrosus is successful because:—

The fumes enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored, the constant snuffing, blowing and running nose, and the disgusting hawking and spitting, are soon things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membrosus—the wonderful inhalation treatment—will do this for you.

MEMBROSUS IS "DIFFERENT," IT GIVES MORE THAN JUST RELIEF

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

An Inhalation Treatment that DOES bring lasting results.

Complete recovery without the slightest recurrence of attacks from these distressing complaints is the experience of many hundreds of previous sufferers who have used MEMBROSUS—that remarkable DRY INHALATION TREATMENT.

For sufferers to recover so completely as to lose all distressing symptoms—to be able to lie down and sleep at night without fear of attack; for the mucus to be brought away easily; for those wheezing coughs to stop; for that tight, bound-up feeling to disappear; to be able to breathe freely at all times; to lose that shortness of breath, and walk up a hill, work, and play games without discomfort; for the attacks to become less frequent—and then to make a lasting and complete recovery, speaks volumes for MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION TREATMENT, which is entirely different from all others, in that it is not inhaled merely to relieve attacks when they come, but by inhaling regularly causes the attacks to become less severe, and less frequent until they clear up altogether.

MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

Perhaps you have a friend who suffers. For particulars send at once a stamped addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to Membrosus, C/o IRVINE'S PHARMACY, CHEMISTS, 161 Victoria Rd. Drummoyne, N.S.W. (Estd. 39 years). Sole Distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

Should School Age be Three or Five for Toddlers?

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London—By Air Mail.

In the past week or two there has been quite an agitation to increase the scope of the nursery schools, and to start making the children attend at three years instead of five.

THE idea is that by the time the children are five they have become delicate from lack of proper attention, and often quite unruly for the same reason.

If they were sent to school while still really toddlers they could be properly looked after as regards their health, and thus sent on to the primary schools in better fettle to start their real studies. Their play-time and rest-time could be supervised more thoroughly than in a household where the mother has everything to do, with probably a still younger baby to care for.

I asked Major Irwin, of the Salvation Army, what she thought about it, and whether she thought three years old a little young for a child to go to school.

"It all depends on the child," was her wise reply. "If the toddler is high-spirited, advanced, and of an inquiring turn of mind, then I think school, with supervised play, is the best possible place for him; but if he is shy and retiring and rather dependent on his mother, then I think that, if she can possibly manage it, she should have him with her for another eighteen months or so."

Major Irwin is a delightful person with the kindest brown eyes and a most engaging motherly smile. She edits the Salvation Army women's paper, and her ideas on most subjects are well worth hearing.

"From a purely physical point of view I do think it is wise for children to have proper regular hours and expert supervision, but in other ways a mother's unskilled care and loving attention can often help a toddler more than any golden rules or medical examinations."

AFTER SCHOOL THEY'LL ALL WANT

IXL Products are quality products

No need to envy her!

You, too, can have that gay personality, that sense of glowing vitality. It's all a matter of your general health. You can adopt no simpler or more effective course to keep yourself fit than by taking a small dose of CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts every morning.

CARLISTA rids you of constipation and uric acid, and guards you against rheumatism, pimples, unpleasant breath, headaches and general lassitude.

Keep yourself at your best—with CARLISTA.

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AFTER THE GAME
—the Bath

And what a bath it is when a little Scrubb's Ammonia has been added to it! Softened and smoothed, the warm caressing water imbues your body with new vigour, while—so penetrating is Scrubb's—your pores are cleared and cleansed.

Now available are Scrubb's Ammoniated LIQUID BATH SALTS, delightfully perfumed and refreshing!

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

IF 2GB CHARACTERS *Came..* *to a* PARTY

Radio is the magic of to-day. Switch a button, twist a dial, and you can summon up before you more strange figures than the magicians of old with all their incantations and formulas.

You can summon music or drama, hear the voices of people five hundred miles away.

SO supposing that by some super-magic the management of 2GB could hold a great party and invite all those characters who have appeared on 2GB programmes over the last few years, what a party that would be!

Never before would so many famous people have gathered together in one place, unless in the pages of an encyclopaedia.

Much tact would be needed to keep the party going without disagreement, for people of every walk of life would be there. Kings and queens, criminals and crooks, Pinto Pete from Texas, and heroes from the Arctic Seas.

Old quarrels would flare up afresh at any moment, when the Count of Monte Cristo spied his old enemy, the Baron D'Anglars, or Dunstan, the Ruler of Kings, caught young King Edgar flirting with a certain young girl from a convent.

Let us for a while mix among the revellers. They have appointed as Master of Ceremonies an old white-beard. He is not one of the Druids, nor is he Dad from Outback, but just Old Father Time. In his high-pitched voice, he is saying, "Come on, people, come on, people, this can't go on forever, time is fleeting. And, by the way, did you hear this one . . . ."

JUST then in comes the whole of Krazy Kollege, Teach, Georgie and Bimbo. "Before you, Georgie," says the master, "you have all the great characters of history and literature." "Which is Jimmie Allen?" asks Bimbo. "Jimmie Allen, I hope, has had an accident with his aeroplane. You boys know enough Americanisms as it is."

Over in another corner a gentleman with a Scotch burr in his voice and a policeman at his side is interrogating a kingly-looking gentleman in the costume of the middle ages.

"So, John, you thought you'd pretend that you lost your crown jewel in the Wash, but you didn't deceive me. Take him away." It is Inspector Scott.

This noisy group here consists of Darby and Joan, Horace and Uncle Edgar.

They have been joined by a farmer from up-country who seems to have come along uninvited. "I object to your session upsetting my farm arrangements," he is saying, not without a twinkle in his eye. "From twenty to eight, we can't get the kiddies to school.

"Even the hands find jobs to do around the house in hearing of the wireless. The maid finds the dining-room is in a devil of a dusty state—judging by the time taken to do the work.

"Instead of having breakfast in the breakfast-room, the late risers insist on the dining-room. The mechanic finds it impossible to start up the tractor until the clock strikes eight, and even the cows know the time when they are turned into the stalls for feed.

"Whilst Dad—that's me—has to take exactly twenty minutes for a shave every morning, and can't possibly start until twenty to eight. So you see how you people are upsetting the whole of my farm."

BEFORE Darby or Joan can answer we are confronted by a little Japanese. "Any of you honourable sirs and ladies here seen one very delectable donkey that answer you back with the name Albert?" "Frank," says the Hon. Archie, "you mean 'answer to the name of Albert.'" "But that is the trouble," says Frank, "he don't answer. He's disappeared."

So the party goes on.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, August 31.—6.0: Phil Oman and Victor Arden. 7.15: Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.30: Rudolf Friml.

SUNDAY, September 1.—1.15: Glen Southern. 1.45: Highlights from Lucia. 7.30: Gordon C. Elliott—Psychology and International Relations. 7.45: Prof. Roberts — Truth About Abyssinia. 8.15: Harmony Isle. 8.45: George Edwards—"The Moving Finger." 10.0: Evensong.

MONDAY, September 2.—6.0: Jack Davey. 11.45: Dorothea Vautier—People in the Limelight. 12.15: Miss M. Hamilton—"Women in India." 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 6.35: Doctor Massakof. 9.0: Getting Rid of an Agent. 9.15: The Melody Travellers. 9.30: Musical Magazine.

TUESDAY, September 3.—10.45: Casanova. 1.45: Storyteller. 6.45: Romance in the Retail. 8.5: Pick and Pat Minstrels. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.30: Cyril James—Songs of Schubert. 9.45: Snow in September.

WEDNESDAY, September 4.—3.30: Dorothea Vautier—Feature Session. 8.0: The Lady's Maid. 9.0: Donald Novis.

THURSDAY, September 5.—10.0: Richard Want. 9.15: Thomas a'Beckett.

FRIDAY, September 6.—9.15: Jack Lumsdaine. 10.45: Norman Allin.

The low cost of a Gas Copper enables all women to have

happy washdays

The Australian Gas Light Company will modernise your laundry for you by removing the old-fashioned fuel copper and fitting in a smartly modern Gas Copper, for a total charge ranging from less than £6. Then . . . what a different day wash-day becomes! No grime, no stoking, no soot and ashes, no half-boiled clothes, but a sparkling white wash done in record time without drudgery! 'Phone, write, or call into our showrooms now, and make the first move towards banishing dreary wash-days.

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Buy a Gas Copper on these easy terms

A deposit of ten shillings, and monthly payments of five shillings will secure you a modern Gas Copper, installed in your laundry.

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What Women Are Doing

An Able Assistant

WHEN she left this country to try her luck in Hollywood, Mrs. St. Clare Grondona was Peggy Hyland, a Queenslander.

From America she crossed to London, where she married, and ever since she has been busy helping her husband with his books and political work. She is now living with him in the North of England, in Cumberland, where Mr. St. Clare Grondona holds an important Government post.

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Secretary of Entertainments Committee, B.M.A. Conference

CORRESPONDENCE and more correspondence has been handled by Mrs. Rupert Downes, one of Melbourne's prettiest matrons, during the past few weeks, for she is secretary of the entertainments committee for the British Medical Association's Conference to begin on September 9.

This is the first time that the B.M.A. has held its annual meeting in Australia, and Melbourne will be thronged with world-famous medical men and women for the occasion. As wife of the president of the Victorian Section of the B.M.A., Colonel Rupert Downes, Mrs. Downes will help to receive the 1600 distinguished guests at the big ball to be held on September 12.

Mrs. Downes, who received her O.B.E. for war work as honorary secretary of the Friendly Union of Soldiers' Wives and Mothers, is well known for her organising ability. She was one of the founders of the Alfred Hospital Auxiliary in Melbourne, and, as honorary secretary, shepherded it through the first two years of its existence.

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Travelled 8000 Miles Showing New Educational Books

MISS ENID MOODIE HEDDLE, who has been in Sydney and Brisbane during the last three months, has returned to her home in Melbourne for a time.

Since March, she has travelled just over 8000 miles in her baby car, visiting schools and University and training college authorities from Adelaide to Brisbane and back again, showing newly-published educational books for two publishing firms with world-wide organisation, and discussing their possibility for use in Australia.

After some years of teaching in South Australia and Victoria, followed by experience in some English schools and visits to many others in the British Isles, Miss Moodie Heddle is interested to discover that in most cases the schools here compare very favorably indeed with those of the Mother Country.

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Achieved Marriage And a Career

THAT marriage and the care of a family need not interfere with a career is evidenced by the well-known Queenslander, Miss Enid Tardent, who in private life is Mrs. Mark Fogarty, the mother of three children.

Miss Enid Tardent

Miss Tardent has been the winner of many honors at eisteddfods, and at present she is the pianist with the Brisbane Repertory Society. Her earlier musical education was received from the Convents of the Sisters of Mercy at St. Joseph's and Wynnum. She gave a series of pianoforte recitals from 4QG recently.

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Works for International Organisations

AS secretary of the Bureau of Social and International Affairs, Miss Constance Duncan, of Melbourne, is in close contact with a number of international societies, including the Institute of Pacific Relations, the Round Table, the League of Nations Union, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and the International Club.

She visited Brisbane for the conference of the Institute of International Affairs recently.

Some time ago, Miss Duncan was sent to Japan by the National Y.W.C.A., and for many years she served on the staff of the Y.W.C.A. at Tokyo and Kyoto. She is now a member of the senior activities committee of the National Y.W.C.A., but says her work is chiefly for the League of Nations Union, the Institute of Pacific Relations, and the Royal Institute.

Overseas Organiser

ON a tour of the Commonwealth on behalf of the Associated Country Women's Associations of the World, the Overseas League, and the Links of Empire, Miss A. M. Stops has arrived in Australia.

As voluntary organiser for the Women's Institutes in Northamptonshire, Miss Stops toured New Zealand, and while there was instrumental in forming more than 100 branches. She is also a member of the International Council of Women.

Miss Stops will continue her journey to South Africa.

Lone Student in Domestic Science Course

THERE do not seem many girls anxious to avail themselves of the domestic science course at Sydney University, for there is only one student taking this course—Elsa Gerrand.

What is even more remarkable is the fact that it is about ten years since the last student enrolled. She was Miss Williams (now Mrs. State), and she graduated in 1928.

Miss Gerrand, who already has her B.Sc. degree, is in her first year of domestic science. She went to Hobart with the Varsity basket-ball team but probably the pleasure of the tour was slightly dimmed by the thought of what awaited her on her return—an important examination the day after she got back to Sydney.

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President N.S.W. Women Cricketers' Association

MRS. E. A. THOMAS, the newly-elected president of the N.S.W. Women Cricketers' Association, can be aptly described in familiar cricket parlance as "a good all-rounder."

Mrs. E. A. Thomas

She is above everything else a worker, and does not shun the drudgery that always, in varying degree, accompanies a success.

Mrs. Thomas was one of the outstanding workers in the Inverell (N.S.W.) district before she resided in Sydney. Since she lived in the metropolis she has assisted many well-known organisations.

She was president of the Women Cricketers' Association a few years ago, when the sport was not as popular among the fair sex as it is to-day. This term of office should therefore be full of interest, with prospects of an English tour spurring players on to greater efforts, and a heap of preliminary organising to be done.

Leading Role With Hobart Repertory

MISS BEATTIE JORDAN, who is to take the charming role of Cinderella in the Hobart Repertory Society's presentation of Barrie's "A Kiss For Cinderella," possesses that unusual attribute, a "Barrie" personality. Acting is her delight and her special diversion, and it is in plays of fantasy that she excels. Last December she gave a delightful interpretation of "Mary Rose," and she is also remembered for her great success in Benn Levy's unusual play, "Mrs. Moonlight." She has also acted in the Repertory's performances of Galsworthy's play, "The Silver Box," in which she did the lead; Mrs. Jones, in "Juno and the Paycock," "Her Shop," and "Yellow Sands."

Miss Beattie Jordan.

Miss Jordan, who is Tasmanian-born, conducts a school for ballet dancing in Hobart. She received her training on the mainland from Minnie Everett and Jennie Brenan.

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University Women Confer in Melbourne

UNIVERSITY women are foregathering in Melbourne this week for the Biennial Conference of the Australian Federation, and under the presidency of Dr. Ethel McLennan will discuss various matters of interest and enjoy a social programme.

Interstate visitors are many, and include Dr. Constance Davey and Miss Helen Mayo, of S.A. Among the Sydney delegates will be Miss Gladys Marks, Mrs. T. G. B. Osborn, Miss Lorna Byrne, and Miss E. M. Tildesley. Dr. Elma Sandford Morgan and Mrs. Sherrard (N.S.W.) also hope to attend.

Work of Ten Years at Bookbinding Exhibition

THE second exhibition of hand bookbinding to be held in Melbourne in 40 years was opened at the home of Miss Edith Dew on August 24. The other exhibition was held by her teacher, Miss Margaret Chapman, some ten years ago.

Miss Dew, who is a well-known music teacher, turns to bookbinding in her spare time, and her exhibition represents the work of ten years.

Her hand-bound music library is on view, and this presented such a problem when the question of transport was considered that Miss Dew decided to hold the whole exhibition in her own home.

She also exhibits some literary works, and beautifully bound art volumes, including reprints of Australian artists.

This creative work is one in which color sense and skill are needed, and Miss Dew varies the design, the colors, and the materials used according to the type of volumes she is binding.

In her library of music there are several volumes of Chopin in grey leather and blue hand-made paper, while she used deep brown morocco for her volumes of Kipling, with decorations inlaid in red, and the titles in gold.

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Isobel Ann Shead Writes a Book

ISOBEL ANN SHEAD, known to thousands of children as Isobel Ann, of radio fame, has written "Sandy" a book about a boy living in the outback of N.S.W.

"Sandy" has been accepted by a London publisher, and will be out here in time for Christmas.

Miss Shead.

Isobel Ann runs the children's session at 3LO, Melbourne. This gives her the impressive title of Director of the Argonauts Theatre, for the session is run as nearly as possible on the lines of a radio theatre.

Recently she made history. She wrote, "Will There Be Peace?" the play broadcast on League of Nations Day, which was the first interstate and overseas broadcast of a children's session ever achieved in Australia.

Now the League of Nations Union is arranging to have it produced in all schools.

Born in Adelaide, Miss Shead did newspaper work in Adelaide and Sydney before she came to Melbourne and radio work. She has a busy time, for she writes a lot of the copy for her session, including "Rod and Jeff," the adventure serial story.

Adelaide Women Investigate Melbourne's Nursery Schools

SIXTEEN Adelaide women left on Friday for Melbourne to study the nursery schools there. When Mrs. J. H. Lipman came back from America full of enthusiasm about their nursery schools, those Adelaide women interested in the kindergarten movements began to prick up their ears. Then came a visit from Miss Gutteridge, principal of the Melbourne Kindergarten, who gave wonderful accounts of the work that was being done by the nursery schools. The result is the visit to Melbourne of the Adelaide women.

Mrs. Lipman motored over, taking five passengers, and the remainder left by train.

The party includes Miss King and Miss Burgess, principals of the Kindergarten Training College, directors of several of the Free Kindergartens and students and members of the union committee in South Australia. They intend to stay in Melbourne for a fortnight or three weeks.

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Pope Confers Honor On American Writer

AN unusual honor has been conferred upon a young American woman writer, Miss Marie T. Walsh, of Los Angeles. Pope Pius XI has awarded her the cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice for her research work in the history of the California Missions.

Miss Walsh is the author of a book on the Santa Inez Mission.

❖ ❖ ❖

Composer of New Children's Songs

AN appropriately youthful programme was arranged for the costumed stories and ballads entertainment at Centenary Hall on August 28, in aid of South Melbourne Free Kindergarten.

Mrs. Martyn —Broothorn.

It included two groups of songs which will be heard for the first time in Australia. The music has been written by Amy Dickinson (Mrs. P. L. Martyn), whose music has already been published in England on numerous occasions. The songs included in the Melbourne programme are at present on their way to the London publishers.

The words of the songs were written by Furniley Maurice, who won the Centenary Ode Competition, some time before A. A. Milne's famous Christopher Robin verses appeared.

Carrie Cairnduff, who is well known to Australian audiences, and Hazel Medland, of T.O.Y. theatre fame, are also performing.

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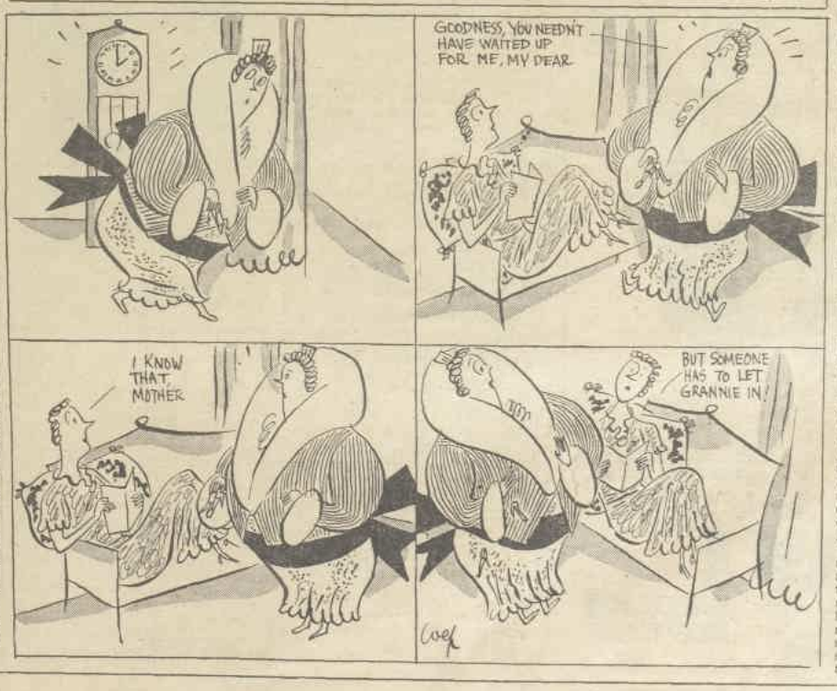
Transport Difficulties Do Not Daunt Her

IT is not surprising that Mrs. Vernon Ransom, who was recently granted leave of absence, was feeling the need to relax for a while from her duties as Northern president of the A.W.N.L. (Tasmania). She lives at Windermere and, when it is not possible for Mr. Ransom to motor her out to the main road, she often has to walk the couple of miles to connect with the service car to take her to Launceston on A.W.N.L. business.

On other occasions she has been rowed across the Tamar to Rosevears, and completed the journey to town by the West Tamar motor service. To return on the same day she has to leave town at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and it is usually after six before she is home again. Her community service seems to call for more than the usual amount of self-sacrifice.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP.



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SKYWAYS *Are Now World* HIGHWAYS

You Can Go Almost Anywhere Up in the Air!

By.... F.W.L. ESCH

IT isn't till a tourist agent hands the prospective traveller a bunch of pamphlets on the benefits of air travel that one realises the rapid progress made recently in the art of propelling people from place to place... through space.

Almost every week some new air route is opened or an old one is improved. Last week an Adelaide-Darwin service was started. The week before there was news that the new Zeppelin for the South Atlantic route may come as close to Australia as Batavia.

Just before that the Pan-American Airways "Clipper" service was pioneered to Honolulu. Regular trips, which will take in China, are anticipated in October.

AND so it goes on.

An aerial web is being wound round the globe by the great air companies; a web upon which the traveller will be able to circle the world in 14 days, or less.

Australia grows more air-minded every day. If the Post Office establishes a Commonwealth Air Mail service as has been suggested, there will be no stopping progress here.

As most of us are familiar with the local air services, let us hop off from Australia and see what is happening in other parts of the world.

Five great air companies have spun the web of routes which will circle the globe by the end of this year.

They are the British Imperial Airways, with its terminals at Croydon, Brisbane, and Capetown; Pan-American Airways with its "clipper" service across the Pacific to Honolulu and China scheduled for October; Air France, with its eastern terminal at Saigon, in French Indo-China; the Dutch Airways penetrating to Batavia, and on the other side of South America the Hamburg-American line, with its zeppelin route across the South Atlantic.

Spacious Airships

THE most fascinating of these services, and the least known, is the three-day Graf Zeppelin trip from Rio de Janeiro to Friedrichshafen in Germany.

Efficient though the aeroplane is, the zeppelin is the machine for comfort. Pamphlets for the route stress the fact that zeppelin travel is practically motionless.

There is none of the banking and bumping of the aeroplane, even in rough weather. The ship slips through the air at 150 miles an hour without a tremor. Passengers have comfortable two-berth cabins as well as spacious living-rooms. Even baths can be taken, but the dirty water has to be kept aboard because it would upset the ballast to let it out. The fare is about 1500 marks.

Few people in Australia know that the Graf Zeppelin has been making these regular South Atlantic crossings.

Dr. Eckener, the designer of the Graf Zeppelin, and the new mammoth to take her place, still thinks future air travel will be made in airships.

And no wonder! The old "Graf" has a marvellous record. She has made 423 trips, 90 ocean crossings, and has carried 30,000 passengers on her total mileage, equivalent to 25 times round the world, without accident!

HOWEVER, in spite of the extra comfort of the airship, Germany is the only country using this form of craft for passenger services.

Aeroplanes are used everywhere else, and they have gained such a reputation for safety that insurance companies give most of the big airways the same rates for accident as they do to surface transport companies.

By the end of the year Australians, with plenty of money to spend, will be able to fly from here to Singapore by Qantas Empire Airways, and from there to China to pick up the Pan-American "clipper" service which will take the traveller across the Pacific and on to South America to board the Graf Zeppelin.

If the traveller wants a less expensive and quicker journey, the Imperial Airways Brisbane-London trip, at £195, could be taken.

Though the zeppelin is the only passenger service across the South Atlantic, there are two other mail routes by plane. Air France has a weekly mail route from Paris to Santiago, in Chile, and the German airways, Lufthansa, has a similar service every two weeks. Half-way across the South Atlantic is the only floating air port in the world where the German planes refuel.

Plane v. Dogs

PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS is America's greatest international air concern. Its routes pass through 32 different countries, and cover more than 40,000 miles on trips from the States to South America, Alaska, and the Orient. The company has a 45 per cent. interest in the China National Airways, and it is quite evident that America is a long way ahead of England in the race for air supremacy of the Pacific.

Air travel has come as a great boon to Alaska, where Pan-American Airways are pioneering the service with a view to extending it through to Asia, thus spinning a web route round the top of the world. Ninety per cent. of travellers go by air, for the simple reason that it is cheaper than the ordinary mode of conveyance, namely, by dog sleigh.

The dog express takes about five weeks to go from Nome to Fairbanks, while the plane takes only five hours.

But let us leave America and the Orient and hop over to Europe.

In Europe

AMERICA has had a great advantage in developing its airways, insofar as there have been no political complications to hamper its progress in the two great continents of North and South America.

Europe, on the other hand, consists of numerous States and nations, some of which are hardly on speaking terms, and the result is that air travel, though not stopped, is slowed up a good deal.

Just the same these difficulties are being overcome, and beyond having to stop at frontiers and carry complicated passports, the air traveller does not notice much.

In its little booklet on "Notes For Your Comfort and Convenience," Imperial Airways explain that cameras will be collected while the plane is flying over certain countries. They have to be placed in a bag, which is sealed by the customs and are returned to passengers only when the country objecting to having its photo taken is passed.

The German-Russian Deruluft Air Lines sends out tempting pamphlets encouraging tourists to spend their summer holidays on air excursions to Moscow.

Deruluft has a network of routes which takes in the whole of Europe and links up with China, Japan, and Afghanistan, on the Russian side.

Russia, however, is one of the countries which has strict regulations, and no passenger plane is allowed to depart until everybody's private papers have been examined.

One of the joys of making long journeys by air is said to be that the passengers can wear all their old clothes. On ships, according to the airway people, first-class travel is rather a dressy business.

Shorts for Tropics

TRAVELLING through the tropics men are recommended to wear shorts, but the airways very studiously avoid any suggestion that young women might do likewise.

On west-to-east routes across Europe, the planes usually put down for the night, the passengers staying at hotels, the cost of which is included in the fare.

Girls are recommended to bring evening dresses, as there are sometimes dances, but the men are told they need not.

On the British Imperial Airways, shorts for men are quite the thing; but on the Dutch planes this costume is only approved of under certain conditions. A K.L.M. book on air hints says: "Shorts, of course, are impossible for dinner."

A SWISS AIRPLANE—on one of the famous Alpine flights round Mount Matterhorn. This mountain is one of the most difficult in the world to climb.

On Honeymoon Flight

MR. AND MRS. JOHN DAMPNEY, the young honeymoon couple who have just arrived in Australia, and who intend to fly back to England in an endeavor to create a new record.

He may not be in his best mood in the early morning—but he always sees that his shoes have the best polish . . .

A Kiwi shine for him!

KIWI POLISHES . . . PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER

KIWI

BLACK POLISH — The Quality Boot Polish — TAN POLISH

TAN—*All Shades* White Cleaner *and Cream*

"CLEO" SET *Cruise* FASHION

CLEOPATRA started the cruise craze with her pleasure trips on the Nile, and passengers with Cleo had to pay dearly for their privileges.

But it was centuries later that real cruising arrived, and the leisured rich began their idling on luxury boats in pre-slacks periods when a pith helmet and a sunshade lent sufficient atmospheric effect and every "cruiser" slung a camera and a pair of field-glasses over his or her shoulder.

Then came Mr. T. Cook to show how land cruises might be made en masse. Mr. Cook was neither a seafaring nor a railway man, but he was the first to sense the possibility of piloting stay-at-homes into strange climes.

And that is a reminder that two men not identified with the shipping world in any way made the first move towards providing Sydneysiders with a cruise. The vessel was all but chartered when backers lost faith. A year later, the shipping companies began their cruises.

Cruising from Australian ports came amazingly late, considering the many suitable islands in close proximity to its shores, and it took the boom in land hiking (which had swept over us like a young tornado) to awaken responsible quarters to the possibilities of the cruises that are now so popular.

THE three thousand mile cruise which the Messageries Maritimes Company is arranging at Christmas in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly should provide the ideal holiday.

Firstly, one will find oneself in New Caledonia in a strange country, with new customs and a different language. One will embark on launches for harbor trips and will explore tropical rivers. Where motors can take you inland, there motors will go, and day after day you will be seeing picturesque new parts.

Further, there will be the interest of having Christmas and New Year on board with their attendant festivities, all in the true French spirit.

Three thousand miles! For £22! First-class accommodation. Hardly more than 2½d. per mile, and you are carried and fed for twenty-one days. It is amazingly inexpensive!

Full details of The Australian Women's Weekly's travel services will be found advertised on Page 40

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Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating periods to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

If Your Skin is Delicate

Use upon it only a pure, non-gritty, harmless face powder—our Australian Rice, that though exquisitely PURE and FINE, clings to your skin so as to become, in effect, a real, thrilling part of it. Not just a coating, not a plaster, but a soft, caressing bloom that gives you greater loveliness, hiding faults that may exist and soothing the skin so that the faults naturally depart. And the shades available in Australian Rice Powder are modern, rich, vibrant and flattering. For 1/3d. you get a smart box, and from twice to four times as much powder as in the average 1/6d. box . . . For Beauty and Value, use

Australian Rice Powder

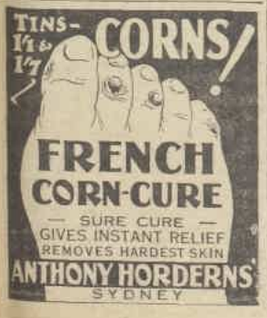
How to wash brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 shades lighter

—safely, without bleaching!

Brings back that natural blond colour to even the most faded hair.

Blondex—it's amazing how a natural blonde attracts every eye, but when blond hair turns mousey, brownish, why take chances with dyes, injurious bleaches and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade and darken even more. You can now wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Sta-blond, that glorious shampoo treatment, used by millions of light and dark blonds all over the world, who know that it prevents blond hair from getting that dull-looking brown shade and keeps it light, silky and fascinatingly beautiful, without the use of henna, camomile, dyes, rinses, peroxide or injurious bleaches. Makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it today yourself, or at your hairdresser's, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you have ever known, just ask for your money back. Known abroad as Northland and **Blondex**. Made in England. Sole distributors: Passett & Johnson, Ltd. P.O. Box 3879, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO



TO COOK a *Roast Fit for* A KING

Bureau Cooks and Cooks, to Tell You How to Cook!

Some time-honored ideas on the roasting of meat are being vigorously assailed as the result of an elaborate series of experiments just concluded by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

Literally thousands of roasts of beef, legs of lamb, and loins of pork were cooked throughout these investigations and definite standards of procedure were adopted.

THE bureau, summarising its conclusions, says: "Roasting in a hot oven is all wrong. It is not even necessary to sear a roast. The theory that meat should be exposed to a hot gas and browned as quickly as possible in order to keep in the precious juices does not hold water. Neither does a roast cooked in that way look better.

"A roast cooked to medium 'doneness' in a hot oven will be charred as to the exterior, pulled back from the bones, and generally shrunken. On the other hand, a roast cooked with a slow gas will be plump and full, nicely browned, with no charred bones or burned fat."

An experiment was made at Ohio State University regarding cooking losses. Two similar ribs of beef, each weighing 14 pounds, were roasted. One which was exposed to a temperature of 500 degrees Fahrenheit lost five pounds twelve ounces, while the roast cooked at 230 degrees lost only one pound fourteen ounces. Although the hotter gas cooked quicker, the consumption of gas was much higher.

The bureau advises a constant temperature of 300 degrees for roasting beef, veal, lamb, and cured pork, and 350 degrees for roasting fresh pork.

The bureau advises against basting frequently. The theory is that basting keeps the meat moist and adds flavor, says the bureau, but expert judges have not found this to be true. If the roast is laid in the pan on the ribs, the basting is taken care of by the fat in the meat itself, as the fat melts over and into the roast while it cooks. If the meat has not an adequate fat covering, the deficiency may be supplied by placing a layer of fat strips of salt pork or bacon over the top.

THE Bureau of Home Economics urges the regular use of two thermometers. One should be inserted in the meat so that the bulb will reach the centre of the thickest part of the meat. It should not rest on bone or fat, as that affects the rate of heat penetration. It is placed in the meat before it is put in the oven, and remains there during the entire cooking period. As the heat penetrates the meat, the mercury column rises.

When it reaches that temperature which indicates the desired degree of "doneness," as established by experiments, the meat is ready to serve. The internal temperatures to which various meats must be cooked to get the desired degree of "doneness" are as follows:

Beef, underdone, 135 degrees; beef, medium, 155; beef, well done, 170; veal, 170; lamb, medium, 175; lamb, well done, 182; pork, fresh, 185; pork, cured, 170.

The use of the roast meat thermometer does not make any less necessary the second thermometer, which gives proper control of the oven temperature, ranging between 300 and 350 degrees.

TOILET OUTFIT

12/6

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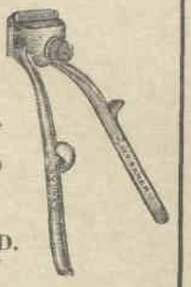
Postage 9d.

1 pr. Nickelplated Nail Nippers
1 pr. Nickelplated Hair Clippers, 0000
1 Best Steel Nail File

W. JNO. BAKER LTD.
3 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY



Ship that Guards Britain's Health

From our London Office. By Air Mail.

ONE of the most famous ships in the Thames is to be scrapped. This is Hygeia, the brigantine hulk which has for a long time been faithful guardian of Britain's health. She has been at constant anchorage for many years, and all that time she has been the headquarters of the Port of London Medical Officer—the doctor whose duty it is to discover any disease among passengers or cargo in the ships that dock near the great metropolis.

Liners from all parts of the world must receive their clean bill of health before they dock—be they pleasure cruisers from Australia, or dirty old tramps from east of Suez.

The Medical Officer and his assistants inspect about 250,000 passengers and crew every year. They O.K. the foodstuffs, too, and they order hundreds of ships every year to be fumigated and cleared of rats.

The Hygeia is always on duty. Day and night there are doctors pacing her deck or working away in her cabins, ready at a moment's notice to visit any arriving ship, either to pass it or to discover some dread disease that must be kept out of Britain at all costs. Owing to this constant vigil the Port of London is one of the healthiest in the world.

And now the Hygeia is to go. Her place is being taken by an Admiralty lighter off Gravesend, and she, too, is to be called the Hygeia, and only a few of the initiated will know the difference.

Do you FANCY *food from*

VIM's
soap-coated
GRAINS CLEAN POTS & PANS
CLEANER

No wonder things always look dull and dirty, when they are scratched and worn by coarse cleaners. They need smooth cleaning — gentle Vim-cleaning. Vim's soap-coated grains *lift* the dirt off and whisk it clean away. Get a tin of Vim and see how quick and smooth and thorough cleaning can be!

VIM CLEANS IN A SHAKE

A LEVER PRODUCT 7.37.16

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★ DRAKE OF ENGLAND
Matheson Lang, Athene Seyler, Jane Baxter. (B.I.P.)

IT is good to turn now and then from the perplexities of the modern world and muse upon our past. This picture says in effect: "Let us now praise famous men . . ." It is a fine piece of rhetoric, and gives its huzzas three times three with a will for that hero whose drum rolled again but recently in the ears of our sailors at Jutland. The period has been reconstructed with scrupulous care and the history documented. We watch the unfolding of those stirring events to the accompaniment of music largely composed of beautiful traditional airs, and both Elizabeth (Athene Seyler) in the curtailed version of her magnificent speech to the army at Tilbury and Drake in the final scene use the authentic words.

The acting is suitably in the heroic manner; no finicking subtleties. Elizabeth for all her spirit and forthright expressions loses nothing of her queenly dignity. With stiffly gorgeous costumes she comes among her courtiers and into the council like a galleon under full sail. Matheson Lang, too, is the very pattern of a gallant adventurer whom Gloriana would delight to honor. The famous game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe and the running fight with the hard-pressed Armada down the Channel—it is all there. And Jane Baxter, listening Desdemona-like to Drake's tales and his ambitious hopes, is a lovely Mistress Sydenham.—Lyceum, com. Aug. 31.

★ ROADHOUSE
Gordon Harker, Violet Loraine. (G.-B.)

A TOO straggling plot detracts from the value of this piece. It has various good features. There is the bar parlor of the country inn at the beginning and the scene where Violet Loraine from the music hall stage repeats an actual war-time experience by rallying an audience startled by the bombing of the first air raid over London. Those who have never seen her in the flesh can well understand the affection with which this warmly generous actress has long been regarded by the London public. Then there is our old friend, Gordon Harker, as the bartender of the inn, and later as the "refaced" manager of the up-to-date roadhouse. But we could not see quite why Miss Loraine went into hiding from her friends and her own child for so many years. This is really American gangster stuff, and, though the players all act very competently, the story and the roadhouse to which it leads never seem to be located in England.—Embassy, com, Aug. 16.

★ SOCIETY DOCTOR
Chester Morris, Virginia Bruce. (M.-G.-M.)

ONLY doctors and nurses are qualified to say whether an important public hospital, in New York or anywhere else, is ever run on these lines. But it seems to us odd that a young probationer (Virginia Bruce) should have been free to come and go and even to have picnic supper in the resident doctors' rooms. She appears also to be on duty in several wards and to be in attendance in the operating theatre besides. And we cannot think that prevailing laxity of discipline quite explains the fact that a perfectly hale and hearty woman is in one of the hospital beds posing as the dying mother of a gangster who is brought under prison guard to see her.

Yet these considerations hardly worry one at the time. The film has the great virtue in this class of drama—pace. The players, including Raymond Walburn, as a toadying old humbug, and Billie Burke as a wealthy neurotic, give admirably clean-cut performances, and the photography of the cool, white-walled interiors peopled largely by white uniforms is very pleasing indeed.—Cameo; com. Aug. 24.

★ BABY FACE HARRINGTON
Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel. (M.-G.-M.)

"BABY FACE" is scarcely the description we should choose for Charles Butterworth of the long, lean countenance. "Poker Face" is more like it. But the helpless innocence of the small-town clerk, which is presently taken for consummate guile, suits his style excellently. His feeble attempts to assert himself so that his fondly ambitious wife (Una Merkel) shall be proud of him lead to adventures that would raise anybody else's hair but leave him only a little confused until the news that his wife believes the worst reduces him for a while to despair. This is amusing burlesque in which Nat Pendleton comes out strong as a gangster who enthusiastically compares notes on bushlore and scoutcraft with his intended victim.—Cameo, com. Aug. 24.

★ THE GREEN PACK
John Stuart, Aileen Marson. (B.D.F.)

A DETECTIVE thriller, adapted from the last stage play of Edgar Wallace, that has more to it than just its well-constructed plot; the characters are individualised. The most dramatic scene of the film is the dealing of the cards to decide which of the three cheated prospectors shall despatch the ruthless plutocrat who had financed their African venture. But the atmosphere of tension, accentuated by the tropic heat, is maintained after his violent demise, and the denouement is quite unexpected. The villain is a credible person, a cad without being in the least a bounder, and the hero (John Stuart) has the difficulty in dealing with him experienced by a man of scruple. The heroine's conduct to begin with is somewhat witless, but she regains our sympathy later. A pleasing little study that provides most of the comedy is Garry Marsh's good-natured Tubby, of the unguarded tongue. Mayfair; com. Aug. 14.

★ UNWELCOME STRANGER
Jack Holt, Mona Barrie, Jackie Searl. (Columbia.)

MANKIND are very irrational. But Jack Holt, in this picture, where he keeps a racing stable, wins against all-comers in the superstition stakes. Having been an orphan himself, and yet having reached moderate affluence, he thinks that orphans of any description are hoodoos to him. So when we find that Jackie Searl is taken into his childless house by his common-sense wife (Mona Barrie) without letting on that the boy is from the orphanage up the road, we know what to expect. "Have you ever been an orphan?" we murmured. "Yes, orfen." Still, the film is efficiently constructed, and the racing sequences admirable. And Mona Barrie (here in her brunette phase) laughs as delightfully as anybody on the screen. Did we say that young Jackie, in spite of a game leg and another jockey's interference, rides the spirited colt (an orphan, of course) to victory?—Plaza, com. Aug. 23.

MYSTERY LINER
Noah Beery, Astrid Allwyn. (Monogram.)

EDGAR WALLACE was a prolific writer of detective yarns, some of which were much better than others. There was no reason to resuscitate this one in a film. But we cannot help thinking that the muddled direction is largely responsible for its incoherency. Of course, the idea is crazy of putting a liner full of passengers, and when she is on the high seas, under some mysterious electrical control from the shore by way of experiment. Then there is the usual malignant foreign power whose emissaries know enough to steal the invention, but not enough to work out this fancy plan for themselves. But we had the pallid satisfaction of guessing the villain some little while before the end.—Lyric, com. Aug. 23.

WHITE LIES
Walter Connolly, Fay Wray, Victor Jory. (Columbia.)

Some editors in the U.S.A. may be as brutal in their quest for front page stories as Walter Connolly in this picture. And his arrogant disregard for the law is, so we are told, by no means uncommon among Americans of position and influence. But the rest of this lamely-constructed film, with its half-penitent, hysterical embezzler, who seems to roam at large for an extraordinarily long time after his escape from custody, is entirely lacking in conviction.—Capitol, com. Aug. 23; King's Cross, com. Aug. 24.

★ THE WINNING TICKET
Leo Carrillo, Louise Fazenda, Ted Healy. (M.-G.-M.)

A MIXED brew of Italian and Irish idiom provides the flavor of this piece, with the excitement of a winning ticket in the famous Irish Sweepstake as its sauce piquante. Though neither missing tickets nor racial types are novel elements of comedy, they are both serviceably humorous. Leo Carrillo has an agreeable manner as the Italian barber whose shiftless Irish brother-in-law (Ted Healy) purveys the ticket, unbeknownst to his wife (Louise Fazenda), a convinced opponent of gambling in any form. The rest of the characters, except the placid baby who makes away with it, are more vociferous, and the later scenes on shipboard and in prison mount in extravagance till the recovery of the precious paper in a not unexpected hidey hole.

EDWARD ARNOLD, with Binnie Barnes and Cesar Romero, in a scene from "Diamond Jim."

AT LEFT: The seductive Binnie Barnes as she appears in her own person.

EDWARD ARNOLD as Diamond Jim.

STARRED at *Last*...
Edward Arnold

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THERE are quite a number of actors who achieve prominence in Hollywood, and yet for one reason or another do not readily attain starring rank. Perhaps they are not romantic types, or they have not the outstanding gift of comedy, or the power of macabre characterisation.

YET one feels often that they are worthy of more important parts. Now and then, for a change, they are given pride of place.

Such an actor is Edward Arnold, who will shortly be seen in the title-role of "Diamond Jim," a film set in the last half of the nineteenth century in the United States.

EDWARD ARNOLD has done good work in a variety of film characters. A proof of his usefulness is that most of the major companies in Hollywood have called for his services in important secondary roles during the last two years.

This position has been gained by ability, plus hard work. Arnold began his acting career very young, with no initial advantages. He was brought up in the lower East Side of New York, and made his bow to the public in amateur theatricals at the age of 12. At 15 he became a professional, working in vaudeville, and touring with companies on the legitimate stage in one-night stands.

Presently he came to New York, and appeared in a play of Eugene O'Neill's, "Beyond the Horizon," with the Theatre Guild. A little luck and his debut with the Guild might have been the opening of a prosperous career.

But fate was not immediately kind. In fact, Arnold made several returns to vaudeville before his work was recognised upon the legitimate stage.

HIS talkie debut was in the film, "Whistling in the Dark," a title that suggests the capacity for keeping up his courage in adverse circumstances which this stalwart player undoubtedly possesses.

Out of the screen roles he has played within the last year or so, several come easily to the mind, and they show a range of versatility. There was Senator Brander in "Jennie Gerhardt," the kindly middle-aged politician, who befriended the little slum girl. Then there was the drunken millionaire of "Sadie McKee." This was an excellent piece of acting.

Perhaps his most successful screen part was as the Emperor, in the Eddie Cantor extravaganza, "Roman Scandals." Arnold has a face rather like one of those Roman Emperors whose busts we see in historical museums, and he put a good deal of verve into this burlesque role. More recently he was seen as the father in "Wednesday's Child."

In physique, though not nearly so rugged as Wallace Beery, Arnold is somewhat portly. This definitely puts him out of romantic juvenile leads. But as Diamond Jim, a hearty commercial adventurer, with a fondness for ostentation and high living, he should be excellently fitted to "beef it out."

Associated with Arnold in this production are Jean Arthur, as the girl he loves and loses, and Binnie Barnes, as the actress, Lillian Russell, who dazzled New York in the 'nineties.

"Texas" Binnie

ALLURING Binnie Barnes is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the recent recruits from England to Hollywood. Nothing conventional about her upbringing, or about her career either, so far. She is one of those redheads who are gifted with the temperament and adventurous spirit supposed to go with the color.

Though for some years she posed as an American variety artist, and took the name of Texas to support the claim, she is English enough, and was born in London, near the Caledonia Market, in 1907.

Her introduction to the entertainment world was made when she toured South Africa as a member of a vaudeville troupe, contributing some lariat-spinning and dancing to the act. It occurred to her that she might learn some songs and appear as a solo performer, and, accordingly, she studied the gramophone records of "Whispering Jack Smith," carefully reproducing the accent.

She gained much popularity as a music-hall turn, and then graduated to the legitimate stage, appearing in 1929 with Charles Laughton and Una O'Connor, in Sean O'Casey's play, "The Silver Tassie." This was excellent company, and it led to her playing in Charlot's revue, and in the stage production of "Cavalcade."

It was her performance as Katheryn Howard, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," that made her mark with an immeasurably wider public. Other English films in which she has been featured are "Counsel's Opinion," "The Lady is Willing," and "The Private Life of Don Juan," which has not yet been released in Australia.

In her own private life Miss Barnes is Mrs. Samuel Joseph, the wife of a London art dealer and book collector, for whose sake she embraced the Jewish faith.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Bill Crellin wore a bunch of fresh violets attached to her wrist at the Watchorn-Rofe wedding reception.

Scarlet Uniforms

NO doubt about scarlet uniforms lending dash to social occasions. . . . So jolly was wedding party at Royal Sydney Golf Club that midnight struck before Captain Bruce Watchorn and bride left ballroom. . . . Fellow officers of groom carried popular couple shoulder high to waiting car, and gave rousing cheers as they departed on honeymoon. . . . Bride, formerly Gwen Fulton Rofe, covered going-away evening gown of turquoise-blue with lovely quilted coat of cherry taffeta.

Destroyed by Fire

MR. AND MRS. BRUCE CAMPBELL intend visiting their home, in course of building at Gulargambone, this week. . . . Young couple have had worst possible luck. . . . Not only was original homestead burnt with all belongings, but lovely garden with age-old trees, shrubs, and lawns has since been destroyed by fire. . . . Mrs. Bruce is hoping that a few green shoots will welcome her. . . . Park Lane Mansions has been home during building operations.

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Invitations bearing Consulat-General de France en Australie in blue print have found way to numerous recipients. M. and Madame Meyer will entertain at reception at Elizabeth Bay house in honor of fiftieth anniversary of Victor Hugo's death.

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Guest of Governor

MRS. BASIL HOLMES has been recuperating from the Quetta earthquake shock at Ziarat, high up in hills out of Quetta, as guest of Governor. . . . Is now on way to England for short furlough. . . . Major Holmes will stay with regiment—16th Light Cavalry—and trek to Sibi for winter months. . . . Will be camped in desert, but climate good. . . . Basil hoping that sandstorms will be few and far between. . . . Australian friends and relatives wish him good luck.

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Betty Bowden has fancy for long sea trips. Will take fourteen weeks before sighting London Bridge. Route via Northern Queensland and Pacific islands.

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Wedding Postponed

A POSTPONEMENT has had to be made for forthcoming wedding of Alison McPhie and Andrew McWilliam. . . . Andrew had misfortune to let chip of wood get in eye. . . . Weeks in dark-room at Toowoomba Hospital as result of accident. . . . Bride-to-be has been on sick list in Sydney, but now recovered. . . . Wedding to have taken place on August 30, now postponed for several weeks. . . .

Board Ship

PARTY on board Maloja not terribly exciting. Young men conspicuous by absence. . . . Even ankle-judging competition poorly attended by beaux of the city. . . . Financially speaking entertainment was huge success, and St. Luke's Hospital will benefit. . . . Mrs. A. C. Davidson and assistant workers in good position by gangway with lucky oranges and suchlike lures. . . . Huge stalk of cream stock worn on fur collar by Lady McKelvey. Mrs. Hugh Poate and many other doctors' wives and mothers present.

Chip of Old Block

DEFINITELY following in father's footsteps is young David Lloyd Jones... With little companions has been in habit of playing near gates of drive of Woollahra home... After much spelling out of names has learnt to know vehicles from father's firm on sight... Quite recently nurse conveniently looked in other direction when a D.J. waggon hove in sight... With one bound David hurried after the waggon and breathlessly asked astounded driver "How's business?"

Mrs. Clifford Returns

THE HON. AND MRS. J. CLIFFORD dined at the Hotel Australia on Thursday night . . . Formerly Elizabeth Knox, visitor from Melbourne greeted many old friends in well-tailored frock of black lace . . . A country host, Mr. Duncan Sinclair, assisted by handsome wife, entertained large party . . . Safe to say, microbes and germs did not form part of conversation at table presided over by Dr. and Mrs. John Maude and Dr. and Mrs. Digges la Touche.

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So fascinating does Lois Lindsley find life in Vienna that she is making indefinite stay there.

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Scouts in Demand

LOTS and lots of debutantes to be presented to Governor and Lady Hore-Ruthven at Scouts' Week Ball, September 27. . . . Gowns will be broadcast and full description of ball to go over air to distant Scout centres. . . . Scoutmasters much in demand as escorts for debutantes. . . . Miss Olive Kelso King and Mrs. Robert Dixson to arrange presentations. . . . Lady Gordon also interested. . . . Will celebrate wedding anniversary at ball.

Life of Travel

MRS. NICK CHAPPLE, formerly Kathleen Caddell, has just arrived back in Sydney . . . Since sailing from here two years ago has had most fascinating travels . . . Home is few miles from Cambridge, where her husband has many friends in University precincts . . . Skating on frozen fens and golf on site frequented by Charles II among much-favored amusements . . . Mr. and Mrs. Chapple complete with car make frequent trips to all parts of Europe from Lapland to Mediterranean . . . Couple to stay four months in Australia.

Rolls Now Fashionable

ROLLS of hair across crowns of beautifully-coiffured heads replaced plaits and halos at Romano's on Saturday night . . . Among smart throng was Helen Hughes, who discarded favored pastel shades for flame-colored velvet . . . Helen's popularity has never waned since recent ducal visit . . . Mrs. Doll Clayton danced in black velvet, and Captain and Mrs. Thompson were in same party . . . A startling frock of mauve and purple, neatly divided, was worn by Diana Deering.

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Mrs. Arthur Scrivener made successful search for cabin, which she will occupy on voyage to India, at Maloja party on Wednesday. Will not know future movements until arrival in Bombay.

AN OUTDOOR photograph of Mrs. Garnet Halloran, who will motor to Melbourne during September. She will accompany her husband, who will be present at the British Medical Association Conference. —Women's Weekly Photo.

Alpine Skier

SKI-ING down slopes of the Bavarian Alps has been favorite pastime of Mrs. A. Schneider, bride of the second violin of the Budapest String Quartet at present touring Australia for the A.B.C. . . . In young days in Munich was member of amateur chamber music coterie, little thinking that most of later years would be spent with famous quartet. Is having first experience of domestic responsibility in flat at St. Mervyns. . . . Has never cooked before. . . . Ware danger!

Consular Happenings

MUCH stirring around in Consular circles. . . . M. and Madame Staal are shortly leaving Sydney. . . . M. Staal, Consul-General for Netherlands, will join his wife in Bali. . . . Mme. Staal intends spending three weeks on delectable isle studying Balinese dances. . . . Popular couple then make for Europe. . . . Reports from the Ferrante family tell of move to Malta, where future home will be.

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Mrs. Sydney Fox is returning to Sydney for holiday in January. Before her marriage Mrs. Fox was Olga Teece. Has made home in England since marriage.

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Boomi Fox-trotters

JUST one year old is Garah branch of Far West Children's Health Scheme . . . This North-West stronghold recently held most successful dance for branch funds . . . Visitors motored from Mungindi, Moree, Boomi, and lots of centres not so well known . . . Old-time waltzing was feature of party . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Buckman managed evolutions and reverse with greatest aptitude . . . Boomi couple excelled at fox-trotting.

Blue Stockings

MALOJA sailed during week-end with full complement of learned students on board. . . . From N.Z. came J. W. Mitchell, Master of Science and Senior Scholar for Chemistry for 1933 in N.Z. . . . Research in physico-chemical investigation will occupy time in London. . . . D. W. McElwain, M.A., will study sociology at London University, W. F. Monk will acquire more knowledge at Oriel College, Oxford, and Miss A. D. Taggart, B.A., will spend two years at the Sorbonne, Paris, furthering studies of French literature.

Doone Girls

ALISON GRANT is at present enjoying life in land of Fjords . . . On returning to London will make Cumberland Hotel headquarters . . . Chaperon Violet Turner is diligently learning to drive new car in protegee's absence . . . Continental tour in the air . . . Party will be joined by two more Doone girls, Claudia and Joyce Beazley . . . Paris and Berlin will be first cities on itinerary.

Have You Noticed—

Numbers of young people at Queen's Club these days? Advent of Mary Waddell responsible for youthful invasion. .

Jane Anne

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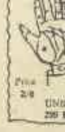

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NEW TIMES

Commencing from Monday, September 2, 2GB will be on the air from 6 a.m. until 11.30 p.m. at night.

NEW WAVE LENGTH

On and after Sunday, September 1, 2GB will occupy the spot on your radio dial previously allotted to 2BL.

NEW FEATURES

1.—Two flour-millers on the banks of the Seine once talked with La Perouse on the possibility of growing wheat in the Great South Land that Captain Cook had charted. The Revolution came. La Perouse died in the South Seas. One brother became a General in Napoleon's army, the other fled from France. Out of his adventures there grew a great Sydney retail house. George Edwards will tell the story in "Romance in the Retail," each Tuesday and Thursday, at 6.45 p.m.

2.—Eileen Robinson and Theresa Carmo, the stars of "Musical Memories" and "Growin' Up" will be presented in person from 2GB each Wednesday night at 8.0 p.m. in a brilliant and amusing sketch, "The Lady's Maid."

OLD FAVOURITES

Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys are coming back to 2GB. In answer to many hundreds of requests, this favourite session will again be on the air each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7.15 p.m.

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17½ HOURS' ENTERTAINMENT DAILY

SAILORS *Don't* CARE

Continued from Page 7

AUNT EDNA and Daisy arrived back in the morning, recovered from their accident and very cross at having missed one of the biggest festivities of the year. Daisy was in a furious temper and still felt stiff and bruised and she kept on moaning about having missed the naval ball and all the fun. She retired to lie down and Bunty kept out of the way. It was all very well when one was quite mad and right in the middle of an adventure—but facing the consequences wasn't such fun. If Daisy found out what had happened—well, life was going to be pretty unpleasant for a time. And all the morning she spent in a nightmare strain of waiting for the doorbell or for the telephone to ring.

It did just before lunch and Bunty went flying to it with a pounding heart. Yes, it was his voice all right.

"Hallo, cousin! Slept off last night? I took care not to ring you up earlier—what about this afternoon? I feel a bit too worn for golf. What about tea at the Majestic and a little restful tea-dancing?"

Bunty's tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth and—horrors!—Daisy was standing outside the dining-room, well within earshot. One couldn't possibly explain.

"It's very kind of you," she stammered. "But I'm afraid I—I can't. I'm going to be very busy this afternoon looking after a—a friend who isn't very well. So sorry . . . good-bye."

Daisy strolled in then, looking a little more pleased with herself as she looked at the large envelope in her hand.

"Who was that?" she inquired carelessly. "You could have gone out this afternoon if you'd wanted to."

"I—I wasn't very keen," Bunty fibbed wildly. "It was only old Mrs. Pillbeen asking me to go to a—a League of Nations tea with her."

"Lord! Poor old Bunty!" Daisy smiled and slit open the envelope with a knife. "Look, darling"—to her mother—"here's quite a thrill. It's an invitation to the dance on board the Hawke to-morrow night—dinner first. It must be that vague cousin person who's suddenly remembered my existence. I wonder if he was at the ball last night and why he hasn't been round to look us up. Anyhow, he's come up to scratch, hasn't he?"

Aunt Edna inspected the large gold-printed card on which the Commander and officers of H.M.S. Hawke requested the pleasure of the company of Miss Shelley to dinner on board and a dance, etc. She handed the card graciously on to Bunty, who read it with blank eyes. "Miss Shelley to dine and dance," well, that finished it. Of course, Daisy was going, was thrilled to go . . . and Jett—the "vague cousin person"—would be her host. Daisy would be certain to wear the gold frock.

After lunch Bunty decided to go for a walk along the front, though it was boiling hot and dusty. But she couldn't sit still, she must walk and think things out. How was she going to straighten out this muddle without making things too awful for herself? Of course, she wouldn't see Jett again. Probably he would be delighted to find a different cousin inside the golden frock, a more amusing, lively cousin . . . . No, that wasn't fair to him, but it made it easier for her to try to believe it. She mustn't ever think of last night again—she must pretend she had dreamt it. If only she had? Heavens! It was hot out here and she had been walking fast, striding along with the fat Peke waddling protestingly at her heels. The best thing she could do would be to write to him, tell him the whole truth, throw herself on his mercy. Then, perhaps, he wouldn't give her away to Daisy. But why should he protect her? Where could she write to him so that he would get the letter before to-morrow? Perhaps if she waited down by the pier and gave the note to one of the officers he would take it on board. It was going to be a beastly letter to write.

"Hallo! This is a funny hour to be taking a violent walk! How's the sick friend?"

It was Jett, very cool in flannels and blue blazer, smiling at her. She felt her face flame and she knew it was hot and shiny and that she was horribly untidy. And she really couldn't pretend anything more, even to save herself.

"I—it's——" she began fumblingly as he fell into step beside her, but he didn't seem to hear as he began to say something.

"By the way," he said, "I quite forgot that you were living with people—other relations, aren't they? I meant to send your cousin an invitation, and I will when I get back to the ship if you don't think it's too late. What's her name—Rose or Violet or some flower, isn't it? Silly—anyhow. . . . What's the matter?"

Bunty stood stock still in the middle of the parade staring at him, open-mouthed.

"Daisy," she said weakly. "Daisy . . . but if she's my cousin, she's yours, too. I mean, she's the one. . . ."

"No, she isn't any relation of mine at all," Jett said briskly. "My mother was your mother's cousin—nothing to do with this Daisy person. But if she'd like to be invited to the dance . . . . Bunty, what on earth is the matter? Is it heat stroke?"

For Bunty was leaning up against the iron railings, looking quite pallid.

"Bunty!" she gasped. "Did you mean to—to call me that? You do know that's my name really?"

"Isn't it?" Jett inquired patiently. "I mean—aren't you sure about it? Let me tell you who you are. Miss Bunty Shelley—daughter of Mrs. Shelley, who had a cousin called Edith Lacey who became Mrs. Vincent and my mother. Now, have we got that clear? And Mother was always talking about Christine's girl and telling me to look her up if I ever came to Charmouth—which I'm trying to do! Do come and have a drink or an ice or something to revive you. You look as though you'd lost your memory or something."

"I'd love an ice," Bunty said feebly, and was led firmly into the nearest cafe. There, over the marble table, she found her wits at last and, speaking very quickly, managed to get the whole truth out.

Please turn to Page 29

HIGH COST of *Fashionable Marriages*

From Our London Office—by Air Mail.

Sumptuous Affairs for a Mere £5,000

What does a fashionable wedding cost?

London has just seen a very beautiful society wedding, that of the charming Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, daughter of the Countess of Winchelsea, to Mr. Whitney Straight, the millionaire racing motorist.

THE bride was dressed in a gown of silver lame, with a headdress like a Crusader's helmet; the thirteen bridesmaids wore dainty gowns of ice-blue Indian muslin ornamented with hand-made flowers, and the one and only page was in white satin breeches and a silver lame coat.

In St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, there were, down the aisles, six-foot white pillars draped with flowers.

After the ceremony champagne literally flowed like water. The refreshments for the 700 guests and the lunch for 120 tenants from the various estates were absolutely sumptuous . . . and the cost of it all . . . well, here are a few of the items that have to be paid for at a fashionable wedding.

	£
Engraved invitations and silver-printed hymn-sheets..	30
Postage for invitations and replies to presents, about	15
Food, drinks, and the service of waiters, about	4500
Flowers for bouquets and for decorating house and church ..	50
Frocks for bridesmaids and pages, about	200
The bride's outfit and travelling clothes, about	125
Cars, coaches, and omnibuses for the transport of bridal retinue, guests and tenants, and also train fares for tenants to come up from the country, about ..	30
At the church, the red carpet, awning, full choir, organist, and bell-ringing	50
Gifts to clergymen, verger, and sidesmen	70
Police to control the traffic	25
Private detectives to guard presents	10
Tips to chauffeurs, staff, and messengers	20
Presents to bridesmaids, pages, and best man	200
	£5325

Of course there are lots of incidentals as well, so another £10 ought to be added to make the correct total. All the same, let no one be dismayed. At cut prices even a society wedding can be done much more cheaply than that, though items like the police and detectives are at a flat rate.

If that is the cost of such a wedding, what must a honeymoon of, say, two or three months spent at the very best hotels, and travelling in the most luxurious style, cost the happy bridegroom?

SAILORS *Don't* CARE

Continued from Page 28

"IT didn't seem that—that I could be your cousin. I thought it must be Daisy. She got you' letter and thought you meant her. She's got crowds of distant cousins floating about and turning up now and then. . .Of course, she thought that invitation was for her and she'll go."

"She can come if she likes," Jett said cheerfully. "But you're coming, too."

"But how can I? I mean—I can't!" Poor Bunty was almost in tears.

"Look here," Jett said sternly, "I will not have Daisy Shelley forced on me as a cousin when she isn't. Another invitation will arrive this evening, inviting Miss Bunty Shelley to dine and dance on board to-morrow night. Will that straighten things out? There we can claim each other as cousins, and—if you like—pretend that we're meeting for the first time. Oh, Daisy'll be looked after all right! I've got someone on board who will thrill her far more than any vague cousin! And please, Bunty, if you possibly can, don't go and get yourself into any other mess before to-morrow night, will you?"

The invitation was left by hand that evening and Daisy heard of it with rather a blank expression.

"An invitation for Bunty? Oh, I suppose James remembered that she was staying with us and sent it."

Bunty nearly giggled at hearing him called "James" so possessively. Aunt Edna was frowning over a book.

"I've been trying to think who this cousin is, Daisy," she said. "I can't somehow remember a Vincent in our family anywhere."

"Oh, don't fuss about that!" Daisy said impatiently. "He isn't obliged to be a relation anyway."

The yellow moon swung high up against the black wireless masts. The sea was covered with golden sequins of light and the gala lights on the sea front were strung out like jewels. The music was beating on the deck, but the dance floor was growing gradually less and less crowded as couples slipped away and lost themselves in the shadowy nooks and corners on the great ship. Bunty and Jett leaned over the edge and watched the silver ripples breaking against the ship's side.

Further along in the darkness they heard a low, intimate murmur of voices and a ripple of laughter—Daisy's laughter. They looked at each other and smiled. Daisy had lost all interest in a supposed distant cousin the instant she had had introduced to her a naval lieutenant who was, everyone knew, an Honorable and heir to an Earldom. Jett wasn't asked to explain his relationship or why he suddenly took possession of Bunty as though she was his principal guest.

As they leaned over the ship's side now she felt the roughness of his gold braid sleeve bands against her bare arm and his eyes fixed on her.

"We've got a small house party at home next month for my leave," he said. "I'll pick you up in the car on the firth and run you up. Mother is dying to see you again. She loves all her relations and I think I do too."

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Now there's a handy twin tablet of Siren Soap—just the thing when you don't want to buy a large Bar. Save the brown cross on the wrapper towards a free gift.

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When you have saved the correct number of crosses take them to:
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Do not enclose a letter with your parcel. Simply include a slip of paper giving the following particulars only:
(1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. (2) Number and colour of crosses enclosed. (3) Gift required.

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- Mr. Armstrong, of Fragmore, Burrows, a severe case of SCIATICA. "This treatment (Manipulative Surgery) has saved me from the life of an invalid."
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Church Edifice, Forbes and Liverpool Sts., Darlinghurst
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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, at 8 P.M.
THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

SMOKED *Out*

DICK looked at an object no larger than his fist, a diminutive gargoyle of dark smoke-brown.

"That's my partner's head after the natives cured it," said Caleb Ware. "A nice job they made of it . . ." Dick put back the grim trophy and looked at spears, knives, carved utensils until Caleb Ware yawned, when he said good-night and:

"Can I do anything for you before I go, Mr. Ware?"

"No, except to look in Brown's room and tell him I got enough rum for my night-cap . . ."

Dick was going to say that Brown had left for the evening, but thought better of it. Passing Brown's door he knocked in case the old man could hear, then entered and struck a match, closing the door after him to look around. He opened the dresser drawers and ran his hand under folded garments. The lower drawer revealed a freshly-oiled revolver, staining the paper underneath. Dick closed the drawer and went to his room.

His opinion of Caleb Ware was high—a hard-boiled, fearless and rational old man. But Brown seemed cunning, a liar, scheming for no good purpose, paying a supposed convict from his own pockets for trivial service. Next morning, Dick asked Brown for a dollar advance on his wages to buy cigarettes. Instead of the dollar Brown handed him a packet.

"When I go to town to-night I'll buy you some more. That'll keep you going to-day," he said.

In the evening when Brown had been gone some time and Mrs. Cavallo had cleared the dinner dishes and departed, Dick sprinted down the road to the highway, where a gasoline station lighted the prevailing gloom of fog. He asked for a match, which the attendant gave, afterwards eyeing Dick coldly as he walked.

"Anything else you want?" the attendant snapped.

"Yes. Do you happen to know young Harrison Ware?" Dick asked.

"He happens to be a friend of mine. You know him?"

"Not personally. I'm working on his grandfather's place. I heard them mention him."

"Is your name Stidger?" asked the attendant.

Continued from Page 6

"How did you know it?" Dick parried the question.

"Brown was here. He talks a lot. I think you had better hit the breeze, Stidger."

Dick turned away, angry at the curt dismissal until he reflected that ex-convicts like Stidger were not popular in lonely districts.

"Just a minute," he said doggedly. "Why doesn't this Harrison Ware stay around the place? His grandfather is old, and it's a grim old ruin of a house . . ."

"Maybe your pal, Brown, could tell you."

"Listen!" Dick's jaw had a fighting line. "Brown is no pal of mine. I never saw him till yesterday," and he left, swinging back at a quick pace to the Ware estate, and thinking hard. Brown was letting people know that "Stidger," a convict, was at the Ware house for some purpose.

REACHING the house, he knocked at Caleb Ware's door.

"I've been for a hike, sir, and am late . . ." he said.

They played cards till eleven when Dick went to his room, but left his door slightly open to hear any sound occurring in the night. Too much had been said by Brown for any prolonged preparation towards what was to happen.

But the night was undisturbed. Next morning he raked dry leaves and burned them. He climbed on the roof to clear the gutters, and rolled a ball of soggy wet leaves, tying it on one end of a ball of cord. Weighting the leaves with a bit of brick, he dropped it inside the chimney leading to Caleb Ware's room, let the cord fall along the house wall, and fastened it so the leaf ball was balanced inside the chimney-pot. A slight jerk would drop it far down inside.

In the late afternoon Brown emerged dressed for town in flashy tweeds, cream-colored spats, and a grey hat.

"I'm takin' a girl to dinner in town an' a dance at the Elk's Hall to-night. Whatever you do stick around, because young Harrison Ware is comin' to-night. He phoned the old man to-day. You can tell him who you are. And before you go to bed take the old man a bottle of rum from that case in the cellar. I hope the kid makes his peace with the old man."

"I hope he does," echoed Dick.

Brown went out of the gate and down the road at a jaunty stride. Dick allowed the leaf fires to die down, and washed before supper. He was eating when young Harrison Ware arrived. From the kitchen Dick heard the old man's greeting, which surprised him in view of what Brown had said:

"Hello, kid."

"Hello, old-timer. Howsa boy? Looking fine."

It did not sound like a meeting after a quarrel. Young Ware came into the kitchen, and spoke to Dick.

"I'm Harry Ware. Your name is Stidger, isn't it?"

Their glances met and held. Young Ware came closer and spoke quietly:

"A friend of mine at the gas station down the road called me up last night and said he'd been talking to you. So I took the trouble to look up Stidger's record, and I saw a picture of him. Now, what's your game?"

DICK shoved back his chair and rose. It was too soon for a show-down.

"Will you give me until to-morrow to answer?"

"And have you light out to-night?" demanded Ware.

"Stay here and see that I don't leave."

"I'm doing just that without you suggesting it."

"Fine," said Dick, but he could feel about himself an intangible web drawn closer. Young Ware's visit surprised his grandfather, but Brown had known he was coming. Dick suspected he and Brown were conniving at something, yet he liked the look of Harry Ware and his aggressive front, like the old man's mien.

"You and Brown have known each other?" he said, "previously," he added significantly.

"Not too previously," said Dick. He did not want to be ordered off the place before morning.

Please turn to Page 33

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"Ah, how delicious are the savories which may be made from my Anchovy Paste.

Anchovy toast is always a welcome choice for a supper party, or if sandwiches are preferred they are delicious if made with my Anchovy Paste.

I have other varieties of Fish and Meat Pastes:

Bloater, Salmon, Salmon and Shrimp, Chicken and Ham, Ham and Tongue, Veal and Tongue, and Turkey and Tongue."

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HOST Holbrook says: A dainty delicacy is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The stones have been replaced with red pimentoes ★★★

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How many pounds would you like to lose? 20 lbs.? 50 lbs.? More? Take BonKora, the new Drugless Reducing Treatment.

Takes off fat new "3-stage" way. Triple action: triple speed. Take BonKora. Eat big meals as explained in BonKora package.

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. This treatment builds health while reducing fat.

Don't let ugly fat ruin your charm. Get BonKora from chemist to-day, 6/6 per bottle. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora enclose Postal Note for 6/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box 2682L, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full sized bottle will be mailed to you, Post Free, in plain wrapper.

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OXO CUBES "Beef at its best."

AT ALL GROCERS

WINDOW CORDS: Rub window cords with melted candle grease occasionally. This will lengthen their life.

SMOKING WICKS: To prevent the lamp wick from smoking, soak it in strong vinegar, and let dry thoroughly. It will then burn more clearly, and give a brighter light.

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Mandrake the Magician

MEET THESE THRILLING CHARACTERS

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician who, wandering in the Carpathian Mountains, has come into contact with

PROFESSOR SORCIN: An eccentric scientist who, by grafting the brain of an executed criminal into the head of a living gorilla, has raised

KLAGE: A monster with a gorilla's body and a human criminal's mind. Mandrake and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have evaded several attempts on the part of Sorcin to murder them when they see Klage for the first time. The monster escapes, and, in spite of Sorcin, they pursue it. Lothar is hurled by the man-ape over a precipice, but Mandrake's magic saves the giant black's life by changing him into an eagle. Lothar, in the shape of a great bird, swoops down on Klage. Now continue.

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GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 5

TAVERNER frowned. "I don't entirely understand you, sir. I did not come here to insult you with accusations which must be absurd, but I think it will not be inopportune to assure you that I have the interests of my cousins very much at heart, and should not hesitate to serve either of them to the utmost of my power."

"I am profoundly moved by your assurance, Mr. Taverner," said the Earl with an unpleasant smile, "but I cannot help feeling that you would be wiser to refrain from meddling in your cousins' affairs."

Taverner stiffened. "If I read you correctly, my lord, you mean rather that I should be wiser to refrain from meddling in your affairs."

"Well, that is to put the matter very crudely," said the Earl, still smiling. "Nevertheless, you do read me quite correctly. Those who meddle in my affairs do not prosper."

"Please do not address threats to me, Lord Worth!" said Taverner quietly. "I am not to be frightened out of a proper regard for my cousins' well-being."

The Earl spoke so softly that no one but Taverner could catch his words. "Let me remind you, Mr. Taverner, that the well-being of your cousins does not lie in your hands, but in mine. You have been very assiduous in your attentions, but if you are cherishing dreams of a bridal, banish them. You will never marry Judith Taverner."

Mr. Taverner's hands clenched involuntarily. "I am grateful to you for showing me your hand so plainly, sir," he said. "In my turn I would remind you that your jurisdiction over Miss Taverner expires within the year. It did not need this conversation to convince me that you are nursing designs which are as unscrupulous as they are shameless. Understand, if you please, that I am not to be cowed into standing out of your way."

"As to that, Mr. Taverner, you will do as seems best to you," said the Earl. "But you will bear in mind, I trust, that when I find an obstacle in my way I am apt to remove it." This was said without heat, even blandly, and the Earl, not waiting to see how it was received, bowed slightly, and walked away towards the parlor door.

CHAPTER 12

NOT very long after the episode of his frustrated duel Peregrine went off to stay in Hertfordshire with the Fairfords, who removed from London early in December with the intention of spending some weeks in the country. The invitation was cordially extended to Miss Taverner as well, but she was obliged to decline it, having received just previously a very gratifying invitation to spend a week at Belvoir Castle with the Duke and Duchess of Rutland.

The Duchess, who had lately been on a visit to town, had made the acquaintance of Miss Taverner at Almack's. Miss Taverner having been presented to her by Mr. Brummell, a close friend of the Rutlands. The Duchess remembered Miss Taverner's father, seemed to be pleased with the daughter, kept her talking for some time, and ended by sending her, a few weeks later, an invitation to join a house-party at Belvoir.

Miss Taverner journeyed north in a private chaise, and arrived to find herself one of a distinguished company. Chief amongst the guests was the Duke of York, who had arrived a day previously. His visit being quite unexpected, some slight disturbance had been caused, for the Duke of Dorset had been allotted the rooms that were invariably kept for York, and had had to be dispossessed in a hurry. However, as it was quite an understood thing that York and Brummell should both have their particular apartments both at Belvoir and at Cheveley, His Grace of Dorset acquiesced in the alteration, and was only glad that so notable a whist-player should have joined the party.

Frederick, Duke of York, was the second son of the King, and had been living for the past few years in a sort of retirement consequent upon the Clarke scandal. He had lately been reinstated as Commander-in-Chief, and at this present date, when Miss Taverner had the honor to be presented to him, he seemed to be in excellent spirits, and not at all the sort of man who could be suspected of selling Army promotions through the machinations of his mistress. He was nearing fifty, a tall, stout man, with a florid complexion and a prominent nose. He had a ready laugh, a kindly, inquisitive blue eye, and was easily amused.

HE was married to a Prussian Princess from whom he lived apart on very excellent terms. The Duchess resided at Oatlands, where she led an eccentric but blameless existence, surrounded by as many as forty pet dogs of every imaginable breed. The Duke was used to bringing down parties of his friends to spend the week-ends at Oatlands. The Duchess had not the least objection, and without making any change in her own manner of life entertained her guests in a charming and unceremonious way that endeared her to everyone who knew her. No one was ever known to refuse an invitation to Oatlands, though the first visit there must always astonish, and even dismay. The park was kept for the accommodation of a collection of macaws, monkeys, ostriches, kangaroos; the stables were full of horses which were none of them obtainable for use of the guests; the house swarmed with servants whose business never seemed to be to wait on anyone; the hostess breakfasted at three in the morning, spent the night in wandering about the grounds, and was in the habit of retiring unexpectedly to a four-roomed grotto she had had made for herself in the park. Dinner was always at eight; the Duke never rose from the table till eleven, and when he did rise it was to play whist for five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber until four in the morning.

The Duke, who never saw his wife except at Oatlands, had naturally not brought her with him to Belvoir. He was accompanied only by Colonel Wyndham, a smart man-about-town for whom the Duchess had an inordinate dislike.

The other guests, besides the Duke and Duchess of Dorset, consisted of what seemed at first sight to Miss Taverner an enormous number of ladies and gentlemen most of whom were unknown to her. Lord and Lady Jersey, Mr. Brummell, and Lord Alvanley were her only acquaintances among them. She felt a little shy, and was not as displeased as she might otherwise have been when hardly an hour after her own arrival a chaise drove up and deposited Lord Worth on the doorstep.

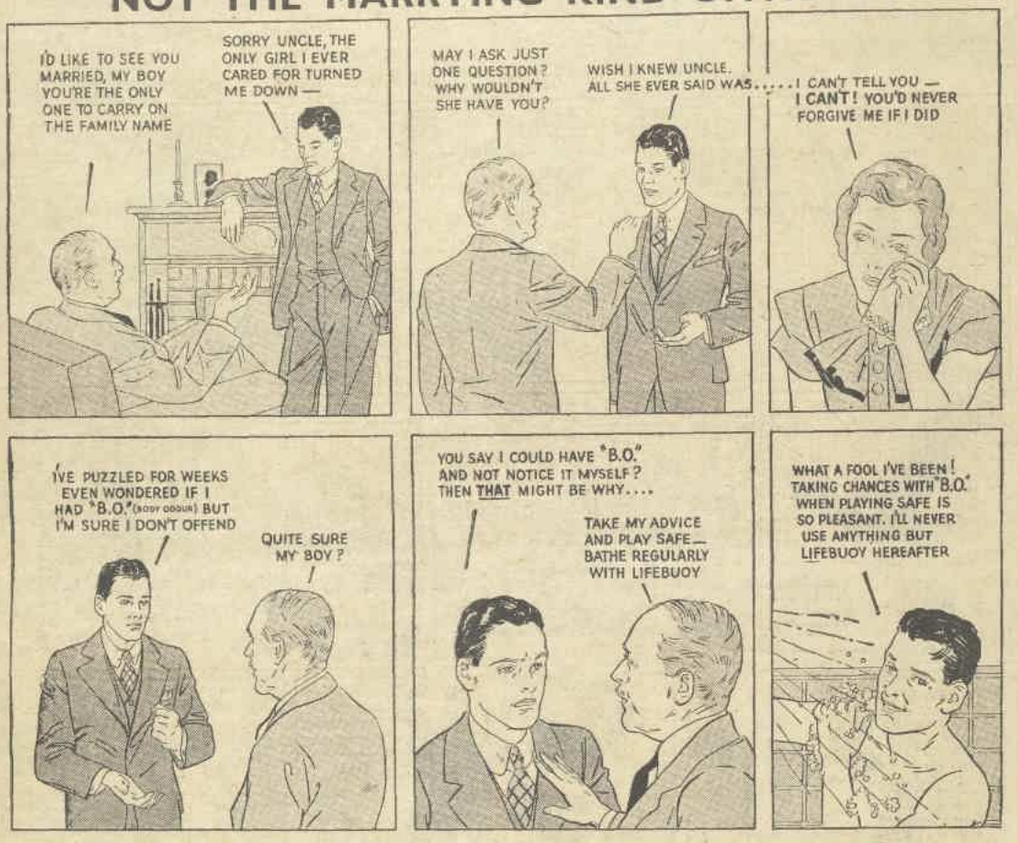
She was bearing her part in a conversation with a very haughty young lady who seemed to eye her with great superciliousness when Worth entered the saloon with his hostess. She looked up and, seeing him, was betrayed into a smile. He came at once towards her, his rather hard face softened and, having exchanged a word of greeting with her companion, sat down beside her sofa and asked her how she did.

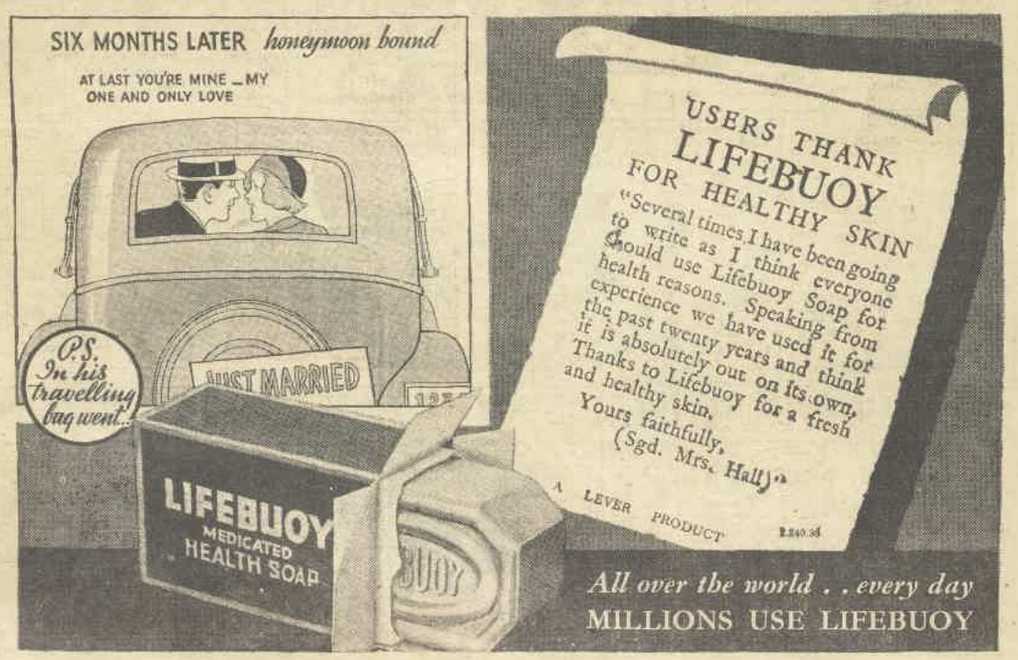
The haughty young lady, who was all flattering complaisance towards him, did what lay in her power to claim and keep his attention. Miss Taverner could not but be amused; the lady was so very anxious to please, the gentleman so politely unresponsive. But Mr. Pierrepoint came up presently and took the lady away with him to inspect Mr. Brummel's water-color sketch of their hostess, and the Earl was left alone with his ward.

Miss Taverner had had time to reflect while Worth was engaged with Miss Crewe that he had not shown any surprise on meeting her. When Miss Crewe had walked off she asked him in her abrupt way whether he had expected to find her at Belvoir.

Please turn to Page 44

NOT THE MARRYING KIND UNTIL . . .





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SMOKED *Out*

Continued from Page 30

"Is there anything you'd like to explain?" Ware persisted, and surprisingly proferred a packet of cigarettes. Dick accepted one, a gesture of truce between them.

Later, Harry Ware and the old man went upstairs. Dick concluded that the news that a convict with a record for violence was working on his grandfather's place had brought Harry Ware home. The Stidger story had been spread by Brown. Young Ware looked clean-cut, but it was not always safe to rely on looks. Dick went to his room that evening wondering where the trails crossed. Except for the voices of the old man and boy the house was quiet. Dick stole downstairs and released the string tied to the vines, feeling it jerked by the weighted leaves that dropped into the chimney. He was back in his own room when Ware's door opened and young Harry called:

"Stidger, this fire is smoking like hell. Do something about it, will you?"

Dick pulled on trousers and socks and fussed with the fireplace. In the old man's room, unable to prevent the thick smoke pouring forth, Caleb Ware wiped tears from his eyes and fumed with irritation.

"Trouble is, I'm feedin' too dam many roustabouts," he growled. "You were on the roof to-day, Stidger. You must have knocked dirt into it."

"It looks that way, Mr. Ware," Dick admitted, rising. "Couldn't you use another room to-night? I'll kill this fire and air the room. To-morrow I'll clean the chimney."

"I'll sleep in the front room," grumbled Caleb Ware. "That smoke in my eyes makes me feel sleepy. Too bad this happened to break up our game, Harry."

Dick had accomplished what he had planned. He opened the windows and tossed out burning embers. Rolling a small rug, he inserted it between the blankets of Caleb

Do You Know...

THAT there is evidence that playing cards were in use in Egypt in the time of Joseph and that they appeared among the Hebrews after their return from the Babylonian exile. The Chinese dictionary, "Ching-Tze-Tung" (1678) states that they were produced in China for the amusement of Seun-Ho's harem in the year 1120

Ware's bed, resting one end on the pillow. The night was starless and dark. Going outside the house, he extinguished the half-burned wood from the fireplace, which was blazing. Going noiselessly upstairs again, he entered Brown's room and ran his hand in the bottom drawer of the dresser. His fingers encountered the gun and something else, the soiled cotton gloves he had worn while weeding the drive.

Mute perturbation set his flesh crawling. At the door of his own room he stood, pondering the incomprehensible situation. Harry Ware stepped from the next bedroom, wearing only shirt and trousers, and spoke quietly:

"Let's you and I have a talk, Stidger."

"I'd like to. Let's go outside for it," said Dick. He started downstairs, with Ware following. He had locked the door of his own room and carried the key, and as they went he turned out the hall lights. The house was in complete darkness.

"Listen, what's the mystery?" demanded Harry Ware.

"I don't know. I'm only guessing. Maybe we can find out if we wait here for an hour or two for something to happen. Better not smoke or talk. Just keep quiet and wait."

On an old wooden bench under the magnolia trees they waited silently until a clock in the house wheezed eleven. Shortly afterwards, Dick's whisper warned Ware. Someone had climbed the fence and was approaching the house stealthily, a moving shadow barely discernible in the thicker gloom. Cautiously Dick followed. The front door had been left open, and he tip-toed up the stairs with Harry Ware at his heels.

From Brown's room the intruder emerged and opened the door of the old man's sitting-room. A whiff of smoke-stench came to Dick, then the door was closed. A half minute later there was the muffled sound of two gunshots. The door opened and the interloper plunged into Dick's arms.

Please turn to Page 34

HORS. Holbrook says: Vinegar should have a mellow, fragrant flavour, and Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar will please you. ★★★

Increasing in Popularity —*Every Day*

Now On! GRACE BROS GOLDEN JUBILEE 1885 - 1935 SALE

2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL

2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL ON PRACTICALLY ALL GOODS PURCHASED DURING AUGUST. The only exceptions being Cash & Carry Groceries, Provision Department, Refreshment Room, and a few Proprietary articles.

NOW is the time to buy your school wear needs for the coming Summer Terms—and the PLACE to buy it is GRACE BROS.

YOU MAKE A DOUBLE SAVING!—First in buying at Grace Bros.' usual keen prices, and again by the 2/- IN THE £ WE DEDUCT FROM YOUR BILL on all purchases during August.

We are noted for the value and variety of our School Wear Dept.! And at the prices quoted each garment is the best quality your money can buy.

DE 10Q — DM 11Q

The New "IDEAL" TAILORED SCHOOL TUNIC

Now being worn in good quality Serge, and Kanebo Fuji Silk.

Size	Heavy Weight Serge	Light Weight Serge	Kanebo Silk
22"	17/6	14/3	8/11
24"	18/11	15/3	9/11
27"	19/11	16/11	10/6
30"	21/6	18/6	11/6
33"	22/6	19/11	12/11
36"	24/11	20/6	14/6
39"	26/11	22/11	15/6
42"	27/11	24/11	17/11
45"	29/11	25/6	18/11

DE10Q.—POPULAR LOUNGE SHAPE IN GENUINE PANAMA in Natural only. Trimmed with band and bow of Petersham Ribbon. In shades of Brown, Natural, Navy. Head sizes: 20 to 22. JUBILEE SPECIAL 11/6

JUBILEE SPECIALS IN SCHOOL WEAR for Girls

DE 18Q — DM 17Q

DM17Q.—GIRLS' GOOD QUALITY ALL WOOL FLANNEL BLAZER, IN NAVY, nicely made, well finished, plain or two-tone cords. Sizes: 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27 ins. To fit girls 2 to 16 years. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE 5/11

ALSO HEAVY QUALITY ALL WOOL BLAZER, with plain or two-tone cords; to fit girls 2 to 10 years . . 9/11

DE21Q — DM 20Q

DM20Q— Girls' Navy or Black Reversible Raincoats

Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30in. SALE PRICE . . . 12/11

Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38in. SALE PRICE . . . 14/11

Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48in. SALE PRICE . 16/11

GIRLS' RUBBER RAIN HATS

DE21Q.—Pieced crown; stitched brim. Colours: Black or Brown only. Head sizes: 20½ to 21½ ins. PRICE . . 3/6

Chosen by the Leading CONVENTS *throughout the State*

In good quality BLACK & NAVY SERGE

DE22Q — DM23Q

SIZE	PRICE
27"	23/11
30"	24/11
33"	25/11
36"	27/6
38"	28/11
40"	31/6
42"	34/11
44"	36/11
46"	37/11

Girls' Trimmed Drooped College Hat

DE22Q.—In glazed Panama. With Navy or Brown Tagel underbrim. Head sizes: 20 to 22 inches. PRICE . . 5/3

DE12Q — DM15Q — DM16Q

DE12Q.—GIRLS' PEDAL STRAW COLLEGE HAT. Trimmed with band & bow. Colour: Navy only. Head sizes: 20 and 22 inches. JUBILEE SPECIAL . . 5/6

GIRLS' NAVY SCHOOL PULLOVERS

DM15Q.—In good quality fine knit, with coloured stripes on neck, cuffs and basque. Sizes: 24, 26, 28 ins. 8/11 30, 32, 34 ins. 9/6

DM16Q.—GIRLS' ALL-WOOL WELL-CUT NAVY SERGE PLEATED SKIRTS on detachable bodice. In Navy.

Lengths:	22in.	24in.	27in.	30in.
PRICES:	11/11	12/9	13/6	14/11
	33in.	36in.	39in.	
	16/11	18/11	21/-	

ALSO PLEATED SKIRTS IN ALL-WOOL FLANNEL, on bodice. Colours: Navy, Brown, Beige, Sage, Red, Green.

Lengths:	22-24	27-30-33	36-39-42
PRICES:	6/11	8/11	11/9

IN OUR BEST QUALITY FLANNEL, TAILORED BLAZER, bound with braid; Dark Brown or Navy.

Lengths . .	16, 18	20, 22	24, 26, 27
PRICES .	11/-	11/6	12/6

DE16Q.—THE POPULAR BERET in Black, Brown, Almond, White, Red, Beige, Royal, Grey and Ice Blue. SPECIAL VALUE 1/11

DM19Q

GIRLS' REGULATION SCHOOL BLOUSES

In good quality Kanebo Fuji or Fuji de Luxe with Peter Pan, sports, or high collar.

Size	Kanebo Fuji	Fuji De Luxe
20"	4/3	3/6
22"	4/9	3/9
24"	5/-	3/11
27"	5/3	4/3
30"	5/9	4/6
33"	5/11	4/9
36"	6/9	5/3
39"	6/11	5/6
42"	7/3	5/9

DE 25Q — DM 24Q

Illustrating REGULATION SCHOOL TUNICS

Used by the best schools. In Heavyweight Winter Serge, Summerweight Serge. Best quality Kanebo Fuji. Guaranteed Linflax and Tobralco, in Brown or Navy.

Size	Heavy Weight Serge	Light Weight Serge	Kanebo Fuji Silk	Guaranteed Linflax	Tobralco
22"	17/6	11/11	9/11	4/11	7/-
24"	18/11	12/11	10/11	5/3	7/6
27"	19/11	14/11	11/11	5/9	7/11
30"	21/11	15/11	12/11	6/3	8/6
33"	22/11	16/11	13/11	6/9	8/11
36"	24/11	18/11	14/11	7/3	9/6
39"	26/11	20/11	15/11	7/9	9/11
42"	28/11	22/11	16/11	8/3	11/6
44"	29/11	23/11	17/11	8/9	11/11
46"	31/6	24/11	—	—	—

DE25Q.—POPULAR LOUNGE SHAPE IN BURNT PEDAL, for girls; bound edge; trimmed with Navy band and bow. Head sizes: 20, 21, 22 ins. SPECIAL PRICE 2/6

ALL BOYS' SCHOOL WEAR—LESS 2/- in the £

BOYS' ALL WOOL TWEED SUITS

(At left). Serviceable for school. Sturdy Mid-Grey and Fawn shades (neat Herringbone effect), well made, with strong linings throughout. In Plain Knee style, for ages 7 to 14 years. A Real Wearer. Usual Price, 18/11. SPECIAL JUBILEE PRICE . . . . . 15/11 (Less 2/- in the £)

TWO-PIECE SPORTS SUITS WITH LONG TROUSERS

Splendid make, with neat half-belt back and latest cut, in Long Trousers with belt loops, etc. Obtainable in smart Mid-Greys and Fawn shades, for ages 11 to 15 years. Sizes 9 to 12. SPECIAL JUBILEE VALUE . . . . . 23/11 (Less 2/- in the £)

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

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"Can we have more Hypol"

WHAT uncanny judges children are—truly they know the goodness of HYPOL.

The inborn passion of a mother for perfection in her baby's food is admirably met with HYPOL. To give this body-building—disease resisting preparation to growing children means that development goes on with perfect adjustment between bodily weight, muscle power and bone structure.

A small size is now available at 1/6 per bottle. Large size 2/6. Remember that the cheap substitutes offered are not HYPOL.

Prepared in the Laboratories of
FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUERDINS LTD., MELBOURNE.

Hypol

SMOKED Out

Continued from Page 33

THERE followed a curse, a crash, and the hall light leaped over them. In Dick's grasp Brown was fighting desperately. He twisted free and lunged at Harry Ware, who swung his fist. Both of them went down the stairs in a snarling, cursing tangle, from which Brown extricated himself and darted into the night.

Old Caleb Ware opened the door of his room and stood in a bifurcated nightshirt, staring wildly at Dick.

"What in hell is going on here?" he yelled, but Dick had darted into the smoke-contaminated bedroom and turned on the lights. The white counterpane covering the rolled rug which he had substituted for Caleb Ware in the bed was scorched in two places from powder when a gun had been fired.

"Meant for you, Mr. Ware," he said, pointing.

"I'm phoning for the police," called Harry Ware from below stairs. Looking around the room, Dick saw Brown's gun on the floor beside a pair of soiled cotton work-gloves. He ran to the hall and called down to Harry Ware:

"TELL them to pick Brown up at a dance in the Elk's Hall in Palo Alto and hold him for attempted murder."

Harry Ware completed the call and ran upstairs.

"Now for the explanation you promised?" he asked.

"I still can't make head or tail of it," said Dick. "A girl at the employment agency told me that Harrison Ware wanted to hire an ex-convict, and I needed a job, so I grabbed the name of Stidger, who had been just released on parole, and came down here with his autobiography in place of my own."

"But I haven't tried to hire anyone," cried young Ware indignantly. "Brown must have used my name. It wasn't robbery on his mind, either. He tried to kill grandfather in a way that would throw suspicion on you and me. Why did he want you out of the way, grandfather?" he asked, turning to the old man.

"I can understand," said Caleb Ware, grimly. "When I came home to hand my partner's share of our gold to his son, I found him in prison like I told you. It looked bad to me, but I decided to see if he could go straight and deserve the fortune his dad had slaved for an' was killed tryin' to get. I said if he made good I'd divide everything between him and you, Harry."

"But what has Brown got to murder you for, and throw the blame on this man and me?" asked Harry Ware.

"That's my partner's son, John Brown . . ."

"And he's got an alibi at that dance," said Dick.

"Not with three of us who saw him. But what put you wise to his game?" asked Harry Ware.

"The girl that sent me was curious to know why they hired ex-convicts. She's young . . . and . . romantic, maybe . . ." He was seeing her, brown-eyed, charming, and he spoke slowly, in contrast to the last hectic few moments. "I promised I'd go back and tell her when I had the chance."

Old Caleb Ware brought a roll of bills from the pocket of his nightshirt and peeled off two ten-dollar notes.

"Tell her with flowers," he said, thrusting them towards Dick. "And you're hired here for as long as you like to stay. Maybe she'd consider a job around the house, sort of decoratin' it with some new furniture and woman things. But don't go honeymoonin' and be out of reach when Brown's trial takes place. You'll be needed. Hell! I come from New Guinea for rest an' quiet. This disturbance ain't even funny. Now let's go an' tell the police what we know. What's that girl's name, and what's your real one?"

"MINE is Richard Dyke. I don't know her name, sir." He grinned, and the old man's shrewd glance bored at him.

"I was smarter than that when I was a lad, Dyke. Has she got a squint, or anything?"

"Say, she is perfect, sir, and . . ."

"Brainy," interrupted Caleb Ware. "Go and invite her down to give evidence and see what headway you can make with her on the way down and back."

When Dick entered the employment agency office that afternoon her smile prompted his eyes to misbehave.

"I've got a long story to tell," he began. "If you have an evening to spare."

She typed rapidly and handed him a card which he read; on an application she had typed her name and address, and "Admit bearer," etc., "not responsible for shortcoming due to lack of experience."

"That," he said, "didn't prevent me holding the Ware job, Rose Denny. Give me a trial with you . . . Thanks, Rose!"

(Copyright)

LUXURIANT HAIR FOR YOU

Don't imagine that beautiful hair is just a question of luck. Every woman can have lovely hair by feeding the starved hair roots with Barry's Tricopherous. This fragrant liquid revives the hair, tones up the scalp and promotes luxuriant growth. It drives away dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Excellent as a dressing. Fine for children's hair. Splendid for men. Get a bottle to-day.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 3/- per bottle.

Rich Gravy

for PIES, SOUPS, STEWS, etc.

GRAVOX
The Ideal GRAVY MAKER
Salts
Seasons
Thickens
& Browns

Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE
Klembro Pty. Ltd., Richmond, Victoria.

MAKES NO LUMPS

A—
Bachelor's Philosophy

DRAWN for those people who see nothing whatever in bachelorhood.

NURSE'S THREE NASTY FALLS

When Crippled With Rheumatism

Can Now Dance and Skip

"Three months ago," writes a nurse, "I was an absolute cripple from rheumatism. In fact, it was so bad that if I got on a couch or bed to rest I could not get up again without two people to help me, and my feet had to be lifted up for me to get on a chair. Also I had three very nasty falls when walking out alone. My left leg from the waist down seemed to go dead. In the end, I had to walk with someone, and at the same time use a stick.

"I used to spend hours weeping in my room because I could not work, and at the last I couldn't even do my own hair. A friend visited me one day, and said, 'Oh! nurse, do try Kruschen.' I sent for a bottle at once, and the result is amazing. I can do things now that I couldn't do three months ago. I love dancing, and it upset me very much not to be able to go with my friends to parties, etc. Now I can walk, dance, skip and really enjoy life."—Nurse M.

If the eliminating organs become sluggish, they permit harmful uric acid to accumulate and deposit itself in the tissues, muscles and joints in the form of needle-pointed crystals, which cause the excruciating pains of rheumatism. The most effective solvents of these crystal deposits are sodium and potassium. Glauber Salts contain sodium only. Epsom Salts has no solvent action at all, as it is not absorbed by the blood. Now Kruschen Salts contain both sodium and potassium. They are the *only* salts which bring a *double* action to bear in dissolving uric acid crystals.

Then there are other constituent salts of Kruschen which assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channel. In addition, there are *still* other salts in Kruschen which prevent food fermentation in the intestines, and thereby check the further accumulation not only of uric acid but of other body poisons which undermine the health.

Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY

Beautiful women attribute their complexion to these creams

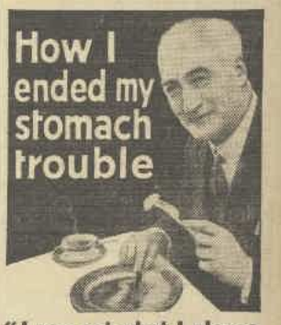
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream is the choice of thousands of beautiful women who insist on a superior cream for skin protection and make-up. This cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, and dust and imparts an alluring softness and beauty to your complexion. It is the perfect foundation for your powder and make-up. For cleansing and nourishing your skin, there is nothing that equals Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream; and Vivatone is the ideal skin freshener.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Obtainable at all chemists and leading stores at
REDUCED PRICES
Large tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/-

HOST Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes neat, tasty sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party.***

STOP SMOKING!
Tobacco Kills FORD'S ANTI-SMOKING MIXTURE definitely overcomes the tobacco habit. Hundreds of satisfied users. See testimonials. Price, 4/6 post free to any address from—
NOEL P. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Uni.) Chemist,
242 King St., Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W.

How I ended my stomach trouble



"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark. BISMAG

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

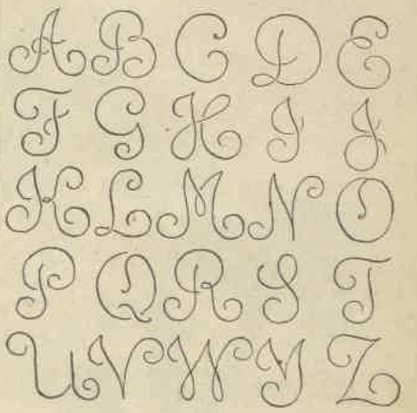
HOME MAKER

August 31, 1935. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.*

THEY'RE ALL THE RAGE!

Initials and Monograms

The rage in the fashion world and in the home... and Bertha Maxwell designs two distinctive alphabet transfers that will give swift charm and interest to your possessions.



FROCKS, hats, gloves, bags, umbrellas, everything bears a bright letter or two—you can use a letter almost anywhere you choose to place it in your summer wardrobe. And then there is always your house linen to be initialled, not only as a sign of ownership, but of loving pride in your home possessions. Decorative, too, are these touches of needlework, giving interest and life to the plainest of tablecloths, sheets, or towels.

IF you have never worked a letter or a monogram in your life, and would like to try your hand at this fascinating form of needle-art, you will find these two alphabets just what you require.

One is in the Chinese style, quite original and new (such lovely things have always come from China), and the easiest thing in the world to sew. Composed of harmonious bits and pieces, it is ideal for the novice, for there is nothing to tire on; the lines break in mysterious little points and curves most satisfying to the worker who is afraid of a long smooth letter.

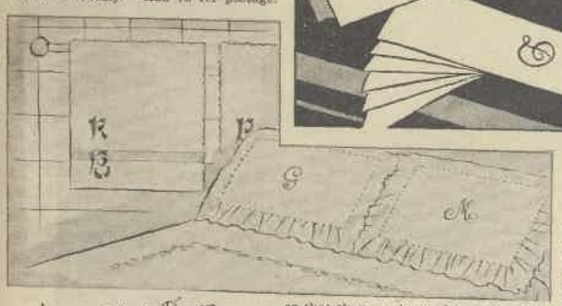
And then there is the graceful little script alphabet, also new, and too well known in form to need description.

Both are useful for dozens of purposes.

The transfer sheets measure 12 inches by 12 inches, and each sheet gives 25 letters 1½ inches tall. There is no X in either group, but if your name is Xantippe or Xerxes, write to us for a special letter X.

These beautiful sheets of letters cost only 9d each from The Australian Women's Weekly. Add 1d for postage.

ABOVE you see the graceful script alphabet, which, with the quite original and new Chinese alphabet, is obtainable in transfer form. Measuring 12 x 12 inches, with 25 letters, 1½ inches tall, price of each transfer is only 9d.



SOME SUGGESTED WAYS of using both script and novel Chinese alphabet. Initials and monograms are all the rage overseas in the fashion world, and in the home, too, giving decorative and distinctive needle-art touches to house linen.

SMALL stitches suitable for letters: (1) Wide satin stitch, (2) dots, (3) chain-stitch, (4) satin cording.

THEIR USES

NEW fashions from abroad show needle-worked letters on sleeves, just above the wrist. Anywhere on the fronts of blouses or frocks, on gauntlets of gloves, on tie ends, on the crowns of the lovely little "rag hats" we shall all be wearing to match our dresses; and, of course, on bags of every kind, umbrellas, cases, rugs, covers for tennis racquets—anything on which we can manage to work or paint the letters.

Then, of course, we all know the opulence of snowy house linen with shining satin-stitched letters; of colored linens with contrasting or matching letters; of car cushions embroidered with a letter to match the color of the duco; of monogrammed chair-backs—space forbids us to mention the many more uses of personal lettering.

TO MAKE MONOGRAMS

TRUE monograms are usually drawn to each person's requirements, a very costly undertaking; but these two alphabets have been arranged so that they can be used in a very satisfactory monogram manner. The Chinese letters are slightly eccentric in their style, so they can be used in the oddest manner without losing any of their charm. Two or three letters can be placed up and down in a row, or sloping upwards or downwards to the right in a diagonal line, or three can be placed in triangular form—just use them as you wish. Then the curving script letters look very well when arranged side by side, in the usual manner of writing. By slightly overlapping their spirals at their sides, an interwoven effect is gained. There is nothing formal about them. Use them as you please, in any position.

THE CHINESE

IN the tiny sketches at the side you will see the merest suggestion for these. They probably look their best when they are slightly padded and satin-stitched, as in Fig. 1. Another method, as in Fig. 2, is to seed-stitch them all over, very closely. Seeding is only masses of backstitches, placed as closely as the needle will permit. It gives a lovely effect of powdering or dotting, and is very quick and easy. Begin it by working the seeds all round the stamped outline of each letter, then filling in round and round towards the centre. This keeps the shape intact. Outlining and chain-stitching can also be used on those letters.

THE SCRIPT

THESE delicate letters look very lovely if they are padded with one running thread, and then satin-corded, as in Fig. 4. If a heavier effect is wanted, the padding can be increased to two or three rows of stitches. For very quick letters on garments or simple things of not very long life, chain-stitching, as shown in Fig. 3, is very good and quick. Worked also in small dots all along the outline is pretty and durable for frocks, giving a beaded appearance.

COLORS

SELF-COLORS are always good for letters, matching their background materials. Sharp contrasts are very interesting to the eye, but are a little harder to do, as every stitch is visible if it is at all out of place. A form of half-contrast, which is very beautiful, is to have the lettering thread the same color as the cloth, but a little deeper in tone. Thus deep rose on pink, saxe-blue on light blue, or deep green on lettuce-green. Vermilion lettering on white frocks is striking when worn with a red lacquered belt, red buttons and red hat; but do not use red gloves or shoes as well, or the effect is quite ruined by the emphasis being placed everywhere at once—caution must be used with color to make it really telling.

Use stranded cotton or embroidery cotton for all linens and cottons, floss or floselle for silks, and then do you know that quaint new thread called "soft embroidery?" You can use it, too, where you need a cotton thread.

The Chinese letters are just what the leather-worker needs. They can be tooled into good relief, and when tinted with scarlet, or cobalt, or emerald will give a touch of high relief to rich dark leathers.

Clever IDEAS

TINS AND BOTTLES: Do not throw away tins and bottles. Keep them in a drawer for future use. Medicine bottles are charged extra for at the chemist's. A supply of corks is also useful. Many housewives keep a cupboard especially for odd jars, bottles, string, paper, etc.

FISH PANS: If fish has been boiled in a pan, and the fish smell still adheres to the pan in spite of washing, place some tea leaves in the pan and bring to the boil. A weak solution of some disinfectant will also take away the fish smell, and is useful for forks and knives. A little should be placed in the washing-up water.

ON WASH DAYS: New clothes-lines and pegs should be boiled before being used, and subsequently care should always be taken to keep both lines and pegs clean.

FOR LEATHER CHAIRS: Artificial leather and also real leather chairs can be kept in good condition by rubbing them over with linseed oil from time to time. This nourishes as well as cleans the leather.

PEELING APPLES: When peeling apples for dumplings or for stewing, put them into a basin with cold water and a little salt as you cut up each one. This will prevent their getting brown and soft.

IVORY-HANDLED KNIVES: When ivory knife-handles become discolored they may be restored to their original whiteness by rubbing with turpentine. To clean the handles, mix equal parts of ammonia and olive oil and add enough prepared chalk to form a paste. Rub the ivory with this and let it dry before brushing off.

CORK MATS: Badly stained cork mats may be cleaned with emery paper if they are plain. Well rub and finish off by washing with hot, soapy water. The scratch marks left by the emery paper will not then be noticed.

REMOVING LEMONADE STAINS: If lemonade has stained a dress of artificial silk, sponge gently with a cloth wrung out of cold water, starting at the outside of the stain and gradually working inwards. Press with a cool iron on the reverse side when dry. Be careful not to stretch the fabric.

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Special 90 Days Offer

½lb. Tin Horlick's Malted Milk, Special Mixer & Serviette Ring for 2/-

Avail yourself of this offer, while there is time. A standard ½-lb. tin of THE *ORIGINAL* HORLICK'S MALTED MILK, a mixer made specially for mixing Horlick's, and an attractive serviette ring, all for 2/-.

Buy Horlick's Malted Milk regularly from your grocer or chemist, and give it to all the family, hot, at bedtime each night. It will build energy; and guard against "Night Starvation".

B H 35.

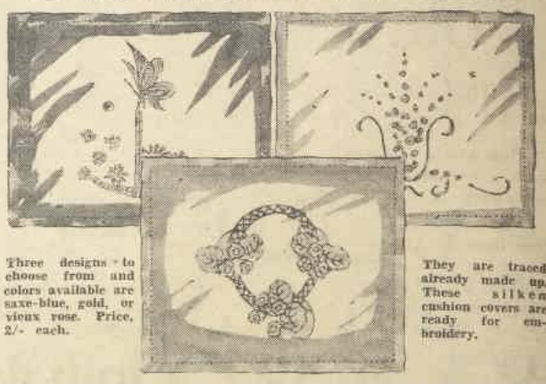
Horlick's MALTED MILK

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, awake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

Colorful Cushions . . . for Your HOME!

There's no luxury so important in the home as cushions — you simply can't have enough of them. Take them from the room, it's bare and cheerless; pile them up on couch, chair, floor, and the room is infinitely improved, luxurious, comfortable. And for a little outlay you may attain this "homey" atmosphere.



Three designs to choose from and colors available are saxe-blue, gold, or vieux rose. Price, 2/- each.

They are traced already made up. These silken cushion covers are ready for embroidery.

THE cushion covers pictured above are already hemstitched and traced for working.

You'll note the design—each attractive and distinctive, and simply lovely made up. There really is not much work to do on them, which is an added attraction, don't you think?

A lovely material skin to silk, called "Shellsheme," is used, and you may have the cover in saxe-blue, gold, or vieux rose, in any of the three designs. Each measures 17½ inches by 21 inches.

To obtain the covers send to our office 2/-, which covers the cost of postage. Please be careful to state what cushion cover you want. Remember, all you have to do is to embroider them in matching colors.

Influence of Colors

NOWADAYS we know that color has more than a skin-deep influence. It can help to alter the deeper moods, and a depressed and wearied feeling might, if it were traced to its source, be found to be due to the color of the walls and the furnishings.

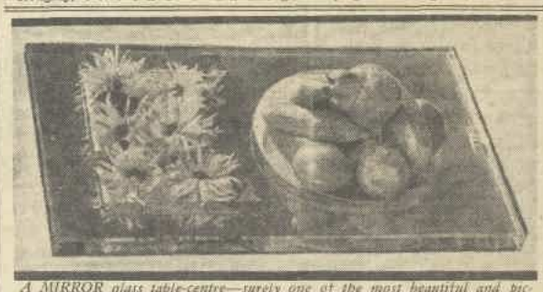
Roughly, colors can be divided into those which stimulate and those which soothe, and there is no reason why they should not be mixed in one household. It is usual to use the former in rooms which, by their position or design, get comparatively little of the sunshine, and the careful use of red, orange, gold, pink, and white can give an air of attractiveness to a room which, outside, has to face a shrewish north wind.

Of course, these stimulants should be used with care. To splash them heedlessly about a room is apt to give those inside more than a gentle cheerfulness. Strong enough, and used with enough recklessness, they might give a headache.

The colors in the soothing class are generally agreed to be green, blue, brown, grey, purple and black. There are several points to bear in mind when experimenting with color. Successful results are not reached without a certain amount of study, and enthusiasm untutored can leave effects wholly unexpected and wholly undesired.

It is impossible here to give all the hints that might be useful, but as a warning against pitfalls it might be remembered that blue should not be used unless the exact shade and effect desired are known before a start is made on the scheme.

Orange should not be used in large areas. Black, too, should be used with care and in small patches, and grey ought to be cheered up with more stimulating tints.



A MIRROR glass table-centre—surely one of the most beautiful and picturesque ideas in modern home decoration—and it is the latest English craze. Out of a block of mirror glass a basin-like receptacle for flowers and one for fruit are moulded. This lovely piece hails from Grace Bros.

Horticultural Society's Slogan

"We pass this way but once,
Let us beautify the path as we go,
So that the World may see which way we went."

THIS is the happy slogan of the Ashbury Horticultural Society, which holds its annual Sweet Pea and Daffodil Show at the public school, Ashbury, on Saturday.

The official opening will be performed at 3.15 p.m. by the Hon. H. W. Whiddon, M.L.C.

All gardeners and flower lovers will receive a happy welcome by an enthusiastic committee, headed by Messrs. G. Burns (president) and P. Brown (hon. secretary).

DON'T . . . FORGET

The annual ball of the Australian Journalists' Association at David Jones', August 31.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Exhibition of Paintings from Animal Life by Miss Kate Beard, at the Lyceum Club, from September 2 to 13.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dance arranged by ladies' committee of the Cronulla Surf Life-Saving Club, Pickwick Book Club, September 7. For further information ring B7681.

☆ ☆ ☆

Four unique matinees at Theatre Royal, September 2, 3, 5 and 6, in aid of the Free Kindergartens.

☆ ☆ ☆

The 56th Battalion Officers' Ball at the State Assembly, August 31, 8.30 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The third annual Cabaret Ball arranged by the Ashfield sub-branch of the R.S. and S.I.L. of Australia, October 3, Ashfield Town Hall, at 8 p.m. Proceeds in aid of Distress Fund.

☆ ☆ ☆

Card party at the home of Mrs. W. Bannan, 4 Toothill Street, Lewisham, September 4, at 2 p.m., in aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Petersham branch of the Australian Air League. Reservations by ringing Petersham 922.

☆ ☆ ☆

The public inspection of Elizabeth Bay House in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, September 2, from 2.30 to 5 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Cerise and Blue Ball in aid of St. Joseph's College Old Boys' Union Bursary Fund at David Jones', September 5.

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FASCINATING ART OF HAND-BEADING

Young Australians Becoming As Proficient As the French

How would you like to stitch over two hundred thousand beads or sequins to a gown? Imagine the patience required! No wonder such glittering beauty costs money...

Until quite recent years all beaded gowns and accessories were imported from France. Now a young industry has sprung up here in Australia. Encouraged by fashion, this industry has absorbed quite a number of nimble-fingered young Australians who, under the leadership of a French expert, are carving for themselves a lucrative career in life.

DURING the Duke of Gloucester's visit last year some wondrous examples of the hand-beaders' art were aired at various functions. One of our smart young matrons paid over sixty guineas for a glittering ball gown—and it was not an imported model. Made by Australians under the expert guidance of a young designer who mastered the art of hand-beading as a child in her native France, its maze of 250,000 odd beads dazzled the onlookers, as it was destined to do.

Probably few Australians are aware that Luneville is the real name for French beading—derived from the name of the place in which it was first started.

Luneville is a country town situated in the east of France, and it is there that most of the beading is done to-day. Of course, many Luneville beaders are to be found in Paris, where practically all the models are made, but the mass production of "copies" is done in the homes in and around Luneville.

Agents collect the articles, forward them to Paris, and from here they are despatched to almost every corner of the globe.

Luneville beaders spend the summer days working in the fields. As soon as winter closes in, however, with its long, long evenings, frames of every description are brought forth from corners where they were stored throughout the summer, and women and girls gather round cosy fires and set to work. They enjoy this, and are amazingly fast workers.

It is very cold in Luneville, and, while snow and ice keep them indoors, even the children try their skill at beading under the guidance of experts.

In recent years, Germany, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia have imitated this art, which was for so many years exclusive to France, and now even Sydney has her "Luneville" beaders.

No doubt many of you thought that some complicated form of machinery transferred the beads or sequins to these glittering gowns and other exquisite trifles you see in the shops.

It does seem strange that the old way should survive in this modern age—for it seems that in every possible way machinery has replaced manual labor. But, fortunately, as yet no machine has been invented to rival the beauty of hand-beading.

How It Is Done

HAND-BEADING looks so simple in the hands of experts. Last week, I visited Mme. Louise Lamoureux' rooms and saw for myself how beading is done in the Luneville way.

It all looks so simple.

First of all the design is traced on to the material—any design or shape as required. This material is then carefully fixed on the frame. The resultant success or failure of the article is dependent upon this operation.

Now starts a race between the two hands; one on the top, one underneath the frame. The beads are picked up on the special needle by the top hand, and it's rather wonderful to see the design taking shape and still a greater pleasure to see the finished work a-glitter under the electric light or in the sunshine.

Beads and sequins, no matter what size, are stitched on the same way. Of course there are many little tricks to learn and to become a perfectly clever beader it needs some considerable practice; practice to acquire speed which is important from the financial standpoint. But it comes as you work and every bead or sequin handled teaches something new.

Mme. Lamoureux tells me that anybody can learn the fascinating art in a few months. What a thrill to be able to bead your own frock or some delightful accessory—or turn your proficiency to considerable profit.

Let us hope that in a very short time Australia will be able to manufacture her own requirements in the way of beads and sequins. At present, our main source of supply is France and Czechoslovakia.—Eve Gye.

THOUGH the fashion for wearing frocks and accessories adorned with glittering beads and sequins may wane, it will never die, for in our heart of hearts we adore them. . . . Over 200,000 sequins were required for this beautiful model, designed by Mme. Louise Lamoureux, of Dymock's Buildings, George St., Sydney.
—Sidney Riley.

TWO young Australians at work over their frame stitching the sequins to the original gown, which you see pictured here. Their guiding expert, Mme. Louise Lamoureux, watches progress.

Remove Scorch Marks...

A TOO-HOT iron will make trouble for you, but here's a way to treat scorch marks—if they are not too stubborn.

Make a paste of raw onion and fuller's earth, or bi-carbonate of soda and water. Apply, leave to dry, and then wash off. Surface scorches on silk may be removed with glycerine and borax. Spread over, leave for an hour, and then sponge and wash in clean water.

Further Reductions in Electricity Charges

30% REDUCTION

ON ALL SECONDARY UNITS USED IN HOMES WHERE AN ELECTRIC RANGE IS INSTALLED

THE NEW REDUCED RATES

Residence Rate:

Secondary k.w. hours (units) 1d. instead of 1.1d.

Homes with Electric Ranges: (4 k.w. and over). Secondary k.w. hours (units) .7d. per unit, instead of 1d.

Commercial Rate:

Secondary k.w. hours (units) *0.7d.* in place of 1.1d. and where the consumption is in excess of 5,000 units per quarter, 0.4d. instead of 0.7d.

Factory Rate-Power:

Amendment of the scale of charges so that the commencing rate shall be *1.4d.* in place of 1.5d. with a corresponding *reduction throughout the scale.*

Points to Note:

Homes in which an Electric Range is installed will now secure ALL secondary units of electricity — whether used for cooking, lighting, heating, cleaning or *any* household purpose—at .7 (seven tenths) of a penny per kilowatt-hour (unit).

FREE INSTALLATION OF ELECTRIC RANGES

The Electricity Department will pay the cost (up to £6) of installing an approved Electric Range in your home. EASY TERMS are available, through electrical retailers, to all purchasers of Electric Ranges.

Electric cooking is, to-day, more economical than ever and OWNERSHIP OF AN ELECTRIC RANGE NOW MEANS EXTRA SAVINGS IN *EVERY* BRANCH OF HOUSEKEEPING.

ONE PENNY Spent in Electricity will now:

. . . do 3 hours ironing instead of 2.
. . . do 7 hours cleaning instead of 4.
. . . boil 17 pints of water instead of 12.
. . . operate a fan for 28 hours instead of 20.
. . . do 42 hours sewing instead of 30.
. . . cook 14 breakfasts instead of 10.
. . . toast 42 slices of bread instead of 30.

Cooking WITHOUT an Electric Range is now a waste of money.

COOK BY ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Department - The Municipal Council of Sydney - Town Hall, Sydney ERR2

G & B BIFOCAL

Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist. 6 HUNTER STREET (3 Doors from George Street).
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist. 375 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Horderns).
SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

YOUR HAIR BRUSHES: If you coat the ebony backs of hairbrushes with vaseline before washing them, it will prevent them from turning brown. After washing the brushes, dry the backs, wiping off the vaseline, and rub a little olive oil into the wood.

SINK STAINS: You may remove brown marks in a porcelain sink by rubbing with newspaper moistened with paraffin and dipped in rough, common salt.

TABLE CLOTHS: To remove tea stains from table cloths soak in a solution of sugar for a few minutes, then rinse in cold clean water.

THE PORRIDGE SAUCEPAN: Immediately the saucepan is used, fill up with cold water. It will be much easier to clean.

HOSTY Holbrooks says: For the Bridge Party prepare a plate of nice, dainty sandwiches made with Holbrooks Anchovy Paste.

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YOU WILL find that when the midsummer lull of color strikes the garden, the perennial phlox takes up the theme and brightens all. It also lends a gracious fragrance.

Brighten up the Color Scheme with Phlox

Few Flowers More Adaptable to almost Any Soil

. . . Says the OLD GARDENER!

ALL garden-lovers will agree that no flowering plants will blossom more prodigally, or lend greater brilliance to the garden, than phlox drummondi and the ever-faithful summer-flowering perennial phlox.

They are easily-grown, very adaptable, and suitable for any garden or any flowering spot. Of such calibre are they, and so well respected, that to say that you don't grow phlox in your garden is to cause immediate surprise to every other gardener.

THERE is no other plant that can give us a better variety of color and last longer than phlox. No garden should be without them—for indoor decoration they are delightful.

So many colors, too, from which to choose; one good bed alone will supply a variety of color that will harmonise in any desired effect. You may have a splendid display around the home, long, narrow borders massed with phlox, small beds here and there, so arranged and planted that, when showing people round, one comes upon a patch of color beauty unexpectedly.

Phlox drummondi, popular annual, never fails to give a bold and beautiful display, whether in beds, borders, or in window-boxes and when sown with mixed colors is delightful.

If possible, however, secure seed of separate colors and work out a color scheme by keeping the plants confined to one variety to each section or bed, so that the colors are uniform.

Grow Your Own Seeds

IT is surprising how few garden amateurs there are who take the trouble to raise their own plants for summer for themselves, from seed, yet it is very simple. Just try it, and note how easy it is, and observe the number of plants that can be procured from a shilling packet of seed.

Home-grown plants are always the best for you. They are grown under the natural conditions, are acclimatised, and can be planted out whenever conditions are suitable, but "bought" plants have to be planted out immediately they are purchased, and have also got to settle down to the new conditions and surroundings.

Phlox seed will grow like weeds. Just sprinkle a few seeds in any corner of your garden, water well, and in a few days they will be up. They grow quickly.

Whilst they are busy growing, prepare your beds ready to receive them. Good, loamy soil and plenty of well-decayed manure, a sprinkle of bonedust, a double handful to the square yard, make the desired conditions for them.

Perennial Phlox

THE perennial phlox, quite separate from Phlox drummondi, remember, make a brilliant display also. These tall-growing flowers should be more extensively grown. They are delightful, and can be obtained in such a wide range of colors, delicate and beautifully tinted, ranging from deep red to sky-blue. The flowers are carried in large trusses, and are of a magnificent size. These, being perennials, have not to be planted every year from seed as have annuals. They do much better if divided up each season, thus producing better and larger flowers.

New plants can be raised from cuttings, root divisions, or seed. Sow the seed now.

Perennial phlox thrive in a deep, rich loam, but all soils, including sandy coastal soils, can be improved to suit them by deep digging and adding plenty of humus in the form of old leaves, bush scrapings, grass clippings, seaweed, and plenty of well-decayed manure.

They prefer a semi-shaded situation where they get plenty of light and air, yet sufficiently protected during the hotter part of the day. Brilliant sunshine bleaches the color from the showy type.

Worst of all for your figure

. . . . THE OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAY

DON'T DEVELOP *that Washing-day droop*

CHANGE WASHING-DAY TO RINSO-DAY

Fifty-two washing-days a year—fifty-two reasons why a woman loses her figure, if she washes the old-fashioned way. Bending over tubs until you are too weary to stand erect again is the quickest way in the world to develop those unlovely middle-aged contours. Protect your figure by changing to modern washing-days —with *Rinso*!

LITTLE WORK AND NO WORRY WITH RINSO

Dirt just soaks out of the clothes when Rinso gets to work on them. And Rinso is no shirker —not one speck of dirt escapes. You'll have gloriously clean clothes and snowy linen after the easy Rinso washing-day.

Rinso

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

How to wash the Rinso way

You don't need any bar soap or anything else with Rinso. Just sprinkle some Rinso into the tub and add hot water. Use enough Rinso to make a good lather. Leave the clothes to soak for an hour or two, or overnight. You'll find the dirt just floats out of the clothes . . . the Rinso suds are so full of washing-power.

WILT-RESISTANT ASTERS

Ensure good results with Asters this year by sowing seed of the Wilt-Resistant Crego strain. These are available in nine distinct colours as follows:

PINK, PURPLE, CRIMSON, DEEP ROSE, AZURE BLUE, LAVENDER, WHITE, LAVENDER PINK, CATTLEYA (pale rose lilac).

Each price, 1/- pkt.; 6 pkts. for 5/-; the set of 9 pkts. for 7/-. Post Free.

CHOICE MIXED SEED, 1/- and 2/6 pkt. Post Free.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD.

For Reliable Seeds and Plants, 390-401 George Street, and 109 Pitt Street, SYDNEY. Box 1608BB, G.P.O. Phones: BW1621, BB994.

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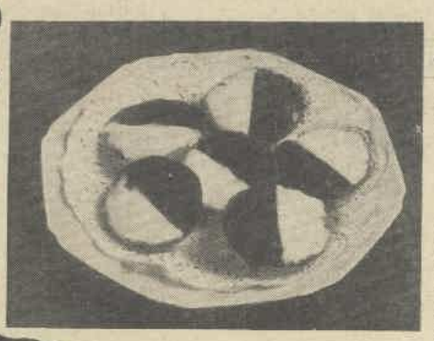
CAKES *En Fete!*

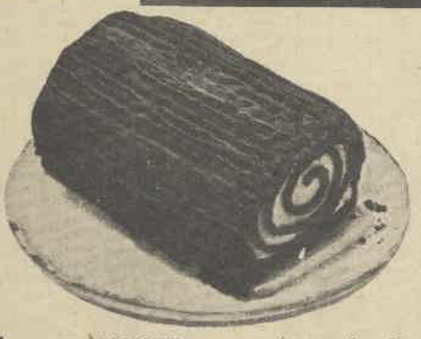
All these recipes have been tested in our kitchens.

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

WHENEVER two or more women are gathered together at "homey" teas, more often than not the subject of conversation will be "recipes." There is always a demand among hostesses for something new in the way of cakes, delicious and elaborate. Novelties are always clamored for.

THE WATTLE CAKE shown above is so suggestive of spring and sunshine—a happy idea for a garden tea.





KEEP in mind, also, Russian cake (top right), Neenish cakes (centre), and the very novel log cake. Recipes for these and others equally delicious and elaborate-looking given on this page.

THE average housewife may be skilled in the art of everyday cake-making, but few have acquired the art of making those delicate cakes one likes to serve at special afternoon teas.

RULES FOR CAKE-MAKING.

1. Use the best quality ingredients.
2. Weigh or measure the ingredients accurately.
3. Wash fruit well and dry thoroughly.
4. Prepare the tins before commencing to mix.
5. Break each egg into a cup before using to see if fresh.
6. Sift well all dry ingredients.
7. Soda should be powdered before measuring.
8. Have the oven sufficiently heated.

These are methods of mixing cakes:

1. Creaming the butter and sugar, as for fruit, plain, or small cakes.
2. Beating the eggs and sugar, as for sponges.
3. Rubbing the butter into the flour, as for buns and gingerbread.
4. Creaming the butter and flour, beating eggs and sugar, then mixing together, as for buttered sheet mixture.

LOG CAKE.

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons water, jam or lemon cheese, white vienna icing, chocolate vienna icing.

Separate whites from yolks; beat whites stiffly with a pinch of salt, add yolks unbeaten, then sugar gradually. Beat well until thick and there are plenty of air bubbles. Then add sifted flour, stir in lightly. Heat the water, add to the mixture and stir in evenly. Pour into a swiss roll tin that has been greased and lined with white kitchen paper. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked, turn on to a damp towel or cloth, remove the paper. Roll up quickly, unroll. Place on a piece of kitchen paper which has been sprinkled with icing sugar, cut off the edges, spread with jam or lemon cheese, roll up again and place on a cake cooler and leave till cold. When cold ice the two ends with the white vienna icing. Then, with the chocolate vienna icing, ice the top and sides using a forcing pipe and bag, to make it look like bark on a log. Mark with a plain pipe the ends of cake to represent the markings where the log has been cut.

WATTLE CAKE.

Two tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, whites of 3 eggs, 2 cup milk, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon lemon and almond essence, 2 tablespoons coconut, yellow coloring, green royal icing, yellow royal icing, white warm icing, mock cream.

Cream butter and sugar, add the essences, then milk. Stir in sifted flour and baking powder and salt; lastly, well-beaten whites. Divide in half, and to one portion add a little yellow coloring. Bake in two 8-inch sandwich tins, 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold join together with mock cream. Completely cover with white warm icing. Make stalks of green royal icing, using bag and plain pipe. Have some stiff royal icing, color yellow, make into small round ball, roll in sugar and place clusters together to form wattle.

RUSSIAN CAKE.

Half pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 10oz. plain flour, small teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate, carmine, vanilla, almond paste, warm icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and essence, then flour and baking powder well sifted. Divide into three, leave one plain, add grated chocolate to the second and carmine to the third. Bake in three chess-board tins from 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool. Next day prepare the cake by cutting each piece into half, then into three, and join together in alternate colors with jam or lemon cheese. Make the almond paste, cut in half and roll out sufficiently large to cover the side and top of the cake, then roll the other half out to cover the remainder of the cake, shaping it evenly. When set cover with warm icing, colored a very pale pink, and leave till set. If liked it can be decorated with white royal icing.

CAULIFLOWER CAKE.

Madeira cake mixture, almond paste, green coloring, white royal icing or whipped cream.

Make the cake mixture and bake in a basin-shaped tin. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold level the flat side so it will stand evenly. Make the almond paste, color it a nice green, roll into a thin sheet, cut into leaves, and mark veins with a skewer. Brush sides of cake with white of egg and press the leaves round overlapping. For the white part pipe all over the top with royal icing or whipped cream to represent the flower.

CREAM BABAS.

Quantity sponge sandwich mixture, currants, whipped and flavored cream.

Make the sponge mixture. Grease some ring moulds. Scatter in a few well-cleaned currants in the base of each tin. Half fill with the sponge mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler. When cold fill the centre with whipped cream forced through a bag and pipe.

WATER MELON CAKE.

Quarter pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons sultanas, carmine, green icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, milk; lastly, sifted flour. Color one-third pink, and add to it the sultanas. Grease a round plain pudding mould and smear the yellow mixture evenly over it; put in the pink part. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold cover with green, warm icing. Leave till set before cutting.

MUSHROOM CAKE.

Sponge sandwich mixture, chocolate vienna icing, almond paste.

Make the cake mixture. Bake in a well-greased pudding basin or cheese tin. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold cover the round part evenly with almond paste. Spread the flat part thickly with chocolate vienna icing, and score with a fork. Make a roll of almond paste and place in the centre of the icing to form a stalk.

JAP CAKES.

Genoese cake mixture, chocolate vienna icing, cherries, blanched almonds.

Make the cake and cook in well-greased swiss roll tin. When cooked remove from the oven and cut into rounds with plain 2-inch cutter. Place on a cake cooler. Return the trimmings to the oven till crisp and a deeper brown. When cold crush with rolling-pin and put through a coarse strainer. Spread the icing on top and sides of the cakes. Roll the sides in the cake crumbs. Decorate top with half cherry and thin strips of almond star shape.

NEENISH CAKES.

Good short crust, to which ground almonds and almond essence are added; custard, coffee glaze, white glaze.

Make short crust in usual way, into a stiff paste and press into shallow patty tins. This must be done evenly to a depth of a quarter-inch. Bake in a moderate oven till firm. The filling is a thick custard made in the ordinary way with cornflour as thick as blancmange. When cool, beat in sufficient butter to make it light and frothy. Flavor with vanilla. Fill the tarts nearly to the top with mixture and run over it a thin layer of white icing. The difficult part is to get the coffee glaze on exactly one-half. Make the coffee glaze. Place the tart on the palm of the left hand, then dip a knife into the icing and lay the back of it on the centre of the tart and draw it off quickly. Keep the blade perfectly flat all the time. This will give the right proportion of coffee glaze.

SAND CAKE.

Half pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, ¼lb. arrowroot, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar for 20 minutes, add 2 eggs and beat for 10 minutes, then add 2 more eggs and beat 10 minutes. Add arrowroot and beat for 10 minutes. Add essence. Place in a prepared sand cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. When cooked turn on to a cake cooler. When cold ice with lemon glaze. Serve on a paper d'oyley on a cake plate. If a sand cake tin is not used, use an ordinary round cake tin, place a weighted cocoa tin in the centre with cake mixture round it, so that cake, when cooked, has a hole in the centre.

Suggested Menu For Any Weekday

BREAKFAST: *Rolled Oats. Liver and Bacon. Coffee. Toast. Marmalade.*

LUNCHEON: *Grilled Tomatoes. Blancmange and Jam. Tea. Bread and Jam.*

DINNER: *Rabbit Casserole. Mashed Potatoes. Beans. Butterscotch Tart and Cream.*

MISS GIBBS COOKERY BOOK
NOW REDUCED TO 2/-
Have You Your Copy? If Not, Why?
Leading Stores and Stationers,
Or 72 Windsor Road, Dulwich Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.

EMPIRE PRODUCT
Australia's favourite salmon. In two grades. Red and Gold Labels.
ALLY SALMON
¼, ½ & 1lb. tins

BATHTUB REVERIE
Some bright morning, fair lady, you'll feel like doing something extra special. Then the thought will strike you to bath in the manner regal.
Nothing like a bath with trimmings to give one a feeling of superluxury. Of course, you'll use Paris Soap, for that gives the lather of really lavish luxury. Then you'll dry with a fluffy towel, apply a little of Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic and put on a generous supply of Kathleen Court Superfine Talcum Powder. The last is, in particular, a touch of the grand manner. It's a tale, (not a "processed chalk"), it's deodorant, it's 1/6, in a smart container, at any smart cosmetic counter. Of course, you know about Paris Soap and Skin Tonic—they're 7d. and 2/- respectively. Good day!

STEELO
IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!
Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a 6d. packet . . . 5 pads and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

CHICKUBE CHICKEN BROTH CUBE
A CUP OF CHICKEN BROTH FOR 1d

"Of course she is happy . . .
. . . the dinner was a big success."
From the soup to the dessert it was thoroughly enjoyed — and Rosella Tomato Sauce had helped, adding zest and rich goodness to the meal. Do you use this savory—

From the Over 100 Varieties!
TOMATO SAUCE
It has a flavour which cannot be duplicated—the goodness of sun-ripened Tomatoes, delicately spiced. It pays to insist on—
Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS

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"Exercise and KINKARA help me to keep well"

"OF COURSE, I exercise daily, and it helps me to keep well and fit, but the KINKARA Tea I drink during the day plays an important part. KINKARA is a health tea and does what exercise can't do . . . it calms the nerves, soothes one mentally, and banishes tiredness.

"At the same time its rich flavour makes it an excellent, appetising drink—winter or summer!"

KINKARA is extremely economical. It is super-sorted. It is free from dust and, therefore, gives many more cups to the pound. KINKARA, the Health Tea, costs no more than ordinary brands.

INFUSE FOR FIVE MINUTES ONLY

Collect KINKARA Tea Coupons for Useful Presents

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A SEXTET *Of . . . Delicious* RECIPES

Prize-Winners in Our Recipe Competition

What recipe could have better recommendation than that it has been passed and awarded a prize by Ruth Furst, recognised cookery expert?

Prize-winning recipes from readers this week show delightful versatility, simplicity, and a genuine helpfulness.

ANYBODY may enter our competition — never was contest easier. Write out a good recipe, endorse it with your name and address, and send it to our office, marked "Best Recipe Competition."

Here are the prize-winning recipes for this week:

TRIPE OLIVES

One pound tripe, 2 onions, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 dessertspoon parsley, ½ pint hot water, ½ gill milk, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. flour, salt and pepper. For stuffing, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 rasher bacon, pepper and salt.

Put tripe in pan of cold water, bring just to boil, throw away water and scrape any fat from tripe. Cut in strips 2 inches wide and 4 inches long. Chop parsley, mix with other stuffing ingredients, spread stuffing on smooth side of each piece of tripe, roll, and tie with string. Slice onions thinly, cook in a double saucepan for 15 minutes in half-boiling water, add ½ teaspoon salt and tripe olives, and cook slowly for 2 hours. When tender, take out tripe and take off string. Put on hot dish with onions.

Blend flour, butter, salt, pepper, mustard, add to tripe water. Add milk and parsley. Boil 3 minutes, pour over olives.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Bakkel, 29 Herbert St., South Plympton, S.A.

PRUNE BARS

Quarter of a pound butter, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup milk, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped prunes, 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa, 1½ teaspoons baking powder.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs, one at a time, add flour and cocoa, and mix well with the milk; then add nuts, prunes, and, lastly, the baking powder. Put mixture in a swiss roll tin, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. When cooked, ice with a thin layer of chocolate icing and cut into narrow bars. These bars are delicious.

Second prize of 10/- to Mrs. H. F. Croft, Salisbury Court, Uralla, N.S.W.

ORANGE DELIGHT

Half lb. short crust, 2 oranges, 2 oz. sugar, ½ cup water, 2 oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoonful cornflour.

Line a sandwich-tin with short crust, prick pastry all over, bake in hot oven 20 minutes. While it is baking put butter, sugar, water, yolks of eggs, cornflour, grated rinds and juice of oranges into a small saucepan. Stir over fire till it thickens and boils. Beat up the whites of eggs stiffly. When pastry is cooked pour in orange mixture, then pile whites of eggs on top roughly and sprinkle with coconut. Put in a warm oven just long enough to color whites of eggs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Bull, 20 Swan St., Hobart, Tas.

BACON ROLL

Mix together 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Rub in 1 cup finely-shredded suet or ¾ cup of beef dripping. Mix into a stiff dough with a little milk. Roll out to about ¼ inch thickness and spread with thinly-pared bacon (after removing rind), finely-chopped onion sprinkled with pepper, and mixed herbs. Wet the edges of dough with little milk and roll. Pinch edges well. Roll into a well-floured cloth, tie ends securely, and pin centre. Drop into boiling water and boil for two hours. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Geo. E. Treasure, Mogul Downs, Chinchilla, Qld.

APPLE CUSTARD PUDDING

One lb. apples, ½ cup of water, ½ cup of sugar, 2 tablespoons of butter, grated rind and juice of a lemon, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons flour, and 2 eggs.

Peel and quarter the apples and stew till soft with half a cup of water; remove from fire and add sugar, butter, lemon juice and rind. Mix breadcrumbs and flour, and add to the apple mixture, then stir in well-beaten eggs. Put in a buttered pudish and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

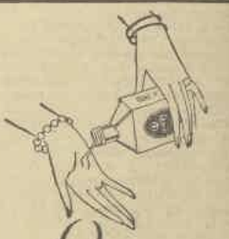
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Caney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

OYSTER SOUFFLE

Three tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup oysters, salt and pepper to taste.

Put butter and flour together in saucepan and stir till blended without browning. Add milk a little at a time and stir till mixture boils, then add oysters, salt, and pepper, and set aside to cool. Beat egg yolks and whites separately, then add yolks to mixture in saucepan and blend thoroughly; lastly, fold in whites beaten to a stiff froth and turn the souffle into a deep, well-greased dish. Bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. McDonnell, Swan, John St., Granville, N.S.W.



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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

LITTLE *Beauty Secrets from* the STARS

By EVELYN

. . . That may inspire you to shine more brightly in your own sphere

WHY are the film stars so lovely?... Partly because they adhere closely and religiously to a beauty routine, which is never neglected for any reason. But largely because they are busy women... That alone is the chief aid in keeping them beautiful... Their beauty is not stagnant, not lazy, not languid. It sparkles. It is alive, and in many cases it seems to increase each time one sees these lovely stars.

MANY women believe that beauty can be acquired only by those who have oceans of leisure—and money. The first is a fallacy. The second is true to an extent. For money may buy the best ingredients possible to aid beauty care. But money does not buy consistency. And it's usually the busy woman who makes time for beauty care. Which reminds me of the saying: "If you want anything done, go to the busy person . ."

Did you ever have those days when you are completely tired of everything about yourself? If so you'll probably welcome Sylvia Sidney's recipe for curing this uncomfortable sensation.

Remove all make-up, banish every trace of wave and pour the red nail polish you've been using down the sink drain. Get a brush and give your hair a vigorous going-over. Part it in the centre and comb it back severely over your ears. If you've been going in for curls, waves, and fluffy effects this will immediately stimulate you, and it may prove so becoming that you'll want to adopt it for a while.

Make-up Changes

TREAT your make-up the same way. If you've been using a light powder try a darker one of a different shade entirely. If yours has been dark try going in for a pallor. If you've been using a bit of rouge, try using none at all. . The same rule applies to your lipstick. Change it completely and try one you've never used. Put your mascara away and use none at all for a while, or try one of the new deep blue shades on the upper lashes only. You'll feel and look like a new woman, says Sylvia.

Those Driers!

AND here's a tip from Margaret Sullavan—another Paramount beauty—and especially welcome to those who find that their skin suffers from sitting under hair-driers.

Margaret takes a jar of skin cream with her to her hairdressers and liberally anoints her face before the drier is adjusted over her head. This not only keeps the skin from drying too much, but the heat from the drier tends to drive the complexion cream right into the pores where it belongs.

Kitty Carlisle makes a rather interesting observation when she begs women to surround themselves with loveliness. The gist of her philosophy is that it is every bit as important to have a continual supply of the latest and best cosmetics. She doesn't mean that a girl must run her family into bankruptcy—decorating a beautiful boudoir. But she does mean that this room must be feminine, as alluring as possible. After all pastel shades are to be had in all types of fabric. Fresh flowers in fragile vases can be set before a mirror where they will reflect their loveliness every time one gazes in that mirror to check one's make-up.

Do the best you can with what you've got—that's Mae West's only beauty secret. Every woman has good beauty points—and others not so good, she says. The secret is to take advantage of what is good, and get along with the bad.

Plenty of sleep and plenty of fresh air are important laws in the beauty curriculum. Beauty may only be skin deep, she adds, but it's what's underneath that makes the skin beautiful. Keep healthy and you'll keep good-looking.

Sacrifices for Beauty

GAIL PATRICK confesses that she would sooner keep anyone waiting half an hour than sacrifice the brief time it takes to really remain faithful to the beauty routine she has mapped out for herself.

Yes. Stars of the screen are faithful to the little tricks which make their beauty subtle and rare—things which have nothing at all to do with the actual process of the face look beautiful.

First, she uses a lavender cologne right after her bath. She likes the astringent quality of this refreshing application and the faint, pleasant scent it leaves on the skin. After the cologne she dusts a film of lavender-scented powder over her skin with a large, downy powder-puff, and in case her hair needs to be dampened just a bit to re-set the waves she winds a white net scarf around it, and allows the heat from her head to dry the waves into place. While doing this Gail dips her finger-tips in a crystal glass of warm olive oil, thereby making up to her nails for the harshness which even the gentlest manicure subjects them to.

When Summer Comes

SOON with warm weather arriving it will be time to pay more attention to the complexion of the entire body and here is Carole Lombard's newest beauty secret.

Because frequent swims, exposure to sun and numerous showers after tennis or golf toughen the skin considerably, it is wise to figure out some way of lessening the damages which all this may sow. I suggest my system of having a large bottle of lavender, pine, or verbena cologne handy, and giving one's self a brisk rubdown with this refreshing astringent after each period of exercise. Use it before your shower, and see that your shower is neither extremely hot, nor terribly cold—and the combination of the rubdown and mild shower will protect your skin and keep it stimulated.

GRETA GARBO'S beauty secret is a simple one: She advises the use of rain-water. Use it cold; splash it on to your face, your arms, and neck. Its silken softness will cleanse the skin, and its coldness will close up the pores and bring the blood surging to the surface... Lovely study of the great M-G-M star, don't you think?

Would you like to try Frances Drake's beauty potion? This potion is considered marvellous for your complexion, your general system, your figure—and everything!

Get one pound of dried prunes and wash them, but do not cook them. Just put them in a large bowl and cut one grapefruit, rind and all, and add to the prunes. Then pour over this four tall glasses of distilled water and set the bowl in the ice-box. Let it stand overnight and in the morning, before breakfast, drink one tumbler of the liquor. Do this each morning until the liquor is exhausted, then cover once more with water and repeat. After the second amount of liquid has been drained off the fruit, replenish the prunes and grapefruit and begin all over again.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: I am feeling concerned about my heart, which often palpitates very much and, at other times, especially when I am in bed, it feels as if it has no movement. Do you think I should consult a doctor and have it thoroughly examined?

IT is always axiomatic to state that if a patient does not "feel" his heart there is nothing the matter with it. In other words, organic heart diseases have definite symptoms, and the same is true of functional disorders.

This does not mean, however, that one should not have one's heart examined regularly in order to find out whether or not it is normal.

For it does happen that an insidious defect may be in the making without the patient being conscious of it. Palpitation of the heart is perhaps the commonest of all heart symptoms, and is the one that frightens the patient most. But often it is of no significance whatever, because the palpitation is functional in origin. From a structural point of view nothing is wrong with the heart muscle itself, nor its nerves, nor its valves, nor its linings.

Palpitation is really nothing more than a consciousness of the heart beat. And not only may the heart be loud or "fluttering," but it may also become irregular and a beat may be dropped.

A shock or fright may produce palpitation, as might any emotional stress and strain. Even anaemia may produce palpitation.

THE most common conditions with which palpitation is associated, however, are the so-called neurotic states, in which are present other symptoms of excessive fatigue, morbid introspection, and other signs of a functional character.

Palpitation is not uncommon in young girls at the time of puberty. It may occur after middle-age. It may also be encountered periodically.

There are those who claim that they can actually hear their heart beat. The pulsation may be so strong that it is felt in the pit of the stomach. Indeed, sometimes the heart beats so violently that the bed literally shakes.

Persons who are subject to palpitation may get such a condition from smoking too much, from alcoholic over-indulgence, even from tea or coffee.

Heart palpitation may be part and parcel of an organic disorder; therefore it is always best for such persons to consult a specialist, who can make extensive tests of the heart action.

TO cure palpitation is not always a sure way to reassure the patient. Telling him to forget it and exert his will power does no good. Sometimes a more healthy mode of living is all that is necessary, attention being given to proper diet, to simple out-of-door exercise and the like. In severe cases, however, a thoroughly mental analysis is necessary.

Above all else—do not worry. Worry always makes the heart beat faster and louder.

Palpitation always has a cause. Find and remove that cause—and palpitation is no more.

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FOR *Young* WIVES ... and MOTHERS

Keep a Child Happy and Good

By . . . . . Mary Truby King

The essence of play is happiness. If a child cannot play happily it has little chance of being happy, or of growing up with a contented disposition.

Play is natural to children, and it is the duty of parents to see that they get it.

A CERTAIN "atmosphere" is necessary for happiness. It is essential that the child should not be nagged at, nor continually reprimanded with a series of "Don'ts."

Far better to adopt a positive attitude. For instance, instead of saying, "Don't play with the coal-box," one could say, "Here is a shovel and a little barrow." Then, indicating some stones in the corner of the garden, "And here is the coal yard. Will you please deliver me some coal to the box beside the wash-house?" The child's imagination will do the rest.

Little children should be kept out in the sunshine and fresh air as much as possible. Never have the child in the house when he might be playing on the verandah or lawn.

If he is too little to be left to himself in the garden, father can make a play-pen quite simply out of a large packing-case and some canvas. Mounted on wheels, the play-pen may be moved about to follow the afternoon sun. Of course, have the child's head and eyes well protected by a green-lined linen hat coming well down over the back of his neck.

It is not necessary to bribe a child into being good. Bribery does not bring happiness. It usually means that the child in the end will do nothing for you unless it is bribed.

Gain the Child's Trust

THOSE who have to look after children, be they parents, guardians, friends or nurses, should endeavor to gain the confidence of the children first of all. One can do anything with a child if one has its confidence.

The confidence of a child should never be broken. If a child tells you something in confidence, respect that confidence as you would that of an adult.

This is the only way to gain and keep the friendship of a child, and, without the friendship of a child, one can never go very far in shaping its character.

The strict, stern friendless methods of bygone days, which bent the child's will, frightened him and made him merely an automaton, were not conducive to real character-building.

Yet it is possible to err too far in the other direction; to give in to every whim of the child and over-indulge him at the expense of the comfort of his neighbors. Those in charge should so act that the child never loses his respect for them, nor his surety that they are the soul of fairness and justice.

A child seldom forgets an injustice. He knows the difference between a just punishment and a punishment due to the muddle-headedness of his superiors.

Be Consistent

LET us take a case in point. A father of a little girl of eight years enjoys having his child think of him as a brother. He boxes with the little girl, encourages her to "biff into him" as hard as she can, praises her, by word and look, when she answers him back rudely—treating her as if she was his equal in age and mentality. Then, all of a sudden, in the same hour, almost in the same breath, he assumes the role of a father.

How is the child to know when this subtle change takes place in the mind of her parent?

She has, in fun and in open rebellion (which he has up till now been encouraging!) thrown one of her father's good books on to the floor. He tells her to pick it up. She, still in the mood of defying him, naturally says, "I won't."

If the father is not wise enough to see that the matter is best left unnoticed, there is bound to be trouble.

As a rule, such a father is blind to this. He goes on and on and on, insisting that the child pick up the book. Every time he insists more, she refuses more, first in fun, then in rebellion that he should be so changeable in his attitude. I have watched a father do this, to the child's utter confusion.

What is the child to think, when there is no continuity of attitude on her father's part?

The book in the case I am thinking of remained on the floor for hours! Finally, when her father was out of the room, the child sat on a chair, and lifted the book up from the floor with her feet—so that she would not be giving in to her father by picking it up with her hands.

This little incident serves to show how necessary it is for the child's happiness that our actions and mental outlook be consistent. One boils with rage to see a child suffer unjustly.

I have never found a child to resent just punishment. In fact, I have known children expect punishment for disobeying, and to be hurt that they were not punished.

(To be continued).

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WW470A.—Heavy stitching, a new and important fashion feature, adorns this frock. The cool, square front neck will appeal to the summer sporting girl. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MODISHLY BUSINESSLIKE.

WW471A.—Ideal for office wear, and for cooler summer days, this frock will look delightfully smart in dark-colored marocain, white trimmed. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SOFT AND FEMININE.

WW472A.—Fine pleating as feminine summery trimming graces this delightful model. Neckline is soft and graceful. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASING STYLE

WW473A.—For a young girl what could be more charming and youthful than this? Pattern for 16 to 18 years: 32-inch bust. Material: 2¾ yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: ⅞ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS.

WW474A.—We suggest uncrushable linen for this smart sports dress, with magyar yoke and pleated skirt. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast Collar: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM MORNING FROCK

WW475A.—Particularly suitable for a "runabout" frock. Mat. for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40in. **PAPER PAT, 1/1.**

SHIRT-WAIST STYLE

WW476A.—The shirt-waist frock, ever popular, is delightfully presented here. Skirt has centre pleats, in a long slimming line. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

"BEST" FROCK.

WW477A.—For a little "best" frock, this design will be ideal. Use contrast for the scalloped collar and cuffs. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

NEAT AND PRETTY.

WW478A.—A neat school frock that will look well in washing fabric, with white pique collar and cuffs. Note novel treatment of pleats. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material for 12 years: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

Chic Trio

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Here's news! Eileen has told me the secret of her glorious complexion. She uses Ostine Powder Base. It's a powder and cream in one—that's why Eileen never has a shiny nose. Although she doesn't use powder—and the Ostine Powder Base lasts all day or evening—no wonder everybody talks about Eileen's lovely skin.

There's something else, too—Eileen told me about Ostine Cream. It's for cleansing, and removes all the pore deep dirt, leaving ones skin fresh, clear and youthful. I'm going to buy some Ostine pre-paration myself. I'd advise you to do the same—they're very inexpensive.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Ostine (Aust.), Ltd., G.P.O. Box 3478 MM, Sydney.

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Intriguing

● She attracted. And it was not that she had a perfect figure, or any particular beauty of feature. But there was something; a fascinating fragrance, an intimate freshness that proved irresistible. She had learnt the secret of depending upon Johnson's Baby Powder for the final and finishing *chic*. Johnson's Baby Powder was intended originally for the tender skin of a baby; there is no powder quite so smooth, or quite so soft. Sprinkle it all over *yourself* after your bath, and all day or all evening you will have about you an alluring charm, dainty and delightful.

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Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price Now 9d. per tablet

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 32

"WHY, yes," he replied. "I believe I was informed of it."

The gleam in his eye made her suspect him strongly of having had some say in her being invited. She said: "Oh! I, on the other hand, had not the least notion of finding you here."

"If you had you would not have come, I daresay."

She raised her brows. "I hope I am not so prejudiced that I cannot be staying in the same house with you."

"That is very encouraging," said the Earl. "Do you know, I was presumptuous enough to think that you were quite glad to see me when I came in?"

She hesitated, and then said with a rueful smile: "Well, perhaps I was a little glad. I have been feeling rather strange among a set of company I don't know. That lady—Miss Crewe, I think you called her—has been trying for the past twenty minutes to show me what a countrified nobody I am, and that, you know, when one knows it to be the melancholy truth, makes one feel sadly out of place."

"You will have your revenge upon her if you mean to hunt to-morrow," remarked the Earl. "She has the worst hands imaginable, and is generally off at the first fence."

She laughed. "Yes, I do mean to hunt, but I hope I am not ill-natured enough to wish Miss Crewe a tumble. Shall you hunt also?"

"Certainly; to keep an eye on my ward."

She put up her chin, a quizzical gleam in her eye. "I will give you a lead," she promised.

HE was amused. "Come, we begin to understand one another tolerably well," he said. "How do you like your snuff?"

"To tell you the truth I don't often take it," confided Judith. "I only pretend."

"You are in excellent company, then, for you follow the example of the Prince Regent. Let me see you take a pinch."

She obeyed him, extracting from her reticule a gold box with enamelled plaques on the lid and sides.

He took it from her to inspect it more closely. "Very pretty. Where did you get it?"

"At Rundell and Bridge. I bought several there."

He gave it back to her. "You have good taste."

"Thank you," said Judith. "To have earned the approval of so notable a connoisseur as yourself must afford me gratification."

He smiled. "Do not be impertinent, Miss Taverner."

She flicked open the box and offered it to him. "You mistake me, Lord Worth. I was being civil—in your own manner."

"You have not mastered the precise way of it," he answered. "No, don't offer your box to me. It is not a mixture that I like."

"Indeed! How odd!" said Miss Taverner, raising a pinch to one nostril with a graceful turn of her wrist. "I do not like it either."

"That is probably because you have drenched it with Vinagrillo," said the Earl calmly. "I warned you to be sparing in the use of it."

"I have not drenched it with Vinagrillo!" said Miss Taverner indignantly shutting her box. "I used two drops, just to moisten the whole!"

A gentleman who was standing beside Colonel Wyndham in the middle of the saloon had been looking at Miss Taverner in a dreamy, unconcerned way, but when he saw her take out her snuff-box a look of interest came into his eyes and he wandered away from the colonel, and came towards the sofa. He said very earnestly to Worth: "Please present me! Such a pretty box! What I should call a nice visiting-box, but not suitable for morning wear. I was tempted when they showed it to me, but it did not happen to be just what I was looking for."

Judith stared at him in a good deal of astonishment, but Lord Worth, betraying no hint of surprise, merely said: "Lord Petersham, Miss Taverner," and got up.

Lord Petersham begged permission to sit down beside Miss Taverner. "Tell me," he said anxiously, "are you interested in tea, I wonder?"

SHE was not interested in tea, but she knew that his lordship had a room lined with canisters of every imaginable kind, from Gunpowder to Lapsang Souchong. She confessed her ignorance, and felt that she had disappointed him.

"It is a pity, a great pity," he said. "You would find it almost as interesting as snuff. And you are interested in that, are you not? You have your own mixture. I saw the jar at Fribourg and Treyer's."

Miss Taverner produced her box. "I wish you will do me the honor of trying my soft," she said.

"Mine will be the honor," said his lordship, bowing. He dipped his finger and thumb in her box and held a pinch to his nostrils, half-closing his eyes. "Spanish Bran—a hint of Brazil—something else besides, possibly a dash of Masulipatam." He turned. "It reminds me of a mixture I think I have had in your house, Julian."

"Impossible!" said Worth.

"Well, perhaps it is not precisely the same," conceded Lord Petersham, turning back to Miss Taverner. "A very delicate mixture, ma'am. It is easy to detect the hand and unerring taste of an expert."

Miss Taverner, with her guardian's ironic eye upon her, had the grace to blush.

It was soon time to go upstairs and change her gown for dinner. She was placed at table between Lord Robert Manners and Mr. Pierrepoint, nowhere near the Earl, and as he joined the Duke of York after dinner, with his host and another inveterate whist-player whom everyone called Chig, she did not speak to him again that evening.

SHE was not the only lady to join the hunt next day, but no more than three others had enough energy or enthusiasm to appear, and by no means all the gentlemen. She was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Brummell attired for riding, and opened her eyes at him.

He drew beside her. "I know," he said understandingly, "but it has a good appearance, and one need not go beyond the second field."

"Not go beyond the second field!" she echoed. "Why, won't you go further, Mr. Brummell?"

"No, I don't think so," he replied very gravely. "There is sure to be a farmhouse where I can get some bread and cheese, and you must know there is nothing I like better than that."

"Bread and cheese instead of hunting!" exclaimed Judith. "I cannot allow it to be a choice!"

"Yes, but you see if I went very far I should get my tops and leathers splashed by all the greasy, galloping farmers," he replied softly.

But even her partiality for him could not induce Miss Taverner to smile at such a speech as that. She looked reproachful and would only say: "I am persuaded you do not mean it."

She was to discover later that he had for once spoken in all sincerity. He abandoned the hunt after the first few fields, and was no more seen. She commented on it with strong disapproval to her guardian, who had drawn up beside her at a check, but he merely looked faintly surprised, and said that the notion of Brummell muddled and dishevelled from a long day in the saddle was too absurd to be contemplated. Upon reflection she had to admit him to be right.

Please turn to Page 46

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The first dose of this Remedy does this . . .

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That is what De Witt's Antacid Powder was made for—to give *immediate* relief; that is the object of its ingenious three-fold formula, which is so effective and so simple.

First, its bland alkalinity neutralises the acid in the stomach, and stops all pain at once.

Secondly, the colloidal kaolin it contains covers the stomach walls with a soothing, protective film, and allows the inflamed membrane to heal and recover its strength and tone. At the same time the ordinary process of digestion is not interfered with.

Thirdly, another ingredient partially digests the food, and takes heavy work off the weakened stomach until it is in a condition to take over its proper labours once again.

Two-and-sixpence will buy the big sky-blue canister that all chemists sell; half-a-crown will bring you the relief that you have often longed for but never hoped to attain. De Witt's Antacid Powder will give it to you—you may be quite sure of that—the first dose will convince you. Get your supply now and forget your stomach troubles from to-day onwards!

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GOING REALLY GAY IN OUR KITCHENS

How Times Have Changed! Once So Drab, To-day they are Colorful ... Inviting

Not so many years ago the average kitchen was a more or less drab-colored workshop. Then the era of hospital-white kitchens arrived. But my first recollection of kitchen cheeriness lives well in my memory. The happy note was given by pots of red geraniums decorating the creamy-white dresser and the window-sill, which was framed in frilly poppy-red dotted muslin curtains... I shall never forget that kitchen.

OF course, I admire the snowy-white freshness of the white enamelled and tiled kitchen with its joyous notes in china and equipment, but, like the majority, I am infinitely more charmed by those colorful, light-hearted kitchens—many of them displaying an originality and pleasing individuality in their color schemes.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

HOW times have changed! Now we surround ourselves—according to our taste and color sense—with the gaiety of yellows, the restfulness of blues, cool beauty of greens, and even with touches of poppy-reds.

Often we breakfast in a tiny alcove, and the first meal of the day—savored with color and simple home charm, enhanced with quick service and real convenience—is a meal worth having. Note the attractive alcove portrayed by artist Petrov on this page.

What Scientists Say

NOW, if you contemplate doing up your kitchen this spring, I must really pass on to you the very latest news I have received regarding choice of color from the scientist's angle.

Scientists claim that certain colors have a definite effect on food and upon our enemies—flies.

They say that green and egg-shell blue are excellent colors for most kitchens; that the reflection cast by clear green helps to preserve the fats in food.

This looks as if we should use green for the pantry or store-cupboard at any rate.

Happy Yellow

YELLOW is a happy kitchen color, they aver, unless, of course, the room will be unpleasantly visited by the sun in mid-summer. Flies dislike yellow, and so the color of your walls can help to keep you free from these pests.

I must take particualr note of this during the coming summer, for I have decided to introduce this sunshiny color into my kitchen.

If you decide upon a pretty blue or green for your walls, you can achieve a pleasant contrast with red or orange handles on the cabinets and doors. Or consider stone shade with red, wattle with jade, palest apricot with bright blue.

Forget-Me-Not Blue

YESTERDAY, I entered a newly-decorated kitchen, which flaunted a creamy ceiling, soft forget-me-not blue walls, creamy-white cupboards, cream curtains, blue bordered and matching perfectly the walls.

THIS COLORFUL kitchen is designed for a less cheery aspect. Sunshine-yellow walls are toned down slightly by the wooden frieze, you will note. The floor is covered with a warm, though serviceable, lino. It is brimful of suggestions for the home-lover.

A soft red linoleum covered the floor, and on the hottest day I can imagine this kitchen appearing cool.

To the young bride, busy with the fitting-up of her kitchen, I would strongly suggest that she choose ordinary, unpainted furniture, and paint it (or have it painted) to suit her own favorite color.

Another attractive scheme has just entered my mind, and I pass it on to you. Creamy walls and woodwork, with the beading in the skirting and the edges of the dresser-shelves picked out in poppy-red. Curtains piped with the same red, and red-and-white china, perhaps banded, and showing a tracing, too, of black. Even the breakfast cloth of white damask could be bordered in harmony

Wall Treatments

WITH regard to treatment of kitchen walls, I must say that I prefer paint, even though it may cost more. Painted walls are far easier to keep clean.

On the other hand, if you belong to the army of women who delight in wielding the brush and changing the color scheme more frequently than others, kalsomine is not only more economical but offers swifter results.

Good Lighting

PASSING over general equipment, all necessary to this so-important room, I feel I would like to stress the advantages of good lighting.

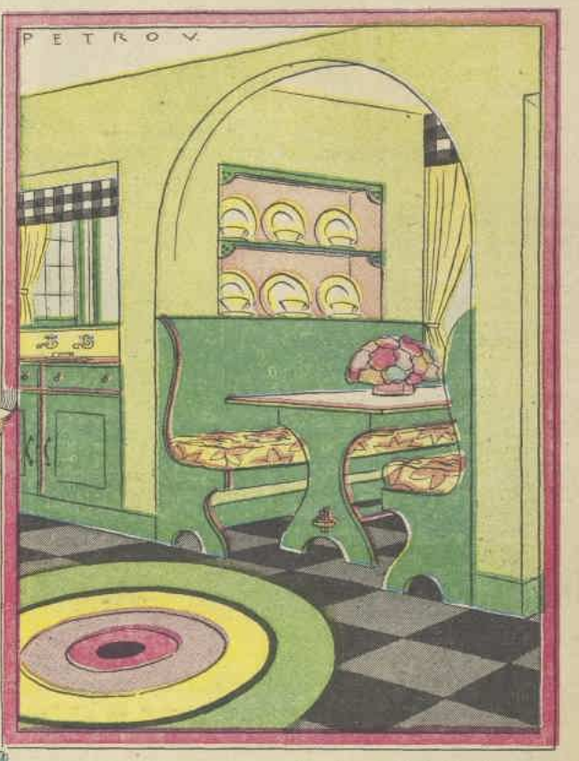
Lighting the kitchen is the last thing that most people think about, and it should come well in the front row of essentials.

Preparing meals in the dusk or in the evening creates eyestrain when the light is either glaring or dim.

When the eyes are strained, the whole digestive tract gets a subtle setback (something to keep in your mind).

Bad lighting is so unnecessary, so senseless, when there are means at hand to remedy so swiftly inadequacy.

Moreover, you cannot keep a place clean unless you can see to clean! The semi-indirect light with a frosted globe is best. And glare is banished.—E.E.G.



ABOVE, you glimpse an attractive alcove, where the first meal can be eaten in the cheeriest surroundings. You will note the placement of the sink. This is well out of sight of the breakfast-table.

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By remarkable prescription.

RUN DOWN NERVES

Nerves may be starved and thus become depleted of vital mineral elements due to the actions of poisons which form in the nerve cells. BIDOMAK is a biochemic food supplement containing in highly concentrated form those important mineral elements essential for the proper nourishment of the nerve cells. BIDOMAK works by increasing the supply of red and white corpuscles in the blood stream. The vigorous white corpuscles eat up and remove the poisonous wastes: the red corpuscles and blood plasma bring food and revitalising oxygen to each nerve cell. BIDOMAK makes you feel better, sleep better and look better.

GUARANTEE
"BIDOMAK" is guaranteed to be absolutely free from harmful drugs of any kind. A big 16oz. bottle costs only 3/- from any chemists or direct from the Douglas Drug Co., 30 Carrington Street, Sydney.

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BRAIN-BODY AND NERVE BUILDER
GOOD FOR CONVALESCENTS
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APPETITE IMPROVER
TONES UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM
Being Phosphated, it is good for the Brain

DIRECTIONS
ADULTS
Dose—One dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.
CHILDREN
Dose (over five years)—One teaspoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.
Under five years—Half teaspoonful before or after each meal.

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3/-
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WHITER TEETH
AND
CLEAN, HEALTHY MOUTH

★ Kolynos Dental Cream—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. Yet it is unsurpassed as a cleansing and whitening agent by reason of its unfailing power to remove unsightly stain and wash away the germ-laden "bacteria-plaque" covering from the teeth.

★ Because of its proved antiseptic properties, Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps the teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

★ Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is extremely economical—half-an-inch is enough. Kolynos is BEST used on a DRY toothbrush.

★ Buy a tube to-day — Sold by all chemists and stores.

KOLYNOS
The Proved Antiseptic Germicidal & Cleansing Tooth Paste

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 44

MR. BRUMMELL encountered again at dinner, was unabashed. He had discovered a very excellent cheese in a farmhouse he had not previously known to exist, had regaled himself on it, and, having satisfied himself that no speck of mud sullied his snowy tops, had ridden gently back to Belvoir to discuss with his hostess a plan for landscape gardening which had occurred to him in the night watches.

Lord Worth did not join the whist party after dinner, but repaired to the drawing-room with several others, and was at once claimed by Lady Jersey. A rubber of casino was being played at one end of the room, but not very seriously, and the card players when asked had not the least objection to a little music. The Duchess begged that Miss Crewe's harp might be fetched, and Miss Crewe, after a proper display of bashfulness, and some prompting from her Mama, consented. The Honorable Mrs. Crewe, turbaned and majestic, bore down upon Lady Jersey and informed her that she thought her ladyship would be pleased with Charlotte's performance.

"Your ladyship's Mama, dear Lady Westmoreland, recommended Charlotte's present master to me," she announced. "The result, I venture to think, has been most happy. She has learned to apply, and has in general acquired a proficiency upon the instrument—but I shall await your judgment, and yours, too, Lord Worth. Your taste may certainly be relied on."

The Earl had risen at her approach. He bowed, and said in his most expressionless voice: "You flatter me, ma'am."

"Oh no, that I am sure I do not! Anything of that sort is repugnant to my nature. You will not find me administering to anyone's vanity, I can tell you. I say exactly what I think; Charlotte is more conciliatory, I believe. I do not know where you may find a more good-natured amiable girl. It is quite absurd!" The Earl bowed again, but said nothing. Mrs. Crewe tapped his sleeve with her fan. "You shall tell me what you think of her performance, but I do beg of you not to watch the child too closely, for I have had a great piece of work inducing her to play at all with you present. The nonsensical girl sets so much store by your opinion it is quite ridiculous. 'Oh, Mama!' she said to me, as we came downstairs, 'if there should be music, don't, I beg of you, press me to play! I am sure I cannot with Lord Worth's critical eyes upon me!'"

"I will engage, ma'am, to turn my eyes elsewhere," replied the Earl.

"Oh, nonsense, I have no notion of indulging girls in such folly," said Mrs. Crewe. "'Depend upon it, my love,' I told her; 'Lord Worth will be very well pleased with your performance.'"

The harp had been brought into the room by this time, and Mrs. Crewe sailed back to fuss over her daughter, to direct Mr. Pierrepoint to move a branch of candles nearer, and Lord Alvanley to bring up a more suitable chair.

Worth resumed his seat beside Lady Jersey, and gave her one expressive glance. Her eyes were dancing. "Oh, my dear Julian, do you see? You must sit and gaze at Charlotte throughout. Now that isn't ill-natured of me, is it? Such a detestable, matchmaking woman. I beg you won't offer for Charlotte. I shall never ask you to Osterley again if you do, and you know that would be too bad when you are one of my oldest friends."

"I can safely promise you I won't," replied the Earl.

His eyes had wandered by chance to where Miss Taverner was seated, at no great distance, and rested there for a moment. Miss Taverner was not looking at him. She was conversing in a quiet voice with a lively brunette.

Lady Jersey followed the direction of the Earl's glance, and shot him one quick, shrewd look. "My dear Worth, I have always agreed with you," she said saucily. "She is lovely—quite beautiful!"

The Earl turned his eyes upon her. "Don't talk, Sally. You interrupt Miss Crewe."

And indeed by this time Miss Crewe had run one hand across the strings of the harp, and was about to begin.

Mrs. Crewe, anxiously watching his lordship, had the doubtful felicity of seeing that he kept his word to her. Beyond bestowing one cursory glance upon the fair performer he did not look at her again, but inspected instead his companion's famous pink pearls. He did indeed join in the applause that greeted the song, but with all his habitual languor. Miss Crewe was begged to sing again, though not by him, and after a little show of reluctance, complied. My Lord Worth sank his chin in his cravat, and gazed abstractedly before him.

THE second piece being at an end, and Miss Crewe properly complimented and thanked, Lady Jersey leaned forward impulsively and addressed Miss Taverner. "Miss Taverner, surely I am not mistaken in thinking that you play, and sing, too?"

Judith looked up. "Very indifferently, ma'am. I have no skill on the harp."

"But the pianoforte! I am persuaded you could give us all great pleasure if you would!"

The Duchess at once added her entreaties to Lady Jersey's, and Lord Alvanley, deserting Miss Crewe, went across to her, and said in his cheerful way: "Now, do pray sing for us, Miss Taverner! We can never be brought to believe that you don't sing, you know! Do you not give us all the lead in everything?"

Judith colored, and shook her head. "No, indeed; you put me quite out of countenance. My performance on the pianoforte is nothing at all out of the common, I assure you."

The Duchess said kindly: "Do not be doing anything you would rather not, Miss Taverner, but I believe I can engage for it we shall all listen to you with considerable pleasure."

"Worth!" said Alvanley. "Use your influence, my dear fellow! You can command where we may only supplicate!"

"Well, here is a piece of work!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewe, by no means pleased at the turn events had taken. "It is an odd thing to hear you begging the indulgence of music, Lord Alvanley. I am sure you had rather be at the card-table."

Please turn to Page 49

THERE'S — NO SAFER WAY NO QUICKER WAY NO BETTER WAY

SINCE the advent of 'ASPRO' eighteen years ago, there have been hundreds of imitations claiming similar virtues. They have come and gone by the dozen, and now the civilized world accepts 'ASPRO' as the unsurpassed home medicine to ward off attacks of pain and numerous conditions of ill-health. The reason is simply the fact that 'ASPRO' fulfils all claims made for it. 'ASPRO' not only gives quick relief—it gives safe relief, because it does not harm the heart or stomach or have any injurious after effects. Don't accept anything assumed to be just as good. Play safe! Ask for 'ASPRO' and see that you get it.

To Combat COLDS 'FLU & RHEUMATISM THAN 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' ENDS HEADACHES COLDS and 'FLU

"Somerset," 12 John Street,
GOULBURN, N.S.W.,
7th May, 1935.

Dear Sirs,

Like many others, I suffered from Headaches which were rather severe until I found how good 'ASPRO' tablets really were.

As for Colds or 'Flu, I never suffer from them at all now, as when I feel feverish—aching in the limbs—weak and sniffly, I take 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink on retiring at night and seldom have to take the second dose which speaks well for the beneficient properties of 'ASPRO.'

(Sgd.) Mrs. C. GIBBONS.

ALL THE FAMILY BENEFIT BY USING 'ASPRO'

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21/2/35.

Dear Sirs,

I would like you to know of the benefit my family receives from 'ASPRO.' We always use it with perfect confidence for Colds and 'Flu, and during an attack of Quinsy, I received great relief by gargling at frequent intervals with a gargle mixture made from 3 'ASPRO' tablets dissolved in luke warm water. For Bonchitis my wife takes doses of two 'ASPRO' in a glass of warm water and she finds 'ASPRO' taken this way gives her real relief.

(Sgd.) R. G. ENGLAND

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FACE POWDERS AND FACE CREAMS *de Luxe*
Ladies, insist on PIVER'S
Small boxes ... 2/6
Large boxes ... 3/3
Obtainable Everywhere

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"Right away!"

How exactly that describes the way Cerebos Salt pours from its hygienic container. No matter how damp the atmosphere the pure white crystals come pouring out at the first tilt. No clogging, no lumps, no waste. This is why housewives insist that it is actually a wise economy to pay the little more for Cerebos.

CEREBOS
TABLE SALT
Saves in the long run

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Siss-tex). Soothes, tones, cleans and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

JUST SEE What *We Have Secured* FOR YOU . . .

Knitting directions for this, the very latest in imported swimming suits . . . created especially for smart Australians!

GOLDEN sun-drenched beaches, skies of azure blue, and a tumbling surf will soon be a-calling you. And for all those who relish invigorating swimming freedom, who demand the smartest for those hours of luxurious "lazing" on the beach, here's the perfect garment!

This intriguing surf suit of royal-blue, with its unique shoulder treatment, its general air of dignity, plus allure, has just arrived by air mail from the London house of Viyella. Easy to see, it carries a definite assurance of the highest achievement in style, chic, and luxury—and yours for the expenditure of a few shillings, and pleasant effort!

IT is made in Viyella, 4-ply wool in royal-blue, with fascinating shoulder-straps of white wool, crocheted double and slotted through scarlet rings. But more unusual still is the design, half-ribbed, half-plain. What is more, in spite of its smartness, it happily conforms to every stringent beach regulation.

Materials: 8oz. royal-blue 3-ply Viyella wool, 1oz. white 3-ply Viyella wool, a pair of No. 12 needles, a No. 12 Stratnoid crochet hook, 2 scarlet wood rings.

Measurements: To fit a 32-34-inch bust.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; sts., stitches; d.c., double crochet.

The Front

KNICKERS: 2 pieces worked alike, in stocking-stitch, knitting into the back of all cast-on sts. Cast on 32 sts. K. into the back, then cast on 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until there are 116 sts. Work on these for 4 inches, then decrease 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until 104 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until outside edge measures 10 inches. Do not cast off, but leave on a spare needle. Skirt: Cast on 104 sts.

Row 1: K. 2, p. 2, alternately to end. Repeat this row 3 times more. Row 5: (K. 2, p. 2) 13 times, k. 52. Row 6: P. 52 (k. 2, p. 2) 13 times. Repeat these 2 rows until 12 inches have been done from lower edge. Place the knickers, right side towards you behind the needle containing the skirt sts., also right side towards you. Knit in pattern along the row, knitting together one st. from each needle.

Next Row: P. 52, k. 2, p. 2 alternately to end. Keeping the sequence of the rib and stocking-st. as before, decrease 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 88 sts. Continue on these sts. for 3 inches.** Increase 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 96 sts. Continue on these for 50 rows. With the right side of the work towards you, rib 48 sts., turn, leaving the remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Next Row: Take 2 tog., rib to end. Next Row: In rib.

Repeat these 2 rows until 40 sts. remain, then still decreasing at inside edge in every alternate row, decrease at side edge in every row, until 4 sts. remain. Cast off. Join in wool at centre and work other side to match, keeping in stocking-st. throughout.

The Back

MAKE knickers as for front. Skirt: Cast on 104 sts. 1st 4 rows: Rib k. 2, p. 2. Row 5: K. 52 (K. 2, p. 2) 13 times. Row 6: (K. 2, p. 2) 13 times, p. 52. Repeat these 2 rows until 12 inches have been done, then work as for front to **.

Next Row: K. twice into 1st st., k. 43, leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Next Row: P. 45. Next Row: K. twice into 1st st., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: P. 45. Repeat the last 2 rows twice. Next Row: K. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: P. Repeat the last 2 rows until 27 sts. remain. Next Row: K. 18, cast off 4, k. 3, k. 2 tog. Next Row: P., casting on 4 sts. over those cast off. Next Row: K. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: P. 2 tog., p. to end.

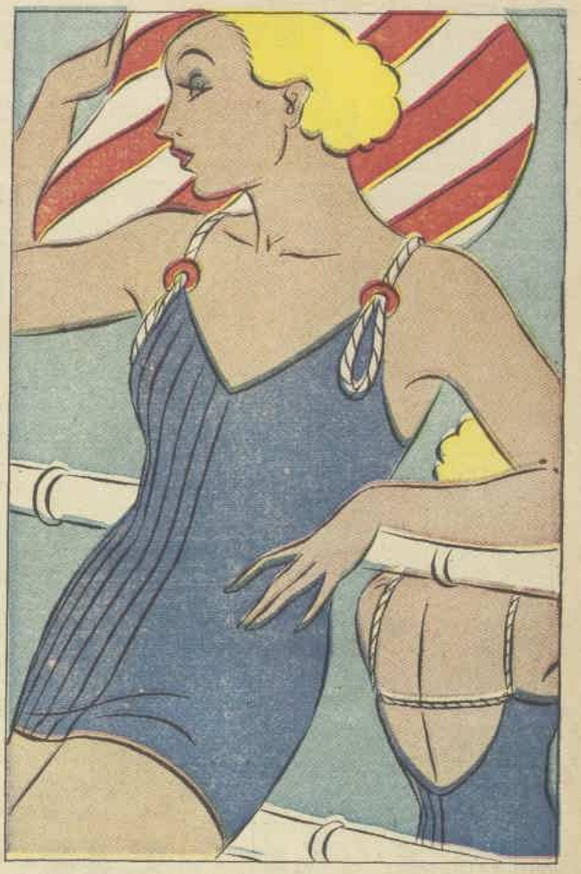
Repeat the last 2 rows until all the sts. are cast off. Join in wool at centre, work similarly, but in rib and putting buttonhole at opposite end of needle.

Shoulder-Straps

THESE are made from lengths of chain, made with white wool used double. Make 3 lengths of chain, about 2 yards long. Plait, fasten ends, thread through back slots. Sew the two points of the front over the scarlet rings. Draw the straps through the rings, leaving two loops hanging down front.

To Make Up

SEW up side seams and knickers seams. Crochet a row of d.c. all round leg openings of knickers and round top edges of suit.



WE HAVE HAD many requests from our readers for a knitted swimming suit, and, as a consequence, set about securing the smartest garment—one that would carry distinction and dignity in its every line. So now you may secure your wool and follow these directions to a happy conclusion.

Toddler's Sun Suit

Three skeins of wool will make it!

Prepare for the holidays to come... and long days spent on the beach. Start with the youngest member and make several of these delightful sun-suits in vivid colors, canary, scarlet, and sky, and you will always be able to pick out your "spot of color."

Materials: 3 skeins of 4-ply non-shrink sky-blue wool, pair of No. 10 and pair of No. 12 needles, 4 large buttons.

Measurements: To fit size 2-4 years.

Abbreviations: St., stitch; decr., decrease; tog., together; k., knit; p., purl.

THE KNICKERS

STARTING at lower edge of one leg, cast on 90 sts. K. into back of cast on sts., then work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ inches. Change to stocking-stitch and increase 1 st. at each end of the needle every k. row until there are 112 sts. on the needle. Shape for front and back edges. On next k. row decr. 1 st. at each end of the needle, work 5 rows without shaping, then decr. 1 st. at beginning of next row only; work 5 rows without shaping.

Repeat the last 12 rows until 92 sts. remain. Work on these sts. for 4 more rows. Shape for back:—**Row 1:** P. to within 15 sts. of the end, turn. **Row 2 and alternate rows:** K. **Row 3:** P. to within 30 sts. of the end, turn. **Row 5:** P. to within 45 sts. of the end, turn. **Row 7:** P. to within 60 sts. of the end, turn. **Row 9:** P. to within 75 sts. of the end, turn. **Row 11:** P. across all sts. Work next 11 rows in k. 1, p. 1, rib, then cast off. Work the second leg in the same way, with all shapings reversed.

THE STRAPS

WITH No. 12 needles cast on 13 sts. and work in rib. After first 6 rows make first buttonhole—rib 4 sts., cast off 5 sts, rib to end. **Next Row:** Rib 4 sts., cast on 5 sts. where they were cast off, rib to end. Continue in rib (knitting into the backs of the newly cast on sts.) until strap measures 17 inches, work another buttonhole as before, rib for 5 more rows, then cast off. Make another strap the same.

TO MAKE UP

PRESS work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth—do not press ribbing. Sew front edges together, then back edges; sew up leg seams. Press seams. Sew buttons in position on knickers and button on straps.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

That OUTDOOR feeling

Sunshine is always with you if you are healthy. Smiles come easily and ambitions stir when you live on the "sunny side of life."

Good health depends upon regularity and you can conquer constipation merely by eating two tablespoonfuls daily of delicious Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. So much better than pills or drugs.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN arouses lazy intestines and induces *natural* regularity. No cooking needed. Merely serve with cold milk or cream. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

Sealed inside with the WAXTITE bag

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

INTENSIFY *Natural* COLOR for *Alluring Lips*

NEVER COARSEN WITH PAINT

NOW it is possible to give lips the youthful color men admire without risking that repulsive painted appearance of ordinary lipsticks . . . This is the Tangee way. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint! Instead it contains a color-change principle which enables it to intensify *your* natural coloring.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But on your lips it changes to blush rose! It becomes a part of your lips . . . not a greasy coating. Tangee can never give your lips a hard painted look. Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens. Stays on all day.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade, for evening use.

TANGEE COSMETIC beautifies eyelashes and eyebrows. Waterproof. Does not irritate or smudge.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Sole Distributors for Australia, R. G. TURNLEY & SON, MELBOURNE.

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PETTY'S Hotel

YORK STREET, SYDNEY R. J. Langley, Manager

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BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

AMARU has been conquered by invaders led by Inca Hasta and his treacherous white ally, Gable Zane, the aviator. Realising that their troops would be overwhelmed, Brick Bradford and Manco, Amaru's Emperor, have at risk of their lives gone to where Zane's plane was left and have seized it. Meanwhile, as they come zooming back, Zane and Hasta are in the treasure vault of Amaru, where Zane, mad with greed, decides to seize everything for himself.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS:

Did you know that most of the paper used in the world is made from wood, straw or grass; but the best and most durable paper is manufactured from cotton and linen rags.

The other raw materials that are used in manufacturing it are: the waste from the textile industries, such as linen and hemp; flax and hops; esparto grass; spruce, pine and poplar woods; and waste paper. The latter is, of course, re-manufactured.

Paper was first known to the entire world in the eighth century, when the Chinese attacked the Arabs. The Arabs repulsed them and captured some skilled paper-makers, who taught their captors their trade.

The first paper machine was invented by some Frenchmen in the latter part of the eighteenth century. An English engineer, Bryan Donkin, was the first man, however, to invent a practical machine, which he did in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Well, so much for the paper world. We shall now turn to a very delightful letter that came this week, and which wins the prize of 5/-. LOLA BOWLER, Rosemount, Moolt, Bonné, N.S.W., was the writer, and certainly deserves praise for her interesting letter.

Good-bye Pals until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.

THE TRAVELLER. Two Prize Cards to J. NICHOLAS, 34 Station St., Naremburn, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

Billy's Pronoun

TEACHER said to little Billy:
Parse this sentence, don't be silly;
Listen, Billy, what I say:
"Mary milked the cow to-day."
Now when Billy gets to "cow"
He wipes hard his tousled brow.
Then he says that "cow" is pronoun,
Stands for Mary, and is female.
Teacher answers with a frown,
Seeing then her pupil full:
"Cow a pronoun, naughty Billy!
"Stands for Mary, don't be silly!"
Then doth Billy answer quickly,
For he fears a dreadful row:
"If the cow don't stand for Mary,
"How can Mary milk the cow?"

Two Prize Cards to JOSEPHINE O'NEILL (14), 3 Leichhardt St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

FUN FOR ALL

Mother (sternly): You mustn't be conceited, Betty. You are always looking in the mirror.

Betty (aged four): I'm not conceited, mummy. I don't think I'm half so good-looking as I really am.

Prize Card to LORNA DUNCAN, Glencoma, Mullama, via Cootamundra, N.S.W.

A speedster came whizzing round a corner on a motor-bike, crashed into a careless pedestrian, and knocked him flying into a hedge.

"Road hog!" shouted the pedestrian.

"Hedge-hog," retorted the speedster.

Prize Card to S. H. LANE, Oakey Creek, via Emmaroll (Qld.).

Miner: Is this town lighted with electricity?

Old Man: Only when we have a severe thunderstorm.

Prize Card to CLIVE BINGHAM, Glen-Oak, 28 Lloyd St., Bexley, N.S.W.

Reggie (to mother): Oh, do look at that fat lady, mother!

Mother (shocked): Hush, Reggie. You should say stout lady, not fat.

Mother (next day at dinner-table): Reggie, will you have a little fat?

Reggie: No, thank you, mother. I'll take a little stout.

Prize Card to VALERIE TOOMBS, 27 Ehar Avenue, Torrensville, S.A.

When is a man like a piece of wood?—When he is heard (hoard).

Prize Card to PATSY ANDREWS, No. 11 Warburton St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

Little Boy (calling father at office): Hello, who is that?

Father (recognising son's voice): The smartest man in the world.

Little Boy: Pardon me, I got the wrong number.

Prize Card to VALMA NEWTON, 109 Nelson Bay Rd., Bronte, N.S.W.

Tommy: Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes closed?

Dad: Of course I can.

Tommy: Well, close your eyes and sign this school report.

Prize Card to JILL ROBERTS, 65 Hawthorne St., Newtown, South Brisbane.

Freda: I've bought a thousand musical instruments.

Betty: Goodness, whatever are they?

Freda: Orangeophone needles.

Prize Card to H. ASHWORTH, 79 Douglas St., Stockton (N.S.W.).

Just Chatter

Introducing PATRICK DICKENS, of Randwick. —Pall.

ROSA BOUNDY, of Broken Hill (N.S.W.), always reads about Mandrake; DOROTHY McKINLEY, of Newtown, Narrandera (N.S.W.), is fond of reading jokes; JACK SAUNDERS, of Rockhampton (Qld), has a new bicycle.

BERYL GIBBETT, of Nepean Dam, via Bargo (N.S.W.), likes riddles; LESLEY BURHILL, of Tenterfield, is welcomed as a new Pal; BETTY CAMERON, of Upper Rouchel, via Aberdeen, would like to correspond with a Pal who is interested in reading, riding, swimming, and playing tennis.

BONNIE LINDREA, of Bendigo (Vic.), all drawings must be done in Indian ink; LILY EDWARDS, of River Darling, via Menindie (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; JESSIE LANGLEY, of Bathurst (N.S.W.), is fond of writing verse.

JACK ANSTIS, of Shepparton (Vic.), does clever sketching; JOAN BRADLEY, of Georgetown, Newcastle (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; IRENE FULLERTON, of Rainville (Vic.), has two dogs, two pups, three cats, three ferrets, and about thirty pigeons for her pets.

VALERIE BROWN, of Coorparoo, Brisbane (Qld), writes pretty verse; MILLIE HANLON, of Westworthville (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; MILTON SMITH, of Willow Leigh, Old Road (S.A.), is eleven years of age.

JOSEPHINE CHEESEMAN, of Croydon (N.S.W.), is very fond of jokes and riddles; MARY TAIT, of Adelaide (S.A.), has a big kennel for her pet; J. W. WILLIAMSON, of Randwick (N.S.W.), always reads our section.

ROSE HELKIL, of Woodstock (N.S.W.), is another new Pal; JACK BUNN, of Taree (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; JILL DOUZER, of Rockhampton (Qld.), is fond of collecting stamps.

BETTIE STANWAY, of Nevar Gardens, Camden (N.S.W.), is enrolled as a Pal; ALMA FARNSWORTH, of Yeronegilly (Qld.), you may send as many entries in each week as you wish; BILLIE KNIGHT, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a new bicycle.

IRMA WILLIAMS, of Nowra (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes; MARY McGLYNN, of Annerley, always reads our paper each week; DAVID DURIE, of Brooklana, via Ulong, has for his pet a dog called Pal.

VIVA MUNRO, of Glen Kedron, writes pretty verse; MADGE KENNEDY, of Port Pirie (S.A.), has a big collie dog for her pet; BRUCE GIBSON, Stony Creek, via Mudgee (N.S.W.), always reads our section each week.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL.

"IT'S rather strange that Mr. MacIntosh hasn't arrived," said Wunderlust, glancing up at the hall clock and turning back the hands of his watch. "This watch gains half a minute every day."

Fred smiled; how like Wunderlust to worry over half a minute!

"It's only two now," said Fred, "perhaps he couldn't get a taxi at the station, and had to walk."

"But he doesn't go to the station," replied Wunderlust hastily, "he has a new motor car."

"Well, he may have run out of petrol," said Fred.

"I suppose anything could have happened to him, but I guess he'll be along in a minute," said Wunderlust, once more looking at his watch.

And so the two for the next half-an-hour talked about all kinds of things, but Mr. MacIntosh's name was not mentioned.

"Well," said Wunderlust eventually, "I think I'll do a little gardening." He rose from his chair, and went out into the garden.

Now, although Wunderlust was a great lover of beauty and loved all flowers, he did not like gardening very much. It was only when he was annoyed or had something weighing heavily on his mind that he ever ventured into the garden.

He had only been in the garden a short time when a big blue car pulled up in front of the cottage.

"Here's Mr. MacIntosh," said Fred, running down the stairs of the verandah and down to the spot in the garden where Wunderlust was busily engaged pulling out weeds.

Wunderlust rose and looked over his glasses, his eyes fell on the fat round body of Mr. MacIntosh standing at one side of the car. All trace of annoyance left his face, and Wunderlust once more obviously in the best of moods.

"Hey, how are you, Mac," he called. "Glad you came along."

Mac waved in reply, and then went to the back of the car and started to get something out. And that something, when he did manage to get it out, was a wee little pig!

BY this time Wunderlust and Fred were by his side, eyeing the little pig curiously.

"You always told me to bring a friend along with me, so here he is," laughed the jovial Mac, waving a hand in the direction of the little pig.

"Of course," smiled Wunderlust.

"Thank you very much," said Mac, smiling broadly, "and if he would talk instead of grunting, he would thank you, too."

The pig then grunted, and Mac looked up at Wunderlust with a "didn't I tell you so look," and, pulling his sleeve back, observed the time.

"Tut, tut," he cried half aloud, "surely not half-past three! We couldn't be as late as all that! Well, I suppose we'll have to apologise," and once more his eyes turned to the pig. "I really am sorry, Wunderlust, for being so late, but really I am not entirely to blame. I saw this pig on the middle of the roadway, and even though I blew my horn repeatedly he took not the slightest notice. I judged he was lost and would perhaps appreciate a lift, but when I went to fetch him he gave me quite a run for it. At last I got the better of him, and so here we are, and, after all that, I hope there is not a big bad wolf here who will object to him."

Wunderlust laughed heartily. "No, we don't object, so long as he doesn't belong to somebody else."

"He may have at one time," said the good-natured Mac, "but he's ours now. I spent a long time trying to find his owner, and I came to the conclusion that he must have fallen from a lorry or something, and perhaps I found him many miles from where he originally came from."

"Good," said Wunderlust. "Now I don't think anyone would look after him better than Fred, so I think you should give it to him."

"Of course," answered Mac.

So Fred got the nice little pig, and he certainly is very proud of him. Rumor has it round Mushroom Grove that he intends entering it in the local show, but it is not known for sure; but, if he does, we all hope he takes a first prize, don't we?

Prize of 5/- to NEVILLE ANDERSON, 31 Murray Street, Bronte, N.S.W., for this original sketch.

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A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

tells how doctor's advice set week-old baby on road to health.

FANCY a week-old baby requiring special attention and treatment for bowel trouble. Yet read in her own words the interesting story of Mrs. M. Hannam, Cowandilla, South Australia.

"I was rather alarmed," writes Mrs. Hannam, "when my Doctor suggested giving my week-old baby a bottled preparation other than the ordinary castor oil to get his bowels in working order. But when he told me his own child had Nujol from two weeks of age, I procured a bottle and gave baby one teaspoonful morning and night for one week, and one teaspoonful in mornings only the second week, gradually decreasing to twice weekly, until at six weeks he only needed an occasional teaspoon to keep him regular. Now at the age of nine years thanks to Nujol he is wonderfully healthy with a fine clear skin, and I never fail to recommend Nujol to new mothers as the perfect internal cleanser for all ages, so easy to take and almost tasteless."

Nujol can now also be obtained in a flavoured form—Cream of Nujol, which has a delicious taste you and your children are sure to like. Cream of Nujol contains no cathartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user of Nujol, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco (Aust.) Ltd., Box 747G, G.P.O., Sydney.

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

Famous for over 60 years

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

Renewing Health at 40

The Ideal Tonic for Women

Middle age is a time of life which women enter with uneasiness, mainly because of the health trials associated with this critical period. Much suffering can be prevented, indeed nearly all of it, if strength is maintained and the blood kept rich and red. It is essential to keep in mind that thin, impoverished blood is usually the cause of the head and back pains, flushes, palpitation, breathlessness, and utter weariness.

The tonic which women happily find so ideal is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for these pills actually help to create rich, new blood quickly and abundantly. That is why they keep middle-aged women young-looking and active, banish the wretched nerve pains and headaches, flushes and giddy turns. New cases come to light every day where these pills have helped women to pass through middle age with happy mind and untroubled health.

If your health is uncertain, your nerves failing, and you are worn out and have constant head and back pains, start Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. The wonderful restorative effect of these pills will give you a new zest for life. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'"—and take no other.***

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 46

"OH, come, ma'am," said Alvanley easily, "You are giving me a sad character, you know."

"Well, I have never known you to stay away from the whist-table before," she persisted.

"You will make me feel you are anxious to be rid of me," he said. "If you can tell me if there is any chance of the Ten Tribes of Israel being discovered I promise you I will go and play whist when I have heard Miss Taverner sing."

"What in the world can you mean? You are the oddest creature, I protest!"

"Why, ma'am, only that I have exhausted the other two tribes, and called out the conscription of next year. Worth! you say nothing! Compel Miss Taverner!"

Judith, who had recovered her countenance, got up. "Indeed it is not necessary! You make me seem very ungracious, sir, and I am afraid you will be disappointed in my performance after Miss Crewe's excellence."

Lord Worth rose, and walking over to the pianoforte, opened it for her. As Alvanley led her up to it, he said in a low voice: "Have you music? May I fetch it for you?"

She shook her head. "I brought none. I must play from memory, and beg you all to pardon my deficiencies."

"That is a very pretty-behaved, unaffected girl," whispered the Duchess of Dorset to her hostess. "Did you say eighty or ninety thousand pounds, my dear?"

MISS TAVERNER settled herself on the music stool, and spread her fingers over the keys. The Earl placed himself in a chair near the pianoforte, and fixed his eyes on her face.

She sang a simple ballad; her voice, though not powerful, was sweet, and well trained. She accompanied herself creditably, and looked so beautiful that it was not to be wondered at that her performance should be greeted with extravagant acclaim. She was begged to sing again, and accused of hiding her light under a bushel. She blushed, shook her head, sang one more ballad, and resolutely got up from the pianoforte.

"If she had had the benefit of good masters she would sing quite tolerably," said Mrs. Crewe in an undervoice to Lady Jersey. "It is a pity she puts on such an air of consequence. But so it is always with these lanky, overgrown females!"

Miss Taverner had moved away from the instrument towards the window embrasure. The Earl followed her, and sat down beside her there. "There is no end to your accomplishments," he remarked.

"Please don't be absurd!" said Miss Taverner. "You at least do not want for sense, and to talk as though my singing were in any way superior is a great piece of folly!"

"It gave me pleasure," he answered mildly. "Would you prefer me to tell you that you have very little voice, and no particular skill?"

She smiled. "It would be the truth, and more what I am growing used to hear from you. But I did not mean to be rude."

"You are absolved," he said gravely. "Tell me, do you like to be here? Are you enjoying your visit?"

"Yes, very much. Everyone has been so kind! I might have been acquainted with them all my life. I wish Perry could have been here. He is staying with the Fairfords, you know." She gave a little laugh. "His regard for Miss Fairford shows no sign of abating. I did not more than half like it when he offered for her, but I begin to think that she may do very well for him. She is the oddest little creature! so young and shy, and yet with a great deal of common sense. She makes Perry mind her already, which I could never succeed in doing."

"How long does Peregrine mean to stay in Hertfordshire?" inquired the Earl.

"I am not perfectly sure. Certainly for a week, and I should suppose for longer."

He nodded. "Well, unless he contrived to break his neck on the hunting-field he should not come to much harm there."

"He won't do that; he rides very well, better than he drives." She looked at him undecidedly, and opened and shut her fan once or twice. "I spoke to you once about Perry, Lord Worth."

"You did."

"I am no less anxious now. He needs to be steadied. If you cannot do that will you not give another the right?"

"Whom, for instance?" asked his lordship.

"Miss Fairford," she replied seriously.

"I was under the impression that I had given it to her."

"If you would give your consent to an earlier marriage!" she coaxed. "I do indeed believe Perry's affection to be deep-rooted. He will not change."

He shook his head. "No, Miss Taverner. That I will not do. I cannot imagine what possessed me to countenance the betrothal at all."

SHE was a little startled, and turned in her chair to look at him more fully. "Why should you not? What is this change of face?"

He returned her gaze in a considering way, but after a slight pause he merely said: "He is too young."

She felt that he had not told her the real reason; she was annoyed, but tried not to show it. "Perhaps he is too young; I do not deny that I thought so at first. But now I feel that marriage would be the very thing for him. Miss Fairford does not like London, and I believe she would wish to reside the most of the year in Yorkshire. And it would be best for Perry, after all. He gets into dangerous scrapes in town. Only the other day——" She stopped, looked a little confused, and said after a moment: "Well, that is nothing. It is over now, and I should not have spoken. But I have been in some alarm about him."

"You refer, I collect, to the duel which did not take place," said the Earl.

She raised her eyes quickly. "You knew of that?"

"My dear Miss Taverner, when challenges are offered at the Cock-Pit it is not wonderful that there should be no secrecy attached to the subsequent meeting."

"The Cock-Pit! That I had not heard! If you knew how much I detest cocking, and all that it leads to! I have had to see as many as a hundred cocks walking on my father's estate, and to know that both he and Perry—but this is beside the point. I begin to understand now how it all came about. If it had not been for the intervention of one who has proved himself very much our friend Perry might not be alive to-day."

The Earl turned a singularly penetrating gaze upon her. "Pray go on, Miss Taverner. Who was this well-disposed person?"

"My cousin, Mr. Bernard Taverner," she replied.

He lifted his quizzing-glass. "Your cousin. Are you sure that it was he who intervened?"

"Why, yes," she said, rather surprised. "He was to some extent in Perry's confidence. Perry taxed him with it afterwards, and he could not deny it. It is only one more instance of his consideration, his regard for us."

Please turn to Page 50

The Australian Women's Weekly

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne C1.

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All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2521E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

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(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

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Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

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Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

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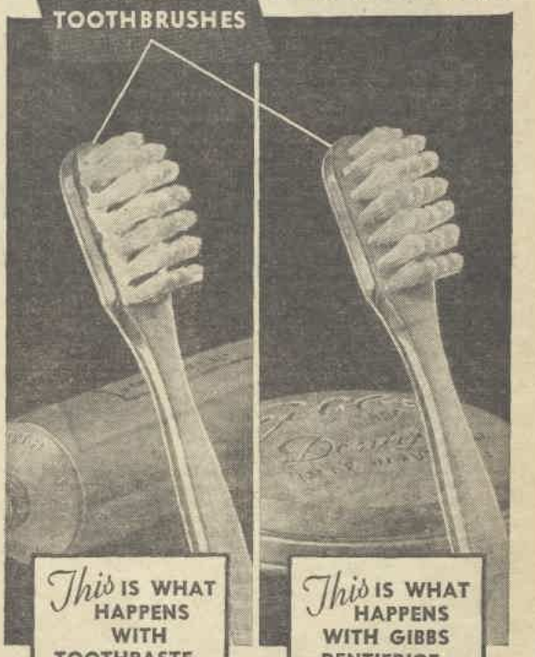
See special notice on the pattern page.

Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every 6ozs.

Another REASON WHY

GIBBS DENTIFRICE IS BETTER THAN TOOTHPASTES!

COMPARE THESE TOOTHBRUSHES



This IS WHAT HAPPENS WITH TOOTHPASTE—

—it congeals at the base of the bristles where it cannot reach the teeth.

—it is wasteful and therefore expensive.

—it is unhygienic as, through exposure to the air, it becomes a breeding ground for germs.

This IS WHAT HAPPENS WITH GIBBS DENTIFRICE—

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(Original letter on file for inspection)

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VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

GAY *Adventure*

Continued from Page 49

THE Earl kept his glass up. "This gentleman is a good deal in your confidence, I gather."

"I know of no reason why he should not be," said Judith, a little stiffly. "I believe him to be very worthy of our confidence. He is not only our cousin, but most truly our friend."

He lowered his glass. "He is fortunate to have so easily secured your good opinion," he said. "Does he advise an early marriage for Peregrine, I wonder?"

"He has not told me so," said Judith.

"No doubt he will," said his lordship. "You may tell him when he does that I have not the least intention of permitting Peregrine to marry yet awhile."

He got up, but she detained him. "I don't know why you should take this tone, Lord Worth, nor why, having promised your consent to Perry's marriage next year, you should suddenly change your mind."

"Oh," said the Earl, with a sardonic smile, "you may take it that I have too nice a sense of my duty to allow my ward to entangle himself in matrimony so young."

"That is not the true answer," she said. "For some reason it does not suit you to see Perry married. I should wish to know what that reason is."

"At the moment," said the Earl, "I fear I cannot call it to mind."

He left her considerably put out. She had been in a fair way to acknowledge herself to have been mistaken in him, and now, just as she had warmed towards him, he made her angry again. She looked after him resentfully until her consciousness was recalled by Mr. Pierrepoint, who came up to ask her if she would join a lottery-table in the next room.

She went at once, and did not set eyes on the Earl again until she went with the rest of the ladies to bed. He was in the hall with several of the other men of the party then, and he gave her her candle. As she took it from him, with downcast eyes and a very sober countenance, he clasped her wrist in a light hold, and said quietly: "Do you dislike me as much as ever? It is a pity. Try not to let your prejudice lead you into mistrusting me. You have no need." He paused. "Look at me!"

She raised her eyes. He smiled faintly. "Obedient girl! If you had as much confidence in my integrity as you have in your cousin's it would be no bad thing."

"I do not mistrust you," she answered in a low voice. "We shall be remarked. Please let me go, Lord Worth!"

He released her. "One of a guardian's privileges is to be seen talking to his ward apart without occasioning remark," he said. "I can assure you he has not many."

She set her hand on the stair-rail, preparing to follow Lady Jersey. She looked a little arch. "Is your position as my guardian so painful, sir?"

"It is a damnable position," he said deliberately, and turned away, leaving her staring.

CHAPTER 13

NOT altogether to Miss Taverner's surprise, Peregrine's stay in Hertfordshire was prolonged beyond the original week to a fortnight, and again to three weeks. She was warned four times through the medium of the post to expect him, only to receive a hasty scrawl next day postponing his return a little longer; and remarked humorously to her cousin that the sight of the postman's scarlet coat and cockaded hat in Brook Street was beginning to mean nothing but another put-off. "But it cannot go on for ever," she said with a twinkle. "Sir Geoffrey must grow tired at last of franking Perry's letters to me, and then we may expect to see him in town again."

Meanwhile Miss Taverner's days continued to be so fully occupied that she had little leisure for missing her brother. She received two more offers of marriage, both of which she civilly declined; sat to have her portrait taken by Hoppner at the earnest solicitation of her cousin; and twice went to the play in the company of her guardian. He said nothing to annoy her on either of these occasions, but on the contrary talked so much like a sensible man, and saw to her comfort in such a practised manner that she was quite in charity with him, and could thank him for two pleasant evenings with perfect sincerity.

"You have nothing to thank me for," he returned. "Do you think I have not had a great deal of pleasure in your company?"

She smiled. "I have not been used to hear you say things so prettily, Lord Worth."

"No, nor have I been used to find my ward so amiable," he replied.

She held up her finger. "Do not let us be recalling past differences, if you please! I am determined not to quarrel with you; it is useless to provoke me."

He looked amused. "Ever, Miss Taverner?"

"Oh, as to that, there is no saying, to be sure! To-night I am your guest, and must accord you a little extraordinary civility; to-morrow I may abuse you with a clear conscience."

"Indeed! Do you mean to do so? Have you received another offer of marriage for me to refuse without consulting you?"

She shook her head. "I hold it to be a bad thing for any female to talk of the offers she may have received," she said briefly.

"Your opinion does you honor; but you may confide in me with perfect propriety. I conjecture that you have received several. Why do you look so grave?"

SHE raised her eyes to his face, and found that he was watching her with a softened expression, which she might almost have believed to be sympathy had she not been persuaded that he knew nothing of so gentle an emotion. She said in a desponding tone: "It is quite true. I have received numerous offers, but there is nothing to boast of in that, for I think not one of them would have been made had I not been possessed of a large fortune."

He replied coolly: "None, I imagine."

There was no vestige of sympathy in his voice. If her spirits stood in need of support this matter-of-fact tone was no bad thing. She was obliged to smile, though she said with a faint sigh: "It is a melancholy thought."

"I cannot agree with you. Being born to a handsome independence, you have all the consequence of being the most sought-after young woman in town."

"Yes," she said rather sadly, "but to be sought after for one's fortune is no great compliment. You laugh at me, but in this respect I must think myself most uncomfortably circumstanced."

"Depend upon it, your fortune will not frighten away an honest man," he replied.

"Why, no, that is left for you to do," she said playfully.

He smiled. "I will not allow it to have been so. I have frightened away fortune-hunters, and you should be grateful to me."

"Perhaps I am. But I am quite at a loss to know why, having said that you will not consent to my marriage while I am your ward, you raise no objection to Perry's engaging himself."

"Miss Fairford seems to be an unexceptionable girl. I am indulging the hope that if I ever let Peregrine marry her she will relieve me of some at least of my responsibilities."

"You should reflect that my husband would relieve you of them all," she said.

The carriage had stopped in Brook Street by this time; as the door was opened the Earl said: "You are mistaken: I have no wish to be relieved of them all."

IT was fortunate that in the business of being handed out of the carriage the necessity of answering should be lost. Judith had no answer ready. Her guardian's words argued an attempt at gallantry, yet his manner was so far removed from the lover-like that she was quite at a loss to understand him. She stepped down from the carriage, remarking as she did so that it now seemed to be a certain thing that Peregrine would be in London again the following day.

He had apparently no objection to this change of subject. "Indeed! You do not fear another put-off?"

"No, I believe we may be sure of seeing him this time. One of the children, Lady Fairford's youngest, has the sore throat, and they fear it may be found to be infectious. Perry is to come home."

"At what hour do you expect him?"

"I do not know, but I cannot suppose that he will be late."

The footman was holding open the front door. The Earl said: "Very well, I must be glad for your sake. Good night, my ward."

"Good-night, my guardian," said Miss Taverner, giving him her hand.

To be continued

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THEY *Keep On Keeping On* at BASKETBALL

Attractive "Veterans" of the Game in Interstate Championships

Basketball players are looking forward to some exciting finals in the interstate matches, which are at present being played in Hobart.

All the Australian States are represented at these matches with the exception of West Australia. Many of the players are really in the "veterans" class as compared with other sportsgirls.

THE shipping strike affected many of the arrangements made by the State associations and at the last moment some teams had perforce to travel most of the way by train.

A few of the interstate players at Hobart had the distinction of being chosen firstly to represent their State in the University matches which have just concluded, and then to become members of the State team.

Miss Lois Dawkins, of the Adelaide Varsity team, and Miss Elsie Taubman, who was captaining the Sydney University team, are two examples of dual representation.

The South Australian captain, Miss Gwen Rankin, has gained plenty of experience in interstate matches, for this is her seventh year of entry into interstate play.

There are only three newcomers in the South Australian team in Ethel Newcombe, Audrey Burdett, and Gladys MacDonald.

Another well known member of the team is the goal-thrower, Dulcie Rankin, who has already represented the State on four successive occasions.

On their return from the games in Hobart, the South Australian team, with other teams, intend to visit Port Pirie for matches.

All-Australia Badge

SEVERAL members of the Queensland Basketball Association accompanied the team to Hobart. Mrs. T. H. Bullock, the president, Mrs. A. Marshall, Miss Gallagher, and Miss J. Cleary, the secretary of the association, have made the trip.

Mrs. Bullock will be Queensland's delegate at the All-Australian meeting. Miss Gallagher is the team's manager, and Mrs. Marshall is a candidate for the All-Australia Umpire badge.

The most outstanding player in the team is Miss Ada Street. She plays a heady game, and aids her team considerably when faced with difficulties. She played in her first interstate match last year in Brisbane.

Miss Ruby Beatty is a great all-round sport, having represented Queensland in the interstate baseball matches last year. She also rowed for her State in Adelaide this year.

Miss Vera Hamilton was one of the founders of basketball in Queensland, when the game was first inaugurated.

Mrs. Bullock, the president, is most ambitious to work up a combination that will improve the game of basketball in Queensland.

Again Captain

THE New South Wales team will be captained by Miss Evie Carpenter, who has had an interesting career as a sportsgirl. This marks her fourth year as captain of the New South Wales team. She has represented the State as a cricketer, and is an athlete of no mean ability.

Enid Forbes is the most experienced of the team, and Edna Medcalfe and Lorna Parker are also representatives of many years' standing. Miss Ann Clarke, who accompanied the team, will participate in umpiring the matches.

MISS ENID FORBES and Miss Lorna Parker, two members of the New South Wales women's basketball team, who are at present in Hobart taking part in the Australian contests.

VICTORIA has sent a very strong team to Hobart. It is the same team which won the Australian basketball championship in Brisbane last year.

Miss Bessie Douglas is again captain. Miss Ethel McCarthy vice-captain, and the Misses L. McConachie, D. Middleton, D. Eckart, L. Argus, and A. Elso make up the regular team. Misses May Ord and Jean Turner are emergencies.

The delegates to the annual conference of the association are Miss Edith Hall, the president of the Victorian Association, and Miss Bessie Douglas.

JOAN HARTIGAN'S *Debut On American* COURTS

Will Play in Exhibition Matches

By RUTH PREDDEY

The news that Miss Joan Hartigan will arrive in America too late to take part in the championship tennis events will cause great disappointment to the majority of tennis followers in Australia.

It is to be regretted that this brilliant player was unable to avail herself of the opportunity of meeting either Helen Wills-Moody or Helen Jacobs again.

MANY critics of the game favored Joan should she and Helen Jacobs have met on the courts again.

Others prophesied that Joan, following on her brilliant successes in England, would have been the winner of at least one, if not two, of the big championships played in America.

It is gratifying, however, to know that Joan Hartigan will play several exhibition matches while touring through Canada and America.

Last year when Mrs. Molesworth

JOAN HARTIGAN

visited America en route to Wimbledon, Mr. Howard Kinsey, known as the leading tennis authority in America, paid a great tribute to Mrs. Molesworth's tennis skill, per medium of the Press.

It would be interesting to us here to know how he will be impressed with Australia's woman champion, whom the English Press has aptly described as "The demure Australian with the school-girl walk."

The first of the most prominent tournaments played in America will be the national championships, which are played at the Forest Hills courts.

Last year Miss Helen Jacobs, who won the championship for the third time in succession, and annexed the national championship trophy, easily defeated Miss Sarah Palfrey, who could only gain five games in the sets played.

Miss Jacobs also won the doubles championship with Miss Palfrey.

The national championship is scheduled to commence this Thursday.

Title Hopes

THE Pacific south-west tournament commences on September 13. Helen Wills-Moody did not compete in either this tournament or the Pacific Coast games last year.

Mrs. Ethel Burdarkt won the singles of the Pacific west-coast championships, and Misses Ryan and Babcock annexed the doubles event.

Miss Kathleen Stammers is the holder of the Pacific Coast singles title. This tournament commences at the Berkeley tennis courts on September 28.

In these finals Kathleen Stammers beat Freda James, who, with Betty Nuthall, won the doubles.

Mr. Fred Perry, the holder of the English, French, and American titles, is at present in America, where he will defend his American title. On the completion of the Pacific Coast championships at California, Miss Joan Hartigan and Fred Perry will leave by the Lurline for Australia, arriving in Sydney on November 4.

They will both make their first appearances in tournament play in the New South Wales championships to be played in Sydney in November.

It is to be regretted that the Australian Lawn Tennis Association was unable to make arrangements for the visit of two international women players to Australia this year. In the meantime it is hoped that arrangements will be made to send a team of Australian women players to England for the Wimbledon championships next year.

In the event of an Australian women's tennis team going abroad next year, a tour of America should be included in the itinerary.

British Golfers in Big Games in Melbourne

This week the British touring team of women golfers will experience their first taste of serious golf as played by the associates in Australia.

THE Australian championships is the most important meeting for the associates, but never so important to golfers as on this occasion, when the best of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales will meet in friendly combat against the best players in Australia.

Two years ago a flutter was caused in golfing circles, when it became known that a team from New Zealand, which included those two brilliant players, Misses Gaisford and Kay, would compete in the Australian championships.

Miss Kay won the Australian title on that occasion.

Both Miss Kay and Miss Gaisford then toured Europe, and played in the principal matches in England.

On their return homewards last year they took part in the Australian championships in Sydney, and on that occasion Mrs. Clive Robinson won.

For a week now all the leading players have foregathered in Melbourne, and the Royal Melbourne Golf Club has become the Mecca of all players and all would-be players.

Miss Phyllis Wade, Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Greenlees have been practising assiduously.

Miss Barton will undoubtedly prove the gallery attraction, but her hard hitting game is likely to handicap her, as the fairways are drying rapidly, and will probably be hard and dry within the next few days.

The Australian success appears to depend on the form of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Sloan Morpeth.

There will be a record following of spectators at these matches, and as on former occasions no doubt men will just as keenly watch the grips, the stance, and the swings.

The British touring team will play in Canberra, Sydney and Brisbane before concluding their tour.

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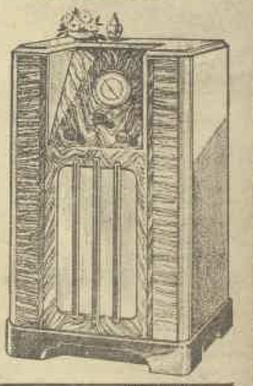

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Width.	Usually.	Per yard.	22½in.	10/6	Now 9/3
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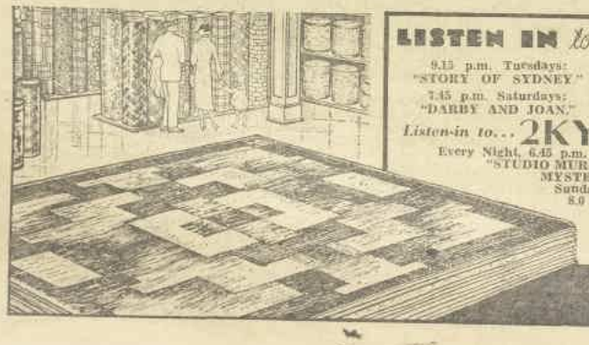

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

HEART APPEAL

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

By MAYSIE GREIG

Author of "Laughing Cavalier," "Work-a-day Lady," etc.

CHAPTER 1.

YOU have, most probably, shopped at Webber's. All London has, at some time or other, and half the provinces, too.

You have arrived in a Rolls - Royce, chauffeur-driven, been whisked skywards in an ultra-modern lift to the French model gown department; or you have arrived by bus, which conveniently stops in the middle of the block entirely occupied by Webber's, and gone down the moving escalator to the bargain basement.

Do you know why you so often select Webber's rather than any other large emporium? You may not be even conscious that its clever advertising has in any way affected you.

But, assuredly, it has. Most people in the know are agreed that the advertising department of Webber's is the most resourceful and brilliant of any similar establishment in London. It has humor, genius, heart appeal.

Now let us take a glimpse at the girl who is responsible—Miss Kathleen Manners.

Her name is on the outside door of her personal office. You wonder, as you stand outside waiting for her crisp, clear, "Come in," just what kind of girl this Miss Manners will be. You picture her, possibly, as tall, austere, practical. But you are wrong.

"What can I do for you?" she asks in her confident, yet soothing, voice. At the same time she smiles at you, and you are undone.

Her smile is extraordinarily sweet and friendly. She is short and slight, with rich copper hair and faint freckles on the bridge of her nose. She is, you judge, twenty-five. As a matter of fact, she is twenty-seven.

You wonder how she has reached such an important position at so young an age, but the moment you start talking to her you cease wondering. She has amazing vitality, enthusiasm, and a fund of bright, original ideas.

Her clothes are right: quiet, tasteful, yet with a touch of originality. Her manner is right, too. Self-possessed, practical, level-headed. Here is a girl, you feel, who would make a fool of herself over no man.

She has no dislike for men. On the contrary she likes them, both as friends and business associates. But she has no illusions about them. Neither has she any desire to marry one of them.

Often she works late in the evenings, for her one absorbing interest in life is her job. Often, too, she takes the work home to her small service flat, perfectly appointed, tastefully decorated in a modernistic manner.

She has worked hard to reach her present exalted position. She started as a junior typist, ten years ago. No miracle happened to help her onwards. Hard work, night classes, an intelligence that amounts almost to genius in persuading people to want what she wants them to want—these are her secrets of success.

She has a small sports car which she drives out into the country most fine week-ends, either to visit friends or one of her two married sisters. One lives at Slough, the other at Guildford.

She is devoted to her sisters—and especially to the children of one of them—but not so devoted to her sisters' husbands. Indeed, it is these same husbands who have contributed largely to her belief that marriage is a failure.

September 12. Thursday.

Kathleen Manners glanced quickly down at her engagement pad.

10.30. See Miss Meyers, baby clothes department.

11.15. Mr. Johnston, sports department.

11.45. Miss De Quincy, perfumery department.

And so on, throughout the day. Each departmental head would let her know what stock they had on hand that wasn't selling. Kathleen would make a note of it, and then, throughout the day, her brain would be working constantly.

"How can I convince mothers that they must have a new pair of babies' bootees? Or girls that they must go ski-ing this winter because of that stock of sports suits we have just got in? Or middle-aged women that they will take at least twenty years off their age if they use our perfume?"

She might get a germ of an idea through the day, or she mightn't. But she would get it before nightfall, or she wouldn't go to bed.

That was the plan Kathleen worked on. Old advice, but, in business, essential. Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day.

A faint tap on her door, and Mr. Daniel walked in. He was a big, broad man of fifty odd, with scanty grey hair, a corporation and a natural kindliness. He had also a sense of humor.

"Good work, that ad. of yours in the 'Beacon' this morning," he remarked, as he paused beside her desk. "The wife pointed it out to me. That's the stuff to give 'em. Play on the good old heart strings. Never fails to get across." His grey eyes twinkled.

He had a copy of the "Daily Beacon" in his hand and glanced down at it as he spoke.

They both laughed and he seated himself on the chair beside Kathleen's shining mahogany desk. Taking a cigarette case from his pocket he offered her one; when she refused he took one himself.

HE was a notorious time-waster, but was very popular, and did more than anyone in the firm to smooth out any little differences that might arise between the principal employees. He had a fatherly feeling towards Kathleen. He flattered himself that he had discovered her, not realising that it was Kathleen who had discovered herself.

"You always strike the right note of sentiment in your advertising copy," he remarked with a slight note of facetiousness. "How do you do it? You're not the sentimental type yourself, are you? I've always found you very level-headed and practical. Indeed, I don't ever remember your having a love affair. Of course, you may have: after office hours, though I doubt it." He chuckled.

Kathleen looked at him in mock severity.

"This is no time to be discussing my emotional life, Mr. Daniel. Do you realise that, at this very minute I should be thinking out a scheme for selling two thousand dustbins we have left on our hands? Still, since you're by way of being my boss and started this discussion—" She paused; her clear amber eyes met his challengingly. "How do you know I haven't had dozens of love affairs—out of office hours?"

"Because a woman can't keep a love affair out of office hours," he told her flatly. "I've never known a woman in love yet who was much use at her job. She's nervous, fidgety, can't keep her mind on her work two minutes together. If I had my way I'd sack every girl assistant the moment she fell in love—except that, with most girls, falling in love is chronic!"

He laughed, boisterously. Kathleen joined in, though not so heartily. She was thinking. Presently she said, raising her neat red head with a jerk:

"Doesn't the same apply to men in love? Why should girls behave any differently?"

He sighed. "I don't know, but they do. I've had too much experience in my day not to know it. Their work always suffers." He shook his finger at her in heavy playfulness. "Be warned in time, my dear."

Kathleen smiled back at him reassuringly. "Don't worry about me, Mr. Daniel. I'm not going to fall in love. It's the last thing in the world I want to do."

"Oh, well," Mr. Daniel remarked as he crushed out his cigarette and prepared to

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rise, "you may be singing a different tune some day; though, for the sake of the firm, I hope not. By the way," he arrested himself in mid-air and sat down again, "do you know I'd almost forgotten the very thing I came in to talk to you about?"

He took another cigarette from his case and lit it. Kathleen couldn't resist a glance at her engagement pad. She was all too conscious that Miss Meyers, of the baby clothes department, was doubtless standing outside in the corridor at that very moment.

"You've heard of that new magazine, 'Man About Town'?"

She nodded. "Vaguely."

He looked surprised. "Only vaguely? It's caused something of a sensation. It's bright and daring, almost libellous sometimes; perhaps that's why it's gone over so big. It was started by a journalist on practically no capital but, in less than six months, it's reached a circulation of over a hundred thousand copies.

"I met the chap at lunch the other day and he told me he was starting a companion magazine called 'Woman About Town.' He suggested we ought to advertise in it. I asked him to call and see you about it, and said I'd make an appointment. Have you a few minutes to spare this afternoon?"

Kathleen consulted her engagement pad.

"Yes, about five-thirty, if that isn't too late."

"I'll let him know. If you don't hear from me you'll know it's all right. His name is Carlton—Derek Carlton."

The pencil with which Kathleen had been about to write down the name paused in mid-air.

"Derek Carlton?" she echoed, her voice sharp.

"Yes, have you met him?"

"I used to know a man of that name once. He was a journalist, too. It's rather a coincidence."

Seven years previously she had answered an advertisement to do evening secretarial work for an author. He had turned out to be an impoverished young journalist who was aspiring to be an author.

They had worked together for a few months and they had fallen in love. Or rather, Kathleen had fallen in love and he had liked her sufficiently to play up to her. But she hadn't realised that until later.

After it was all over, the chief feeling Kathleen had was that she had behaved very stupidly. She had, for instance, cried all one evening when he had told her he was going to America. She remembered he had been awfully kind about it, but that he could be so kind and impersonal had only, at the time, made her heartbreak keener.

If this Derek Carlton was the same man, she wasn't surprised at his success. She had always known he had it in him. Grit, personality, a dynamic driving force, and the ability to make people see things as he saw them. It would be amusing to meet him again. After all, seven years was a long time. . . .

With his hand on the door-knob, Mr. Daniel inquired:

"How is Brentwood making out?"

Kathleen smiled. "Not at all badly. Some of his ideas were a few centuries out of date, but he's improving."

"His ideas shouldn't be out of date," Daniel protested. "He's only twenty-eight."

She nodded. "Yes, but he was with Felton's."

Mr. Daniel sighed. "That was an old-fashioned firm, if ever there was one. Still, I'm sorry it went smash. It was an institution in its way. Pretty hard luck on the employees. That's why we took as many of them on as we could. They should be grateful."

Kathleen smiled again. A dimple showed faintly in one of her cheeks. "I scarcely think Mr. Brentwood is grateful at having to work under me."

"Why, in heaven's name, not?"

"Chiefly because I'm a woman. In the advertising department at Felton's there were no women."

"No wonder they went under," Mr. Daniel snorted. "Only a woman knows how to appeal to other women, and since women form nine-tenths of the customers of any large store, it's essential to have a woman in control of the advertising. That's my opinion, anyhow. I hope Brentwood makes good. His father was an old friend of mine. But don't forget you're the boss. Don't stand any nonsense from him."

A little smile flitted momentarily over Kathleen's pretty face.

"I've no intention of standing nonsense from anyone, Mr. Daniel," she said demurely.

CHAPTER 2

WHEN Kathleen returned from lunch Clive Brentwood's advertising copy was lying on her desk. She smiled. Invariably he contrived to place his copy on her desk when he knew she would be out. She could only conclude that he wished to avoid an interview.

Her sense of humor was tickled, but her woman's vanity was piqued. She sat down at her desk and glanced at the copy.

"WEBBER'S FOR LAWN MOWERS. THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY. GUARANTEED TO DO THEIR WORK WELL AND EFFICIENTLY AND TO LAST FOR YEARS."

She hesitated a moment, then took out a pair of tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses from a side drawer of her desk and put them on. She didn't really need glasses—she could see perfectly without them—but she felt they helped to give her a sense of superiority, especially over the male sex.

She touched the bell on her desk, and asked the typist who answered it to send Mr. Brentwood in to her. He came immediately, though not, it must be confessed, with any too good a grace. He was a tall, pleasant-looking young man with brown hair, a keen, intelligent face, and dark brown eyes.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Brentwood," Kathleen said.

He smiled rather grimly. "You are not, I hope, going to give me the sack?"

Kathleen looked up at him with a start. "Why should you say that?"

"You invited me to sit down. With one's boss that's usually a preliminary to something unpleasant."

Kathleen regarded him severely. "It's about this advertising copy," she said.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked sharply.

It was scarcely the tone he should have adopted towards her, but Clive could never reconcile himself to the fact that Kathleen, slight and pretty, and actually a year younger than he was, was his superior.

He wasn't averse to women. At least, he didn't dislike them outside business hours. He liked to take a girl to a show, or to dance with her. But most certainly he did not like to have his work criticised by a woman or to take orders from her.

"Everything is wrong with it," Kathleen said. "It is—" she sought the mildest disparagement of the many forming in her mind—"not very arresting, is it?"

"How can anyone be arresting about a lawn mower?" Clive wanted to know.

"It's your job to be arresting," she reminded him. "Neither has it," she paused, "that note of human interest I've asked you repeatedly to get into your copy."

"Do you expect me to sob all over the page on the subject of lawn mowers?" he asked, and this time he scarcely attempted to hide the note of antagonism in his voice.

"I expect you to do what I ask you to do while you are working in my department, Mr. Brentwood," she said sharply.

A slight flush rose to his forehead. "I'm sorry," he muttered. There was a brief and awkward pause, during which Kathleen frowned and made a few notes with her pencil on a blank sheet of paper.

"I want something more like this," she said, pushing the paper across to him:

"You have your home. You have your garden. You have Saturday afternoon free, but have you a lawn mower? Don't borrow your neighbor's. He doesn't like it. Buy your own. You'll get pleasure from it, and results."

He stared at the paper glumly.

"That's only a rough idea, of course," explained Kathleen, "but please take your copy back and revise it along the lines I have suggested."

He rose to his feet. His nice-looking face was flushed, and Kathleen sensed his antagonism more strongly than ever.

"You are not, I gather, an emotional man, Mr. Brentwood?" she suggested abruptly. "Forgive my asking, but purely in the interests of the firm, have you ever been in love?"

"I have not," he snapped back. "But I don't see what that has to do with selling lawn mowers."

"Quite a lot," she replied calmly, "but we needn't go into it now. In the meantime, if you have the opportunity to fall in love, let me advise you to take it."

He looked as though he wanted to say a lot more but, instead, he picked up the copy and with an angry flush on his face marched out of the room.

Kathleen regarded his departing back with a smile. She had frankly to confess that she rather enjoyed baiting Clive Brentwood, chiefly because he made so little effort to conceal his disapproval of her.

It was a bit comic, she thought, her advising him to fall in love, when it was the last thing she had any intention of doing herself.

Unwittingly almost, her eyes strayed towards that name on her engagement-pad. Derek Carlton. Would he be the same? It was seven years since she had seen him. In those seven short years she had climbed practically to the top of her own special tree.

Work, intense work, had relieved her heartache; later cured it.

"I'm a completely different girl from what I was then," she thought now. "That episode might have happened in a past life. My only interest in meeting Derek again is frank curiosity."

Later that afternoon her sister Mamie telephoned from Slough.

"I was wondering," she began hesitantly. "There's that bill for Dickie's adenoid operation. Could you, Kathleen . . ." she went on in a rush, "I mean, just as a loan. The solicitors have written me a rotten letter and . . ."

"How much is it?" Kathleen asked.

"Eight guineas, and . . . there's also that bill for Margaret's dancing lessons. Four guineas, that is. Of course, she doesn't go any longer. But she did go for six months and . . ."

"How is Jeff getting on in his new job?" Kathleen broke in.

"Splendidly," Mamie enthused. "I mean he's working awfully hard, only they don't seem to appreciate him as they should. He told me . . ."

"If he talked a little less and worked a little harder he might go further," Kathleen couldn't help remarking.

Mamie sighed in agreement. "You know what a difficult temperament Jeff has."

"So difficult that he makes life impossible for everyone else," Kathleen thought privately.

MARRIAGE! What a miserable failure it could be, she thought, after Mamie had rung off. With what high hopes you went into it—hopes that dwindled

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pitifully, like smoke dissolving in air, Mamie as a radiant bride, so optimistic, so happy; and Mamie now, with three children, little better than a household drudge, peevish, irritable, completely disillusioned. . . .

A queer little smile twisted Kathleen's lips. She ought really to be grateful to Derek Carlton.

He arrived on the stroke of five-thirty, and she knew the moment she heard his voice in the outer office, speaking to her typist, that he was the man she had been so desperately in love with seven years ago.

"How amusing!" she thought, and refused to admit the sudden, uneven beating of her heart, the queer tenderness that came over her, the trembling of her hands as she hastily thrust the disfiguring tortoiseshell glasses back into the drawer.

"Miss Mainers?" he said, and stood inside the doorway, slow recognition dawning in his eyes.

"Yes," she said, and smiled, that very sweet smile that contrasted so oddly with her crisp, businesslike manner.

"Jove, but that is great!" He came eagerly towards her, and grasped her hand. "After all these years. . . ."

As they stood there, facing each other across the broad mahogany desk, those seven years seemed to collapse like a house of cards.

Derek was faultlessly dressed, and his black hair was brushed tidily back. His body had filled out and a network of tiny crinkles had begun to appear under his eyes. But there was still about him that suggestion of restless energy, of dynamic force, only more pronounced now, and to these were added a self-confidence that had been lacking before.

"You have changed," he said.

She smiled. "And you have succeeded."

He smiled, too, that boyish smile she remembered so well. "You seem to have succeeded, too."

She didn't deny it. "Won't you sit down? Mr. Daniel was telling me about the great success you've had with your magazine 'Man About Town.' It must be marvellous to feel you've put something across in such a big way."

"It is," he agreed. He added, a slight hesitation in his voice: "Do you know, when the first number appeared, I almost thought of sending you a copy? I would have, had I known your address."

"Then you did remember me?"

His grey eyes met hers momentarily across the mahogany desk.

"I try," he told her quietly, "to remember all pleasant experiences."

So that was how Derek regarded his long-dead little romance with Kathleen—as a pleasant experience. That was how she, too, would regard it. It had been pleasant, and if there had been heartache with it, too, that was all over and done with.

"I should like to have had a copy of 'Man About Town,'" she told him. "I remember you often said you wanted to start a magazine on your own. What gave you the idea?"

"I got it while I was working on an American newspaper," he said. "I sketched out a rough plan of it while I was still in the States. I came home with the intention of getting someone to back it. Everyone prophesied," his eyes twinkled, "it would last exactly a month."

"What did you do?"

"I put all the capital I had into it," he grimaced, "which wasn't much. I was my own stenographer, typist, business manager, advertising man, contributor, editor——"

"Stop!" Kathleen commanded, laughing. "You make me dizzy."

"The main thing is I pulled it off. Beyond my wildest dreams." He smiled disarmingly. "Forgive me if that sounds horribly boastful. I haven't quite got used to it yet."

"I don't blame you," Kathleen replied. "It must have been terribly thrilling, right from the beginning."

He nodded.

She was thinking: "I wish I'd been there to help him build it up. I've done a lot, but nothing to what he's done. I—I feel cheated, somehow, being left out of it."

And yet she had had so very little part in his life; would have even less in the future. It was ridiculous even to wish . . .

"Now I hear you're starting with a new magazine, 'Woman About Town,'" she remarked, "and you want to interest us in advertising?"

They discussed the matter for the next fifteen minutes; the lay-out of the proposed magazine, its possible sale, the public it would reach.

"I've a dummy copy in the office," he remarked. "I should have brought it along with me. Perhaps," he smiled directly across at her, "you would lunch with me to-morrow?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to," Kathleen heard herself say. "I don't think I have any appointment for lunch to-morrow."

She glanced rather guiltily towards her engagement pad, all too conscious that "Friday, Sept. 13, 1.15, lunch with Marguerite Shute," was scribbled on it. Still, Marguerite would understand when she pointed out that this was business.

He offered her a cigarette.

"Have you ever been married, Kathie?" he inquired, as he lit it for her.

She started at the old name. Kathie. No one called her Kathie now. It seemed to evoke quite a different girl from what she imagined herself to-day.

"No, I haven't married," she replied. "Have you?"

"Yes," he replied. "I've been married five years."

She didn't know why this knowledge should shock her so much, but it did. Yet there was no reason why he shouldn't have married in the meantime. It made no difference. And yet . . . she found it hard to think of him with a wife. It was difficult to adjust herself to all that had taken place in those intervening years.

He sat down on the edge of her desk and lit a cigarette for himself.

"My wife is an American, but we don't live together. We haven't for the past year."

There was a pause, then she heard herself ask: "You weren't happy together?"

He smiled reflectively at the glowing tip of his cigarette, a trifle sadly she thought.

"On the contrary, we were very happy. We had four years of perfect happiness, and that's probably more than the majority of marriages can boast. But I suppose such happiness as ours is too good to last. It can't possibly last. That's why marriage is a failure. Delia and I were more sensible than most. We broke up while we could still think of the happiness we had had."

"You're not divorced?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no. What's the point in it? Neither of us would want to marry again."

There was another pause. So he didn't believe in marriage either! He held her own views on the subject. Yet, curiously, it distressed her that he should. She had no idea why.

"Friendship is the most important thing in life," he remarked quietly.

She nodded. "Yes, I think that too."

He looked at her sharply, with a slight quizzical smile on his lips. "I'm glad you think that, Kathie. Because—well, it makes it possible for us to be friends again, doesn't it?"

She said slowly: "I see no reason why we shouldn't be."

CHAPTER 3

It was after six when Derek left her office.

The store below had closed for the night. Kathleen rang for one of the porters and had him shown out by a side entrance. They were meeting the following day at one o'clock.

After he had gone she sat for some minutes before a blank sheet of paper. Her ideas, usually so prolific, refused to flow. For the first time in years she found it difficult to concentrate. She pushed the paper aside with a sharp exclamation of annoyance and rose to her feet.

She'd finish the work she had to do at home that evening. She was about to pass out into the small cloakroom that adjoined her office when the far door opened. Clive Brentwood stood there.

"I've finished the copy," he said abruptly. "Would you care to see it?"

Kathleen felt tempted to remind him that it was after office hours, that it could wait until morning, but since he had obviously stayed late to finish it she decided to look at it.

She went back to her desk and sat down. He handed her the copy.

"Is your marriage all bliss? If not, buy a lawn mower. It will soothe your nerves, stimulate your appetite, make you sleep at night.

"Your wife nags you? Don't listen. Go out and mow. If you have no grass, mow the carpets!

"Your baby yells at night? Drown its screams in the roar of one of our alleged noiseless motor mowers.

"Your dog . . ."

Kathleen read no more. Her face flushed with anger. "Is this a joke, Mr. Brentwood?" she demanded.

"It is and it isn't," he replied jerkily, and anger shone, too, out of his dark eyes. "It is my way of saying I wish to tender my resignation. As you can see from that sample, heart appeal advertisement writing isn't in my line."

There was a pause, during which the anger died slowly in Kathleen's hazel eyes, and in its place came a frankly worried look.

She had no alternative but to accept Clive Brentwood's resignation. That copy of his had been little short of a calculated insult. She realised, too, that in many ways his resignation was the best thing that could happen.

Ever since he had come to work under her, he had gone to little pains to conceal his dislike for her. Yet, from a purely human point of view, she was disappointed. She had failed with him, both as an employee and as a man, and failure of any kind was something she abominated.

She said quietly: "Won't you sit down, Mr Brentwood, and we'll discuss it."

"But I don't see that there is anything to discuss," he pointed out. "I am asking you to accept my resignation. Would you prefer it if I put it in writing?"

"In this case I certainly think it would be wiser. It would give you the night to change your mind."

He glanced down at her sharply. "Then you don't think I'm serious? You think it's merely the outcome of pique because you objected to my first lawn mower copy?"

She glanced towards the latest copy he had set before her.

"Your revised version surely suggests that."

He smiled grimly. "You may be right. I was fed-up. But I also wrote this to let you see I wasn't the complete idiot you have always imagined me. When I first came from Felton's you practically told me that I would have to unlearn everything I had ever learnt there about advertisement writing.

"When I intimated that, since I had spent the past five or six years at the job, I ought to know something about it, you were kind but condescending.

"At least that was how your attitude struck me, and I must say I resented it. Apart from the fact that you are younger than I am, you are . . ." He paused suddenly and Kathleen supplied the word for him.

"A woman."

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"Well, yes." But he admitted it with a show of reluctance.

"And if I am a woman," Kathleen said, a faint color coming again into her cheeks, "what has that to do with it?"

"I'm not used to working under a woman."

"And you resent it?"

This time it was he who colored slightly.

"I suppose it sounds silly and narrow-minded to you, but I never have felt that a woman's place was in a business office, especially as head of such an important department as the advertising department of Webber's."

Kathleen smiled. "I believe, when an important crisis arises, a woman is quite as capable of dealing with it as a man. She acts just as logically, in just as clear-headed a manner . . ."

"I don't agree," he interrupted almost rudely. "I don't believe any woman is capable of keeping her head in a crisis, nor do I believe that she's capable of keeping her personal emotions and feelings out of business."

Kathleen had been about to rise, but instead she folded her small white hands on her desk and frowned.

"Even if a woman does bring the personal element into business, isn't that rather to the good? I try to make personal contact with those who read my advertisements. I don't just write things that sound clever and smart, as most men do, but I try to write things that will appeal to my readers' emotions. After all, it's emotion that sways the world, not intelligence. Don't you agree?"

He frowned, too. "I suppose it is, though I very much regret it."

"What is the use of regretting anything that is? Men seem to spend so much time regretting things they can't do anything about."

"I thought that was more a feminine characteristic," he remarked.

"Probably most characteristics belong equally to men and women. That just shows the futility of our argument, doesn't it?"

She did rise this time, and her attitude suggested that the interview was at an end. But Clive was feeling sufficiently bad-tempered to resent her being able to dismiss him in that casual way.

After all, he had just tendered his resignation, which, if it meant little to her, certainly meant a great deal to him. It was, he knew, the worst possible time to start looking for another job, and he was behindhand with his young step-brother's school fees.

Since his father's bankruptcy and death he had taken over the education of his half-brother, who was fifteen years younger than himself.

But, throwing all financial considerations to the wind, he had decided this afternoon that he couldn't work for "that girl," as he mentally called Kathleen, any longer. He couldn't have explained logically just why she exasperated him so much, but the fact remained that she did.

And then, this afternoon, she had capped it all, turned his latent irritation into positive anger, by calmly suggesting that his work might be better if he fell in love!

"I suppose you will want me to finish my month here?" he remarked.

"I don't see why not. It will give you time to look around for something else."

"You will recommend me?"

"That depends on what sort of job you are after."

"What sort of advertising job do you think I'm suitable for?" he demanded defiantly.

The mischief in her hazel eyes grew. "Oh, you might suit some nice, old-fashioned firm who manufacture bath chairs and old gentlemen's carpet slippers!"

KATHLEEN was sorry the moment the words had left her lips, but Clive had almost defied her to say it. She saw he was furious, and had to admit that this time he had provocation.

"Is that all you think I'm good for?" he exploded.

"I'm sorry," she smiled apologetically. "But I don't think you're exactly what the Americans term a 'hot copy writer.' Still," her eyes strayed towards the paper on her desk, "I must admit that your last effort is more promising than anything you have shown me yet. Not altogether suitable, but it shows a sense of humor."

Her anger had gone. She felt friendly towards him, more friendly than she had felt for some time.

"I'm glad you admit I have a sense of humor," he said, stiffly.

"It isn't very apparent now, is it?" she remarked.

She laughed, and leaning forward slightly, said impulsively: "Please don't take offence about that. You're very quick to take offence, aren't you?"

"Am I?" He appeared surprised.

She nodded her red head quickly and sprang to her feet.

"Certainly you are. Now don't you think we'd better be going?"

He mumbled something about seeing her out. He felt it was all he could do since he had kept her here talking a full half-hour. She got her new woolly cap and her smart autumn coat with the high fur collar from the small cloakroom that adjoined her office, and together they walked down the stairs, since the lift had stopped running.

She was small and neat, and very smart. He, on the other hand, was far from smart. His grey overcoat was large and sloppy, and slightly threadbare at the elbows. His hat was black felt, and there was a cigarette burn in the brim, which made him look as though he were a gangster and someone had shot at him.

It was dark outside, and there was a wetness in the air that was half rain and half mist. Kathleen drew the collar of her coat up higher and snuggled her small chin down into it. She rather enjoyed a wet evening, especially when she had work to do.

It was very pleasant in the sitting-room of her small service flat, and cosy of an evening when the curtains were drawn and the fire was lit. Spring and summer evenings weren't so good for working. She was ever conscious of a curious restlessness she couldn't give a name to.

Time and again she would have to force her attention to the copy she was trying to write. It was very stupid and annoying to anyone who prided herself on her mental concentration as Kathleen did.

But with the window wide open, the warm fresh air blowing in, and the tall trees in the small square below budding in green and silver, she longed for . . .

Perhaps she didn't know, or wouldn't admit, what she did long for. But often she would spring to her feet and think: "I'll get the car and drive out into the country. I must need fresh air."

Fresh air, more sleep, a new diet sheet. She always tried to pin that vague, restless longing down to something specific. Too humiliating to admit that she was lonely!

"I ALWAYS leave my car in the square at the end of the lane; I haven't had a summons yet," she remarked, as they walked along. Her head was bent slightly to keep the slanting mist-rain from her face.

"I'd like to have a car," Clive admitted. "Then I could drive down and see Gumps some week-ends."

"Gumps?" she questioned. It was certainly a queer name. What was it? A dog?

"My step-brother," he explained. "We called him Greedy-Gumps as a kid, and the name stuck. I'm seeing to his education. There are only the two of us."

"What about his mother?"

"She eloped with another man two years after she married Dad, leaving him Gumps as a keepsake!"

His voice was bitter. She wondered if this had anything to do with his obvious dislike of women. Another marriage failure. Everywhere you go you run up against them, she thought.

They had reached the small square, and there was her smart coupe, the night mist glistening on its shining, cream body.

Old Peter (no one apparently knew his other name. He had been Old Peter to the employees of Webber's for years) had switched on the lights as he always did at lighting-up time, but he had since disappeared. The cold autumn nights were getting too much for him.

She turned at the corner of the square and said: "Good night, Mr. Brentwood. I hope you'll reconsider your decision about resigning before morning."

He smiled faintly. "It isn't much use my reconsidering it, since I can't, apparently write the sort of stuff you want."

"You could try," she pointed out.

She didn't know why she was giving him this second chance. She needn't have, and from a business point of view it was probably a mistake. But something about him to-night had touched her. She didn't know whether it was the rather threadbare grey overcoat or what he had said about Gumps, his half-brother.

He raised the disreputable black hat and was about to turn away when he stopped short and exclaimed:

"Did you know you had a puncture?"

She started and looked towards the car. "No, I didn't. What a curse! And that garage at the end of the road is always shut when I want it!"

He looked at her curiously. "I suppose you know how to change the tyre?"

"Of course! But in these clothes and on a night like this . . ."

"I'll do it," he broke in. "It won't take me a minute."

He changed the tyre very efficiently and quickly.

"That was kind of you," she said, thanking him.

"Not at all!" He smiled naturally for the first time that afternoon. "Perhaps there are some things men are still more efficient at than women, Miss Manners. Good-night again."

He raised the disreputable hat a second time, turned on his heel, and strode off into the night.

CHAPTER 4

KATHLEEN had a strong sense of humor, even when the joke was against herself. She laughed softly as she turned the car out of the parking place into the main street. The road was wet and slippery, and the lights above the shops threw pools of gold upon its glistening surface.

She didn't mean to think of Derek, but she found she was doing so, trying to fit his life together since they had parted, like a picture puzzle, from the odd bricks of information he had given her that afternoon.

American journalism. Well, she had read a lot about it, and had seen samples of it at the cinema. That side of his life wasn't difficult to imagine. But his marriage . . . to an American girl named Delia.

Had she been a journalist, too? One of those smart, peppy, wise-cracking American girl journalists who always get the exclusive scoop in the last reel?

Kathleen tried to picture this Delia and failed. Perhaps because she didn't really want to. Something in connection with this wife of Derek's stirred an ache in her heart. It wasn't a definite wound yet, but she was afraid it might become so if she visualised the girl too clearly. One can often be so much more generous towards the rival one has never seen.

He had said they had had four years of perfect happiness. She thought, "I'm glad." Yet that vague ache was there again, more definite now. Four years . . .

Yet hadn't her own life been happy, too?

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WHERE had the Carltons lived, Kathleen wondered. In one of those small, modern, compact apartments she had seen pictured so often, high up among the clouds, with large windows looking down on to that incredible jungle of concrete and steel that is New York? An iron and mortar nest in the sky . . .

Had they both rushed back there each evening eagerly to exchange the happenings of the day? To prepare supper together, a supper that would come mainly out of tins. To laugh, to talk, to make love . . .

Kathleen pressed harder on the accelerator. The car leapt forward and almost skidded, but she was an expert driver and righted it swiftly.

Her thoughts drifted on. Why had Derek and Della parted? He had said there had been no bitterness on either side. But Kathleen couldn't imagine anyone parting from Derek except in bitterness. Perhaps because she couldn't imagine anyone, who had once loved him, giving him up easily.

Why hadn't he got in touch with her before? He had been back in England over a year.

Now suddenly it seemed to Kathleen an incredibly blank year. As though all she had done, built up, during that year was but a house of cards that had collapsed when Derek's grey eyes had smiled into hers and his voice, from out of the past, had said "Kathie."

Kathleen's flat was in a large building of service flats in Hampstead. She had chosen that neighborhood because it was said the air was better there than in any other part of London.

"If you're shut in an office all day you must have fresh air at night," she had remarked sensibly to friends who pointed out the disadvantages of living so far out.

The building was modern, curving in a semi-circle with a drive and a garden in front, and tennis courts and lock-up garages behind. Kathleen drove her car round into one of these garages and hurried indoors.

She had barely finished her dinner when the house phone rang, and the porter told her that her sister, Mrs. Rayburn, was below and asking if she could come up.

"Of course," said Kathleen, "bring her up at once."

All the same, she sighed a little. Trouble usually came in the wake of Lea, who was so very lovely, and should have glided through life in an easy, pleasant way. Instead, she seemed to be a magnet for trouble. She lived with her husband, Hal, at Guildford, where he had a business which he ran spasmodically. Hal was fair-haired and good-looking, but there was little else to recommend him, Kathleen considered.

Preceding Lea came the hall porter, with about six suitcases and three hat boxes.

"Good heavens!" Kathleen exclaimed, as she pushed her chair back and got up from the table. "Are you going on a cruise or what?"

She spoke lightly, yet without much confidence. Certainly Lea didn't look as though she were going on a cruise. She looked angry and in one of her "moods." Kathleen felt apprehensive. When Lea was in one of her "moods" sparks generally flew.

"No. I'm not going on a cruise," she said now. She glared at the hall porter who stood near the doorway pretending to be arranging the suitcases while he waited for his tip. Since Lea made no attempt to give him one, Kathleen went into the bedroom and fetched her purse.

It occurred to her for the first time to wonder why it was she who had always to go for her purse in every family emergency. Or, even, when there was no emergency. She was only five years older than Lea, and two years Mamie's senior.

As the door closed behind the porter Lea swung round dramatically to face her sister. The full light of the stand lamp shone momentarily on to her face, and Kathleen was struck afresh by the almost unreal beauty of Lea.

The dark shadows she saw under the younger girl's eyes enhanced the violet lights in them, the paleness of her face, with its small, arresting features contrasted startlingly with the warm brown hair that curled delightfully about her neck and forehead.

"I've left Hal," she announced curtly.

Kathleen remarked quietly: "This is the third time this year you've left him, Lea."

Lea waved that angrily aside. "I was only fooling those other times," she said. "Or, rather, I was threatening him and then giving in on my own terms. But this time it's serious. I've left him for good."

Kathleen raised her eyebrows. She wasn't shocked. She wasn't even surprised. Had she been in Lea's shoes she would have left Hal ages ago, although it was fantastic to a degree even to think of herself as married to Hal Rayburn.

He had all the showy qualities that Kathleen abominated, with no substance behind them. He was the hail-fellow-well-met type, the "good sportsman," whose chief sport apparently was driving small cars far too fast for their engine power, and attending parties. But if there was anyone else present at these parties who could pay the bill inevitably they had to do so.

"What happened this time?" Kathleen asked.

Lea threw her red kid gloves on to the table, took off her hat and coat, and shook out her hair.

"Oh, another woman, of course. But this one was so utterly detestable that I got fed up and left. I'm not going back either."

"I suppose it does make a difference whether your husband's girl friends are detestable or not," Kathleen remarked, not without sarcasm.

Lea opened her large violet eyes wide and stared at her.

"I should say it does. Especially when he expects me to receive them at home."

"But you expect him to receive your men friends, don't you?" Kathleen countered.

"That's entirely different," Lea said. She spoke in a sharp, irascible voice as though Kathleen were a child in such matters, and shouldn't ask stupid questions.

But there was a stubborn streak in Kathleen. She wouldn't have got as far as she had got if there hadn't been.

"I don't see why it is so different," she protested.

Lea's small vivid face colored. "Well, I don't go as far as Hal does, if you must know the truth," she snapped.

"Oh!" The color had mounted to Kathleen's face, too. "Then you think . . . ?" she stammered.

Lea laughed rather shrilly. "I don't think. I know. I didn't mind so much when they were pleasant and presentable. But when he expects me to receive a woman like Lottie Felsham . . ."

Lea flopped into a big easy chair, swinging her pretty, silk-stockinged legs over the arm of it. "But," her voice grew fierce again, "I'm through with it now. I wouldn't go back to Hal, not if he came to me on his bended knees. I'd tell him . . ." But what she would tell Hal, Kathleen never knew, for Lea started to cry.

KATHLEEN moved towards her sister and took the weeping girl in her arms. She held her tightly while she whispered. "There, there, Lea, don't cry. Don't cry."

She was thinking. "Twenty-three. That's all Lea is. And she's up against something like this. It's—it's terrible." Yet what seemed to Kathleen so dreadful was that her sister hadn't left Hal before. As Lea had just explained, this wasn't Hal's first offence.

What had happened to harden her so much that she had been able to stay with a man under such conditions? Was it anything in Lea's nature, or merely that she was a child of this freakish modern age?

"Have you had dinner, Lea?" she asked presently.

Lea jerked her head out of her sister's embrace and stared at her. "Had dinner?" she demanded dramatically. "How do you imagine I could think of dinner when . . ."

"But you must eat something," Kathleen interposed hastily. "Won't you try?"

Lea wavered, her natural hunger struggling with her sense of drama.

"Well, maybe a sandwich," she agreed with a show of reluctance.

Kathleen went to the house telephone and ordered another dinner to be sent up. She knew this sister of hers . . .

It was after Lea had eaten a good-sized meal—Kathleen could never understand how she could eat so much and remain so miraculously slim—that they started to discuss what ought to be done.

"I should like to have a flat on my own," Lea said. "But, of course, I'll have to wait until I get some money. I thought, in the meantime, I could stay with you. There's plenty of room in your double bed for two, isn't there?"

"Of course!" Kathleen agreed, and she felt ashamed because she had to force her enthusiasm. But if there was one thing she had fought for all her life it was privacy.

THE Manners family had been very poor and the three girls had had to share a small attic bedroom. Kathleen could visualise it now only too clearly. An incredible jumble of everyone's dresses, school books, cosmetics, underwear. Always untidy, always stuffy, because the window was so small. Was there to be a return to those days of chaos and discomfort?

"But He! will have to allow you some money," Kathleen said.

Lea shook her head. "He won't. He said he wouldn't give me a penny. Of course, I could bring a court case against him, but I don't suppose I could get much if I did. His business has gone west—he was in with a bookmaking firm you know—and we were practically on our uppers when I cleared out. Luckily for Hal, Lottie's got a bit of cash saved."

She laughed and added bitterly, "I shouldn't be surprised if that wasn't why he's taken up with her!"

"Lea, but that's dreadful!" Kathleen was scandalised.

Lea looked at her quizzically, with eyes too wise for her years. Or was it wisdom? Wasn't it, rather, disillusion and hardness that had nothing to do with real wisdom?

"Is it?" she said. "I don't see that it's so very dreadful. I shouldn't mind meeting someone who had a bit of cash myself!"

Kathleen didn't reply. She crossed over to the window and drew one of the curtains, letting in the cold night air. It blew fresh and wet against her cheeks. She was grateful for it.

"If Hal can't allow you any money what are you going to live on?" she asked, as she turned again to face Lea.

"I shall get a job."

Kathleen looked at her doubtfully. In the money market Lea was probably worth thirty-five shillings to two pounds a week. Certainly no more than that. Yet she was wildly extravagant. It had been one of the numerous causes of the quarrels between Hal and her.

"Do you think you'll be able to keep yourself on what you earn?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't I?" Lea demanded. "You do, don't you?"

"But," Kathelen smiled patiently, "I've been at it for some years, haven't I?"

"Of course," Lea remarked, "I don't expect to make as much as you're making just at first, but if I only made half I could get along somehow."

Kathleen wondered if it would be kinder to disillusion Lea or let the business world do it. In the end she decided in favor of

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the business world. She knew, from bitter experience, that to say anything disparaging to one's relatives is invariably attributed to jealousy.

"I could speak to Miss Watkins," she murmured. "She's our staff supervisor. She might be able to find something for you at the store."

"At Webber's? Do you think there's an opening?"

"There might be. Our salesgirls are constantly getting married or becoming ill."

"Salesgirls?" Lea jerked herself up into a sitting position. "But, darling, I couldn't be a salesgirl! To begin with, I shouldn't earn anything worth mentioning, and I've positively no head for figures. I'd muddle all the accounts!

"Besides, think how tiring it would be standing on your feet all day! I know I'd never be pleasant to all the silly old women who pestered me with questions. If anyone put me to all the trouble I've often put one of them to I'd probably smack the customer's face. No 'Just as you say, modom' and 'Very well, modom' for me!"

"What do you want to do?" Kathleen asked.

"I thought I might be a mannequin," Lea murmured.

"That requires training," Kathleen pointed out.

"Oh, nonsense!" Lea jerked her lovely slight body back in the chair impatiently. "I wouldn't need any training. Everyone says I wear clothes beautifully."

"Well," Kathleen remarked, feeling too tired that evening to argue any longer, "I'll speak to Miss Watkins and see what she says."

After Lea had gone to bed Kathleen sat up, trying to finish her copy. There were those Apache cravats that had been hanging fire badly and must be got rid of. She sat down before a blank sheet of paper and made little marks with her pencil. Presently she scribbled:

"Paris sends you the Apache cravat. If you're dark you'll look wicked. If you're blonde you'll look daring and sophisticated. If you're . . ."

But she got no further. Try as she would her mind refused to remain centred on Apache cravats. Her thoughts were jumbled to-night, not carefully ordered as they usually were.

Her mind leapt from one person to another, from one event to the next, rather like the little ball that hops from one word to the next in the old-time songs in the film cartoons.

She laughed suddenly and pushed aside the copy she was trying to write.

"I must get some sleep if I'm to look decent to-morrow," she thought. "I don't want Derek to think I've lost all my looks!"

CHAPTER 5

CLIVE BRENTWOOD had digs in a small street just off the Fulham Road. They consisted of a bedroom and sitting-room heavily and inartistically furnished in oak and red plush.

There were imitation flowers, a large oil painting of Venice hanging over the fireplace that had been knocked down for a song at an auction sale, and out of which Mrs. Perman, the landlady, was convinced she would some day make her fortune.

Because Clive was the star lodger he was allowed the privilege of the picture in his sitting-room.

Mrs. Perman had several other "young gentlemen" lodgers, but Clive was her pet. She would allow no one to rob him but herself, and she rarely did this unless she could arrange the matter satisfactorily with her conscience.

The inclusive sum which Clive paid for partial board and lodging was supposed to include the washing and mending of his socks, but whenever a hole grew so large there could be no possible excuse for overlooking it, the socks mysteriously disappeared.

"I can't think where they've gone to, that I can't, Mr. Clive," Mrs. Perman would say. "Unless," and here she looked at him shrewdly, "it's that there dog of yours has carried them out into the street again."

Clive knew she had him there. Nipper was a small, white dog, of fox-terrier leanings, whom Gumps had rescued from a gutter and brought back to Clive's digs. Nipper was Gumps' most precious possession, but since it was impossible to have the dog with him at boarding-school it lived with Clive.

Nipper led a full, happy life. In the mornings he ratted industriously in the coal cellar, in the afternoons he chased cats in the back area, and, towards evening, he sat perched on the window seat, ears cocked, listening for Clive's return. Not only was there the excitement of seeing his master again, but Clive's return meant a walk.

But on this cold, wet, autumn evening Nipper was doomed to disappointment. There was no stop at any public house, although the walk was one of the longest they had ever taken.

Clive strode along at a furious rate, scowling, scarcely seeming to notice anything they passed, not even paying much attention to Nipper himself.

To make matters worse, on the way back they called at Mrs. Hastings' small house that had once been a big garage. No wonder Nipper's tail ceased to wag!

Mrs. Hastings professed to be extremely fond of dogs, but a house was scarcely the place for them, was it? And so, whenever Clive called on the Hastings', Nipper had a long, dreary vigil on the cold doorstep. There was little love lost between him and Mrs. Hastings.

She had a daughter called Daphne whom Clive took to the pictures, or to a dinner dance, on rare occasions when he was feeling "flush."

Daphne was small and pretty in a blonde, ineffective way, and had aspirations to get into the talkies. Not very serious aspirations, since they had never led her to take any more definite step towards achieving her ambition than the purchase of innumerable movie magazines.

It was loneliness on his part rather than any great attraction which had furthered Clive's friendship with Daphne, though one could hardly expect her to understand that. Since he was tall and good-looking, she mistook the pleasure she got out of his occasional rather half-hearted kisses for love.

"Hello, you're quite a stranger," she said archly, as she opened the door to him this evening.

He smiled vaguely. "I've been busy."

"Well, it's nice to see you," she said. "Come along in. Mother's in the sitting-room."

But she didn't move. She waited expectantly, wondering if he would kiss her. But since he made no attempt, she turned with a faintly annoyed pout and preceded him along the passage.

Clive knew she had been waiting for him to kiss her, but to-night, for some odd reason, he felt that to kiss Daphne Hastings was the last thing in the world he wanted to do. Yet he had always liked her.

She wasn't particularly intelligent, but Clive didn't think that was necessary in a woman. She was sufficiently pretty to make him feel pleased to go out with her, and she was, from all accounts, very domesticated.

Occasionally Clive had wondered if it would be a good thing to marry her, mainly because it might provide Gumps with a pleasanter home to come to in the holidays. But he had never felt strongly enough on this point to do anything definite about it.

"I suppose it's too late to go to the pictures," Daphne remarked. "There's a film on at the Granada I'm dying to see."

"We can go to-morrow night," Clive suggested without any great enthusiasm.

"How do you know I haven't an engagement to-morrow night?"

"Well, later in the week?"

"Oh, I'll come to-morrow," she said. "A boy did ask me to go out with him to-morrow, but I didn't definitely promise him."

She hadn't been asked out, and Clive rather suspected it. But this rigmarole had to be gone through before Daphne would agree to go anywhere. It was what she called "technique."

Mrs. Hastings made a vague movement as Clive came in, but didn't leave her corner of the sofa. He was tempted sometimes to wonder if she mightn't take root and grow there. He could never remember having seen her sit anywhere else.

"It's nice to see you, Clive," she said. "We were getting worried about you."

"I'm rather worried about myself."

"Not had another of your nasty colds?" she inquired anxiously.

"No, it's about work. I've—well, I've resigned."

"You don't mean that, surely!"

HE smiled. "I do. I resigned this afternoon."

"Got anything else in view?" Daphne wanted to know.

He shook his head. "Nothing."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances. This wouldn't do. Everyone who read the papers realised how difficult jobs were to find these days, and they both knew enough of Clive's financial affairs to know he had no money set aside.

"Wasn't that rather rash?" Mrs. Hastings remarked.

Clive's face hardened. "I couldn't stand it any longer, working under . . ." He had been about to say "that girl," but changed it to "Miss Manners."

"You don't get on well together?"

Clive's expression became positively grim. "That's putting it mildly."

"She must be a mean old thing!" Daphne exploded.

Clive, who had been standing by the mantelshelf, swung towards her sharply. "She isn't," he said. "At least, she isn't old." For some reason he found himself angry with Daphne, resenting what she had said. "I believe she's only twenty-seven."

"But that isn't young!"

"I'm twenty-eight," he pointed out coldly.

"That's different. Twenty-seven is pretty old for a girl," Daphne argued illogically.

"Nonsense!" he said.

Daphne shrugged angrily, and swung round on the music stool to face the piano. What was wrong with Clive this evening? She had only made that remark about Miss Manners because she had thought it would please him, but instead it had only seemed to make him more bad-tempered.

"I never did think a business office the right place for a woman," Mrs. Hastings remarked. "I'm sure I don't know what girls want to go into business for. It's all wrong."

"I don't see why, if a woman's proficient, she shouldn't go into business," Clive said.

"I don't believe any woman is indispensable to business," Mrs. Hastings resumed. "Take the case of this Miss Manners, for instance. You know as well as I do that you could do her job as well, if not better than she does."

"I couldn't," Clive said, sharply. "I couldn't do it half as well."

Daphne glanced towards him curiously. "I thought you didn't like her."

"That has nothing to do with it," he said, stiffly. "Even if I don't like Miss Manners, I can still appreciate her merits."

"I don't appreciate anyone I don't like," Daphne remarked.

"That's because you're a woman," Clive said, loftily. "I have," he added, forcing an enthusiasm, "the greatest admiration for Miss Manners' business ability."

"Then why are you resigning?"

Clive flushed slightly. Women, he re-

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flected, had a knack, that amounted almost to genius, of asking disconcerting questions at the wrong time.

"I don't feel I'm doing as well as I should be."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Hastings, tartly. "You're merely cutting off your nose to spite your face because you're piqued over something that girl has said to you."

"You mean Miss Manners?"

"Whom else should I mean?" was the sharp retort. "I'll call her 'that girl' if I want to. She shouldn't be where she is, anyhow. She ought to be looking after some man's home for him. Now be honest, Clive, would you think half as much of Daphne if she were like Miss Manners, elbowing some decent man out of a good job?"

Clive didn't reply. But suddenly he wanted to laugh out loud. To compare Daphne Hastings with Kathleen Manners! It was ludicrous! He had a sudden vision of Kathleen, straight, slim, efficient and pretty . . .

Yes, dash it all, she was pretty. Proud, imperious set to her red head, intelligent hazel eyes, cool, crisp voice, attractively modulated . . .

He pulled himself up sharply. He disliked her intensely. He had done so ever since he had begun to work under her. Why? Hitherto he had always found a sufficient number of reasons, and always those reasons were flattering to himself.

But now he saw the real reason, and it wasn't flattering to himself. He disliked her because he realised she was better than he was in the job. In the business world, at any rate, she was his superior. But the admission didn't improve his temper. It made him feel small and intensely irritated with himself.

"Anyhow," Mrs. Hastings resumed, "it isn't as though you had only yourself to consider. There's your half-brother. And . . ." she paused, looking towards Daphne with a certain ponderous playfulness, "you may want to marry some day. You should be putting something aside."

"I scarcely think I shall be in a position to marry for some time to come," Clive retorted quickly.

"Well, if you insist upon throwing up good safe jobs like the one you have at Webber's, I'm inclined to agree with you," Mrs. Hastings replied. "If I were in your shoes I'd see if I couldn't withdraw that resignation."

A GOOD, safe job . . .

Clive repeated the words to himself as, a little later, he strode homewards, his coat collar turned up against the searching night mist, with Nipper hugging close to his heels.

Some women, he reflected grimly, would have you sell your very birthright for something which was safe. They didn't care if you were treated like a galley slave, or unhappy in your job. If it was safe you had to stick to it.

Clive was well aware that Mrs. Hastings expected him to propose to Daphne some day, and that Daphne also expected it. That was why the discussion had been so heated, why they were so insistent he should stay on at Webber's, because it was safe.

One thing he was determined on; he would not withdraw his resignation. No matter what happened, he couldn't do that. He couldn't possibly go to that girl and eat humble pie. What a chance it would give her to gloat over him!

He'd get a better job than the one he had at Webber's, a far better job. He'd be top dog himself. He would, of course, find some means of letting Kathleen know. To have a much better job and for her not to know would, somehow, take the gilt off the gingerbread.

As he strode homewards he built up his future career brick by brick until it stood, in his imagination, like a glittering white tower of success in the moonlight. And, by some miracle, at the bottom of this tower, hands clasped, hazel eyes raised to its glittering summit in wide-eyed admiration, stood Kathleen Manners.

Then, like a house of cards, the vision crumbled, and all his jubilation left him. Letters were waiting for him when he reached his digs, and one of them was from the house matron where Gumps was at school.

CHAPTER 6

IT seemed to Kathleen an incredibly long morning. She had never known time drag so. More often than she cared to admit she glanced at the small, square, steel-and-glass clock on her desk, but one o'clock seemed a long time coming.

This restlessness was all the more curious since she should have been especially busy this morning. She had numerous appointments, her own copy to write, which she should have finished last night but hadn't, and she had to see Miss Watkins, the staff supervisor, about Lea.

She had left her sister in bed. Lea looked lovely asleep, with her lashes so long and dark on her white cheeks, and the curling brown hair adorably rumpled. She looked far younger than her twenty-three years, and Kathleen was ashamed of the slight irritation she had felt towards her last night.

Lea was mentally a child, with a veneer of sophistication that was positively dangerous, since she had nothing solid in her character to support it.

She should have been spoilt and pampered, the wife of a man of solid character and equally solid income. Instead, she had married thriftless, useless, good-looking Hal Rayburn.

Around ten-thirty, in between appointments with the heads of various departments, Kathleen went along to the corridor, down one story in the lift, to Miss Watkins' office.

She caught the staff supervisor in the midst of interviewing applicants from the Labor Exchange. A long line of depressed and depressing-looking females stood in the corridor outside her office. Kathleen put her head round the door and said: "Can you spare me a minute?"

Miss Watkins' weary features brightened visibly. "Certainly. It will be a relief. I'm fully convinced that most of the unemployed are unemployable. At least, the young girls are. The mentality you have to cope with! One of these girls has actually misspelt her own Christian name!"

They both smiled, and Kathleen sat on the corner of Miss Watkins' desk and helped herself to a cigarette. Though she smiled brightly, she was, in reality, nervous. She hated the idea of asking favors. She had never done so in the past. She had succeeded purely through her own personal efforts. But Lea, she knew, was incapable of getting anywhere on her own personal efforts.

"I was wondering if you could find a vacancy for my sister," she said.

Miss Watkins looked at her in surprise. "Your sister?"

Kathleen nodded. "She's—well, she's left her husband. Had to, poor kid! She's got, to find a job, and I wondered if there was any chance of getting her in here?"

"Has she any experience?"

Kathleen shook her head. "None whatever. She," for some reason Kathleen felt rather a fool having to say it, "would like something in the mannequin line."

Miss Watkins raised her eyebrows. "I should have thought a sister of yours would have had more sense than to want to become a mannequin. There's no real future in that!"

"I know . . . but it's the only thing that seems to appeal to her."

"Humph!" Miss Watkins snorted. "If that's the only thing that appeals to a girl she hasn't usually sufficient brains to do even that! Of course," she added hastily, "I'm not criticising your sister. What's she like?"

"She's really very pretty," Kathleen said hastily. "And she has a lovely figure."

"Humph!" said Miss Watkins again. She put the tip of her pencil between her teeth and frowned.

"As a matter of fact, there is a vacancy she might be able to fill," she said presently. "The sports department has asked me for a model for their new winter sports outfits. Do you think that might suit her?"

"I'm sure it would," Kathleen said eagerly. "It sounds just the thing."

"Not much in it. Two pounds ten. But she should be able to manage on that."

Kathleen agreed that she should, though she very much doubted if Lea would think so. Still, she could always help her out if the need arose.

She rang up the flat directly she got back to her own office, and, after the bell had rung a considerable time, Lea answered it. She seemed somewhat disappointed at hearing Kathleen's voice.

"I thought perhaps it was Hal," she remarked.

"But I thought you were through with him!"

"So I am. But, after all, it's up to him to ring up and ask me to go back to him, even if I don't do it."

"You wouldn't, would you, Lea?" Kathleen asked anxiously. It seemed horrible that Lea should contemplate such a thing after what she had explained last night.

"I don't want to," Lea said. "But I've got to eat somehow. Not," she added with a bitter laugh, "that I'd be doing much eating with Hal at the moment."

"You're going to eat all right," Kathleen assured her. "I think I've got a job for you."

"Have you?" Lea didn't sound particularly interested. "Anything decent?"

"The sort of job you said you wanted. To model winter sports clothes."

"Winter sports-clothes? But, darling, you know I never look my best in sports clothes! Besides, I'd much rather model evening gowns. You know what a beautifully-tanned back I have after last summer. I look stunning in evening clothes just now."

"I'm afraid that's the only vacancy," Kathleen spoke rather shortly.

"Now, don't get crusty, darling," Lea begged. "Of course, I'll take the job if you want me to. When do I begin?"

"I don't know. Nothing can be definitely settled until after you've seen Miss Watkins. I've made an appointment for you at twelve."

"Twelve!" Lea exclaimed in horror. "I couldn't possibly get down there by twelve. It's almost eleven now and I've only this minute got out of bed. I haven't had a cup of tea, let alone breakfast."

"Then I'll try to fix an appointment for three this afternoon."

"I'll come down and have lunch with you."

"I'm sorry, Lea. I'm lunching with someone."

"Business lunch?"

Kathleen hesitated. "Well, not exactly."

"Can't I join you? I've only sixpence left in my purse, and I have to eat somewhere."

"You can get a lunch sent up from the service kitchen at the flat and charge it to my account."

"I'd much rather have lunch with you."

"I'm sorry, but you can't."

Lea laughed. "Mean old thing. Is he very attractive?"

Kathleen laughed, too. "Sufficiently attractive for me to want to lunch with him alone."

"You thrill me, darling. Tell me more."

"What do you mean?" Kathleen asked, rather impatiently.

"Don't be kittenish, darling. I mean, is there anything serious between you and your mysterious young man—an engagement or a marriage?"

"I should have thought you'd have seen

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enough of marriage not to wish me into it!" Kathleen's voice was sharp. "As a matter of fact, we're just friends."

"Is that all?"

"Of course."

Lea sighed. "I'll come into your office after lunch, then. But if you're only friends I still don't see why I can't lunch with you. It is a pity."

"What's a pity?" Kathleen asked.

"Oh, that you're only friends."

"Isn't that the most sensible and wisest relationship?"

"Wisest, perhaps . . . but so crashingly dull, darling. Well, good-bye. I must dash and make a cup of tea."

Kathleen felt vaguely irritated as she replaced the receiver. Why, if you said you were friends with a man, did everyone immediately suspect there was more to it? Why, in an age when so many marriages were shipwrecked on the rocks of bitterness, cynicism and despair, did other women, however unsuccessful their own marriages, try to rush their friends into the same unhappy state?

Of the three sisters, Kathleen alone was happy, contented and had money in the bank. And she was the one who hadn't married. Didn't that point a moral?

She glanced again at the clock on her desk. Barely eleven-thirty. How the morning dragged! She was to meet him in the lounge of the Magnificent Hotel. The Magnificent! Once a three-and-sixpenny dinner in Soho had practically cleaned Derek out. But, even in those days, whenever he had money he had to spend it.

"If you don't spend you'll never make," he had often said: "To have extravagant tastes is the greatest incentive in the world to earning. The man who pinches and saves rarely has the guts to make anything worth saving."

"I must keep my mind on my work," thought Kathleen.

There was a knock on her door and Clive Brentwood entered. She noticed he looked very worried.

"May I speak to you, Miss Manners?"

She smiled in a friendly way. "Of course!"

He didn't answer her smile. He came and stood before her desk, with both hands in the pockets of his jacket.

"You were kind enough last night to say I might reconsider my resignation," he jerked out finally.

She controlled her surprise.

"Yes, if you wish to."

He swallowed with an effort. "I do wish to, Miss Manners."

"That's all right, then."

"I shall try to make my work more satisfactory in future. I fully appreciate that it hasn't been so up to now, and I will try to do better."

His manner was civil enough, the actual words almost abject, but Kathleen felt a definite sense of resentment behind them. As though some unforeseen circumstance, and not his own wish, had forced him to withdraw his resignation. She was sufficiently curious to ask: "What has made you change your mind since yesterday evening, Mr. Brentwood?"

A faint flush stole up to his temples; it might have been caused by anger or merely by embarrassment.

"I have realised that I'd be a fool to throw up a good job with nothing else in prospect."

SOMEHOW his words didn't ring true. Kathleen felt strongly that there was something more to it than that.

"Nothing else has influenced your decision?"

"Nothing."

She glanced away from him, down to some papers on her desk, with a little inward sigh. The withdrawal of his resignation was, in a way, a victory for her, yet it was a hollow victory. His antagonism towards her was still there, more marked than ever.

"Since you are going to continue working in my department, Mr. Brentwood, I hope you'll try to see things my way."

"You mean get the human interest slant into my copy?"

"Yes." She hesitated, and made some marks with a pencil on a clean sheet of paper. "And other things, too."

He laughed suddenly, bitterly. "I can't promise to fall in love even to please you, Miss Manners!"

It was her turn to flush now. "I'm sorry I ever suggested that, Mr. Brentwood, since it still apparently rankles." Her voice was cool and controlled.

"It doesn't rankle," he said, but by his tone he gave the lie to the statement. "It merely amuses me. You see, it's the first time I've heard of an employee being seriously advised by his boss to fall in love. It shows what an innovation women have brought into the business world."

"Perhaps you live too much alone," she suggested, after a slight pause. "People who live very much by themselves often strike the outside world as not being quite human."

"But you live alone, don't you?" he countered.

"Yes." She looked slightly surprised, as one often is surprised when the tables are turned unexpectedly. Suddenly a twinkle of amusement appeared in her hazel eyes. "Maybe you don't think I'm human, either?"

He considered it, standing before her desk, scowling down at her. And in those moments something queer happened to Clive Brentwood. He would have liked to tell her that he thought her completely inhuman, but suddenly he discovered to his own intense astonishment that even to think of her as not being human was absurd.

She was far too human for his peace of mind. There was so much warmth, vitality and life about her. She might be a business woman, and a very successful one. "But that's only one side of her," he found himself thinking.

In that large office, sitting before the big mahogany desk, with the slanting sunlight coming in through the window and bringing out the shining copper lights in her hair, she suddenly seemed to him very small. So small that he had a ridiculous impulse to pick her up in his arms and carry her away.

It seemed to him a long time that he stood looking at her. Then he jerked his mind back to reality, and, turning on his heel, left the office.

CHAPTER 7

KATHLEEN didn't take her own car to the Magnificent on account of parking difficulties. On her way there in the taxi she decided just what her attitude to Derek Carlton would be. She would be friendly, a little impersonal, very much the successful business woman.

Of course, she reflected, as she gazed out of the cab window, seeing, without being conscious of it, the noisy, busy traffic all about her, there were women as old as herself, even older, who made fools of themselves over men.

But these, she felt reasonably convinced, must be women who had nothing better to do with their time. Surely, women with careers that mattered were immune?

Derek was standing outside the hotel on the pavement as her taxi drew up.

"Hullo, Kathie," Derek greeted her. "Thank heaven, you're on time. I hate being kept waiting. It always puts me in a vile temper."

Kathleen laughed. "Don't forget I'm a business woman, and punctuality is one of the golden rules of business. I've learnt to be on time."

He nodded. "To go into business is an excellent training for a woman; she needs discipline of that sort even more than a man does." As he spoke he took a handful of change out of his pocket to pay the taximan.

"I'll do that," Kathleen protested.

"Nonsense!" he said shortly. "I may have let you pay in the past when I was hard up, but I'm dashed if you're going to pay now."

She laughed. "But a moment ago you were lauding the advantages of a business training for a woman. Don't you know that the first thing a career teaches a woman is to be independent?"

His eyes twinkled as he took her arm and guided her towards the hotel. "Perhaps. But a wise woman doesn't make a display of her independence over unnecessary trifles."

He nodded to several of the hotel staff as they entered the dining-room, and the head waiter asked if he would like his usual table. Evidently he frequented the Magnificent. Kathleen found herself wondering if he came here often with other women, and who the women were.

Without being in any way a woman's man, Derek never made any secret of the fact that he liked female society. Possibly because women flattered him. He was the type of man women do flatter, and had a strong streak of personal vanity in his composition.

"You come here often?" Kathleen asked.

He nodded. "It's convenient."

"And expensive," she smiled.

He laughed. "I daresay that's one of the reasons why I do come here. I'm childish enough to want to show off a little now that I can show off. I think everyone, who has once been poor, has that instinct." His grey eyes smiled a challenge into hers. "Haven't you got it, Kathie?"

She admitted it. "To some extent, certainly. Though I don't think a woman has the desire to swank as strongly developed as a man. For instance, however much money I was making it would never occur to me to come here by myself. Instinctively I'd go to a far more modest place."

As they waited for the first course, Derek remarked, "You haven't changed, Kathie."

She was quite indignant. "You're wrong, Derek. I've changed completely. Sometimes, when I look back upon the girl I was when you knew me, I can't believe that she and I are the same person."

He laughed at her, in that soft, amused way he had laughed at her in the past. And, as she listened to his laughter, and felt his keen, quizzical gaze upon her, the exterior of successful business woman began to crumble.

He could, just by laughing at her like that, reduce Miss Kathleen Manners, head of the advertising department of Webber's Emporium, with a full staff under her, to the rather scared little girl who had come round to his lodgings one wet winter's night, more than seven years previously, in answer to his advertisement for an evening typist.

"You like to imagine you've changed," he told her. "We all do, once we've succeeded. But not one of us ever changes, really. Brought up against the same set of circumstances, we act in exactly the same way, ever and over again."

"That's nonsense," she interrupted sharply. "I'm sure I shouldn't act at all in the same way now as . . . as I might have acted when I knew you."

HER face colored. She realised it and was furious. She was thinking of the night she had flung her arms round his neck and begged him not to leave her.

He said, rather cruelly, "You mean, if I said I was going away, you wouldn't burst into tears?" His eyes were twinkling. "Please don't be offended," he went on rapidly. "After all, since we're going to be friends, we may as well discuss our emotions quite frankly. After all, why should we be ashamed of them? I don't see why anyone need be ashamed of a genuine emotion."

"You must have thought me a fool!" she exclaimed.

"On the contrary," he told her. "Had it not been for that scene I wouldn't have thought about you half as much as I have these past years. I admit it embarrassed

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me at the time, but I also admired you tremendously. It showed me you had a genuine depth of feeling. Incidentally, of course, I was immensely flattered." He added, raising one eyebrow slightly, "Are your furious with me?"

"No," she said. "No. It would be silly to be furious, wouldn't it, since it all happened so long ago?"

"I'll admit I missed you more than I thought I would, Kathie," he told her. His voice had softened. "I was dashed lonely for you at first. At one time I had thoughts of cabling you to join me, but, of course, that was out of the question."

She accepted that, though she didn't see why it should have been out of the question. She had had a tiny bit of money saved, enough to have got her over to the States, steerage. And surely, even if they had been poor, she could have found work to do? She pictured, and found her heart beating distressfully fast, what would have happened if he had cabled her to join him.

She saw herself rushing round, booking a passage, getting a passport, packing the few presentable clothes she possessed in a fever of excitement. She would have been dancing on air. It seemed to her suddenly that nothing that could ever happen to her now, or in the future, could in any way equal the joy she would have felt that day.

But he hadn't cabled. Instead he had married a girl named Delia, while she had fought her way alone to success.

"You've been happy, haven't you, Kathie?" he asked quietly.

She raised her head with a jerk. "Oh, yes, of course. You see, I've been tremendously busy. That makes for happiness, doesn't it?"

He agreed emphatically. "It's the only lasting happiness—work." His voice was rather bitter. She had a feeling that if she asked him now he would tell her about his marriage. But she didn't ask him. She didn't want to talk about Delia.

"It's strange," he remarked presently, "that you've never married. I'm sure you'd make an excellent wife."

"But I'm not really at all domesticated," she protested.

"You could easily be," he assured her. "It's a fallacy that the best housewife is the stay-at-home girl. I've always found that the girl who is capable of running a business efficiently is capable of running a home just as efficiently. Delia was a splendid cook when she had time to be."

"What was her job?" Kathleen inquired.

"She was an interior decorator. She got on by a colossal bluff. I used to tell her, for she hadn't any special training. But she had personality, any amount of it, good taste, and she was a shrewd judge of human character."

"She must be very clever," Kathleen murmured.

He nodded. "She is. She would have been a success at almost anything. Don't you think that most people who are successes in any special line could have been equal successes at whatever career or profession they'd chosen?"

"Perhaps that's true," she agreed.

She was relieved that the conversation had reverted to the more impersonal note. It allowed her to get herself well in hand again. She determined that henceforth their relationship must be kept on this impersonal note. She couldn't afford, for instance, to think any more of what might have happened had Derek cabled her to join him seven years ago.

"Did you bring the dummy of the new magazine with you?" she asked.

He nodded. "It's in the cloakroom with my coat. We can look it over while we're having coffee. The jacket's stunning, I think. As a matter of fact, I designed it myself.

"It's red and gold, the colors divided diagonally, with a blurred impression of women, more shadow shapes than usual women, in the design. It's difficult to describe, but I think you'll agree that it's new and good." His voice was eager and excited. He rose to his feet abruptly, and added, "I'll get it now."

Kathleen watched him go with a faint smile in her hazel eyes. It was typical of Derek suddenly to become so excited over something he had done himself that he couldn't wait a moment to show it to her.

KATHLEEN found herself thinking about Derek's sudden enthusiasms, which, in the past, had both touched and amused her.

Often when out walking he had started to tell her of some passage he had written in his novel, he had become so enthusiastic that nothing would suffice but that they must rush back immediately to his lodgings so that he could read it to her.

She wondered what had happened to the novel. She had searched publishers' lists for it, but had never seen it mentioned. She asked him about it as he returned to the table. He frowned.

"It's in the bottom of a trunk in store somewhere. It wasn't much good."

"I thought it was excellent."

"Oh, well, no one else apparently did, so it's no use thinking any more about it." He spoke with a note of impatience. She realised that he always would be impatient of anything which didn't succeed, and to him success would always mean recognised success.

He showed her the cover of the new magazine, and she agreed that it was striking. It combined the artistic with the sophisticated.

"You think it would be a good medium for you to advertise in?" he asked anxiously.

"Undoubtedly," she agreed. "Certain articles, of course. Paris vanity bags, the latest line in travelling luggage, expensive furs, and the like. Hardly"—she smiled slightly—"the medium to advertise things such as . . . lawn mowers!"

"What," he wanted to know, "have lawn mowers to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing," she said hastily, but she continued to smile.

Driving her back to Webber's in his car Derek remarked suddenly:

"If you hadn't such a good job at Webber's, Kathie, I would have asked you to edit this new magazine. I know you'd be grand at the job. But, of course, I couldn't afford to pay you anything like what you're getting at Webber's, so it's out of the question."

Suddenly, to her amazement, she found herself tempted to say: "But I'd like to edit it, Derek. To work with you! I'd like that more than anything in the world."

She pulled herself together quickly. "I'm afraid it is out of the question," she murmured.

He smiled at her. "It's just as well. We'll probably be much better friends if we're not working in the same office. Propinquity kills anything in time." His voice hardened, and she wondered if he was again thinking of his marriage, if he blamed propinquity for the failure of that.

"You'll help me with advice, won't you?" he asked.

She said quickly, "I'll love to, Derek." And added, as he drew the car up before the staff entrance of Webber's: "Can you spare the time to come up to my office for a few minutes? I'd like to show that cover to Mr. Daniel. Not that I need ask his permission, but, when I'm choosing a new medium for advertising, it's as well to have one of the directors on my side."

He turned his car into the neighboring square. Old Peter stepped forward eagerly to assist in parking it. Kathleen smiled him a greeting, and said, "Where were you last night, Old Peter? I missed you!"

He was a short old man, with very white hair and a rheumatic stoop.

"It's this rheumatism of mine, Miss Manners," he said. "These cold nights it gets me awful."

"You must take care of yourself," she advised. "You should have a warmer coat. I'll see if I can get you one."

"That's real kind of you, Miss," he said gratefully. "Your heart's in the right place, and no mistake."

She felt absurdly happy. It was good to feel that Derek and she were going to be friends after all these years. It went to prove what queer twists life could take.

When she opened the door of her office Lea was there. Lea, standing by the window, autumn sunshine falling softly about her, wearing Kathleen's new mink coat. She looked lovely in it.

It made her warm brown hair, that curled about the back of her neck and temples, a richer, deeper brown; it seemed to make her long, curling lashes even longer and more noticeable. She had the figure to show the coat off to its best advantage.

Seeing her in it, Kathleen felt a momentary sense of annoyance she strove to crush down. She, too, looked well in that coat, but she knew instinctively she didn't look half as well in it as Lea. She felt, stupidly, that from now on her pleasure in it would be dampened.

"HELLO, darling," Lea said. "I hope you don't mind my borrowing your coat. But my own looked such a wreck that I didn't think I'd land any job if I wore it."

"In that coat," Derek remarked, "no one would dare offer you less than twenty pounds a week."

"That's what I thought," Lea said, turning and smiling at him bewitchingly. "Kathleen said the job was worth two pounds ten, but I thought if I dressed myself up a bit I might be able to get another couple of quid out of them."

"I'm afraid you'll find Miss Watkins rather difficult to impress, mink coat or not," Kathleen remarked dryly.

"Oh, it's a Miss Watkins," Lea pouted in disappointment. "I never get on well with women. Couldn't I be interviewed by a man?"

She appeared to be speaking to Kathleen, but she was, in reality, addressing Derek. And her eyes, with those deep violet shadows in them, continued to smile at him.

Kathleen remembered that they hadn't been introduced. She did so now. Derek shook hands with Lea and remarked to her sister: "I didn't know you had a sister, Kathie. I suppose I must have heard, but I'd forgotten."

"Your appointment is for three," Kathleen said presently to Lea. "You've five minutes left. You can entertain Derek while I go up and show the dummy jacket to Mr. Daniel, if he's back from lunch. He's the only one of our directors who ever gets back early from lunch. Porbably because he suffers from dyspepsia!"

They all laughed. Kathleen took off her hat and coat in the small cloakroom, ran a comb through her hair, smoothed it back into place with her hands, and, coming back into her office, took the dummy magazine which Derek held out to her.

"I won't be more than a few minutes," she said as she disappeared.

Lea continued to stand by the window, smiling faintly at Derek. She had an idea she looked well standing there, and she had an idea, also, that he thought so, too.

"So you're Kathleen's new conquest?" she remarked presently.

Derek laughed. "I'm afraid you flatter me. Kathie and I knew each other very well once, but, until yesterday, we hadn't seen each other for seven years. What makes you think I am her 'new conquest'?" He smiled at the description of himself.

"Only that she wouldn't let me join you both for lunch to-day. I invited myself, but there was nothing doing."

"We had business to discuss."

She threw back her head and laughed, while her eyes mocked him. "You're telling me!"

"Nevertheless it was true," he affirmed.

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"Perhaps," he added conventionally, "you'll lunch with us some other day?"

Again her eyes smiled into his roguishly. "I will—if I'm given the chance." She added pensively, "All the same I don't blame Kathleen!"

Derek realised that she was deliberately flattering him, but he had never been unsusceptible to flattery from a woman. Besides Lea's flattery was so obvious he found it refreshing.

"Then perhaps you'll lunch with me alone one day?" he suggested.

"I don't see why not," she said, and a few seconds later Kathleen came back. Her voice was businesslike as she told her sister:

"You should be in Miss Watkins' office now. I'll get my secretary to take you." She pressed a bell, and Miriam Davis appeared.

"Please take Mrs. Rayburn down to Miss Watkins' office," Kathleen said. She smiled at Lea. "Come back afterwards and tell me how you get along."

"Sure!"

After Lea had gone, Derek remarked casually: "She's an entertaining child, isn't she?"

Kathleen frowned. "Not exactly a child, I'm afraid. In some ways she's amazingly sophisticated. She's just decided to leave her husband!"

"Bad luck!" Derek murmured. After a time, he went on: "What did your Daniel man think of my cover?"

"He liked it. He agrees that we should take a page. We'll take a double spread if the magazine proves a success."

Derek picked his hat off the desk. "That's nice of you. And now I won't waste any more of your time. What about dinner together some night? When are you free? I'm booked up to-morrow and the next night, but any night after that."

They agreed upon a night, five days later. Derek wondered whether or not to include Lea in the invitation, but decided against it.

"I'm awfully glad we're friends again, Kathie," he remarked, as he shook hands with her.

She raised her eyes to his frank, honest eyes.

"I'm glad, too, Derek," she said simply.

CHAPTER 8

KATHLEEN and Lea, over dinner in the former's attractive service flat that night, were discussing Lea's new job. At least, Kathleen was discussing it, and Lea was replying vaguely. She wasn't very interested. She would have been far more interested, for instance, in discussing Derek Carlton.

She interrupted an account Kathleen was giving her of the community life in a large store, to remark:

"He isn't exactly good-looking, is he? At least, when you first meet him he doesn't strike you that way. And yet, after you've been talking to him for a few minutes, you think he is. Or rather, you think he's terribly attractive."

"Whom are you talking about?" Kathleen inquired.

Lea helped herself to a second lamb chop. "Your friend, Derek Carlton."

"Yes," Kathleen agreed. "He is attractive. Possibly because he has so much vitality."

"I liked his eyes," said Lea. "They laugh at you, but in a pleasant, friendly way. He's clever, I suppose?"

Kathleen nodded. "Brilliant. He started that magazine 'Man About Town.'"

"Really!" Lea glanced at her sister with a quickened interest. "I've seen it. I think it's grand. And you mean to say he's the owner of it?"

"More than the owner," Kathleen remarked with a certain pride. "He edits and writes most of the contents as well."

"He must be rich," Lea remarked. She had finished her chop and was contemplating the remains on her plate thoughtfully.

"He must be making money now," Kathleen agreed, smiling. "At one time, though, he hadn't any money at all. That was when I first knew him."

"Still, if he's making money now . . . ." Lea didn't finish the sentence, but she remembered how Derek had suggested that they should lunch together some day.

She thought, "I wish Kathleen hadn't come in at that moment. He might have made a definite date." But she knew now where she could get hold of him—at the offices of "Man About Town."

At the end of the meal Kathleen asked tentatively where Lea proposed living.

"Here, of course!" was the surprised reply. "You're not going to kick me out, are you? Since we've both jobs in the same place you can give me a lift in the mornings."

"You'll have to be there a full hour before I need be," Kathleen pointed out.

She had a great deal of work to do that evening, but, with Lea in the flat, she felt disinclined to begin it. She realised how essential privacy was to successful brain work, and came to a sudden, if difficult, decision.

"Lea, I'd rather not have you living in this flat, if you don't mind," she said quietly. "Please don't think me unkind, but I'm sure if I had anyone at all living with me my work would suffer."

Lea looked hurt and rather resentful as she said: "You are an old maid, Kathleen, wanting to live alone. Anyone would think you fifty, instead of twenty-seven. What will you do when you have a husband sharing your flat?"

Kathleen flushed. "I'm not going to marry."

"Nonsense!" Lea scoffed. "That's what unattractive women say, who know they won't ever be asked. But you're much too attractive to talk that way."

"I don't see that that has anything to do with it," Kathleen remarked coldly. "As an outsider, I've seen too much of the failure of marriage to want to rush into it."

"Just because one or two marriages don't turn out successfully . . . ." Lea began.

"One or two?" Kathleen caught her up, swinging round directly to face her. "One or two?" she repeated. "There are two in my family. Then there's Derek Carlton and——"

"Is he married?" Lea interrupted quickly.

"Yes, but they don't live together. She lives in the States."

"Oh!" said Lea, with a tiny smile, and then they reverted to their previous topic.

"How am I going to live on two pounds ten a week if I don't live here?" Lea demanded.

"There are plenty of girls' clubs," Kathleen pointed out. "I lived in one myself for months."

Lea put her hands on her hips and burst out laughing. "Can you picture me in a girls' club?" she demanded. "Having to be in by ten at night, and being made to get up early every morning. Why, there's no girls' club in existence that would keep me more than a week. Besides, it would be awfully infra dig for a married woman."

Kathleen had to admit there might be something in what Lea said—at least, about no girls' club keeping her. Lea, who had very little self-discipline, would not be amenable to outside discipline. Nor was it easy to picture her in a girls' club, with her compelling, exotic beauty and her instinctive dislike and distrust of other women.

"No," Lea repeated firmly, "no girls' clubs for me! If you're going to throw me out you'll have to think of something more suitable than that, darling. Of course, I shouldn't mind a cosy little flat of my own."

This, Kathleen realised, was her cue. She had been half expecting it. But she was conscious of a sharp sense of rebellion. Why should she be made to feel responsible for Lea? Why shouldn't Lea run her own life and leave Kathleen to run hers?

Kathleen was essentially generous, but, like most generous people, she had sudden fits of resentment when she realised that her good nature was being traded upon. Now Lea was doing more than merely trading upon her good nature; she was practically holding a loaded pistol at her head.

Either she must help Lea with the rent of a small flat, or have her here. Kathleen realised more strongly each moment that she couldn't possibly live with Lea.

"I'll help you out with the rent of a flat until you are earning more money," she remarked, but not too cordially.

"Thanks, darling, that's awfully sweet of you," Lea murmured. She was too used to accepting things to care much in what spirit they were given.

CHAPTER 9

KATHLEEN found herself very busy the following morning. Household furnishings reported a substantial drop in trade during the past six months, and the new French model gowns weren't moving as fast as they might. There was also a superfluity of gent's pullovers.

She decided to deal with the French gowns and the household furnishings herself, but it occurred to her that Clive Brentwood might tackle the gent's pullovers. She rang for her secretary and asked to see Clive, but Miriam reported that Mr. Brentwood had already telephoned to say that he wouldn't be at the store that day.

Kathleen inquired: "Did he say he was ill?"

The girl shook her head. "He didn't say, Miss Manners. I was about to ask him when he rang off."

Kathleen frowned. "He must be ill. I'm sorry. Ask him to come in and see me when he arrives in the morning."

She dismissed the subject of Clive Brentwood, and spent a busy morning with Mr. Tilford, the present buyer of the household furnishings. She went carefully through the department making notes of what was in stock and wondering just how she could revive the great British public's interest in furniture.

She went to lunch alone. She often found she had her best inspirations during a solitary lunch. While she ate she scribbled notes on the back of the menu card; sentences such as: "YOUR FURNITURE MAY STILL LOOK NEW TO YOU, BUT DOES IT LOOK NEW TO YOUR FRIENDS?"

She spent all day on the household furnishings. She decided to work on the French model gowns at home that night. The gent's pullovers could wait till Clive returned to the office in the morning.

She did her best to work that night, but it was difficult. Lea sat before the fire in her sister's green silk negligee, smoking incessantly and interrupting Kathleen's train of thought with irrelevant questions. She wasn't to begin work at the store until the following Monday, and, in the meantime, was supposed to be looking for a flat.

"And what a job!" she exclaimed. "I've looked until my ankles ached, and the soles were almost worn through my shoes. You've no idea the atrocities house agents show you, without so much as an apology for having dragged you all the way there."

"Perhaps," Kathleen suggested, "you'll have to modify your ideas."

"Oh, they're modified all right," Lea told her with a scornful laugh.

There was a short pause while Kathleen returned to her copy. She had just started with the sentence:

"DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE CHRISTMAS RUSH. BUY YOUR PARTY GOWN NOW," when Lea interrupted again.

"It's funny Hal hasn't rung me up, isn't it?"

"Funny? But surely you don't expect him to, do you?"

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Lea wriggled one foot around thoughtfully. The diamente buckle caught the lamplight and glowed. "Why shouldn't he? He might ask me how I'm getting along."

"You wouldn't see him, in the circumstances?" Kathleen asked, sharply.

Lea yawned and stretched her arms. The green negligee slipped back, leaving her shoulders bare and faintly golden in the lamplight. "I don't see why not," she murmured. "He's always had a soft s.ot in his heart for me, and always will have, I think, no matter whom he takes up with."

"In that case I think you'd better determine never to see him again," Kathleen advised. "And, since I'm to pay half the expense of your flat, I'd like you to promise me that you won't."

"But there can't be any harm in my just seeing him once in a while," Lea demurred.

"There might be," said Kathleen. "He might persuade you to go back to him. And then, in a short while, there would be all this upset over again. Ha! never was the sort of man to make any woman permanently happy."

"I guess you're right," said Lea, with a tiny sigh.

SHORTLY after arriving at her office next day Kathleen rang through to inquire why Mr. Brentwood hadn't been in to see her. The answer was that he hadn't come in yet, nor had he sent any message. Kathleen frowned and tapped her pencil against the side of her desk.

They were rushed at the moment and she couldn't afford to have a member of her department in idleness, without a very good reason. She felt annoyed, too, that he hadn't phoned her personally.

In the end she determined to drive to his lodgings on her way home and see what was the matter. She got her secretary to look up his private address and that evening duly presented herself before his lodgings in the small street off the Fulham Rd.

It wasn't, she decided, a very prepossessing house, and as she climbed the none-too-clean front steps she felt a momentary pity for Clive at having to live here. Surely, with his salary, he could have afforded something better? Then she remembered he had said something about having to support a half-brother. That might account for it.

She smiled faintly as she rang the bell, thinking that this house wasn't unlike the one Derek had once lived in, when she had come in the evenings to type his manuscript.

Nipper barked loudly at the sound of the bell, and presently Mrs. Perman half-opened the door and peered out at Kathleen.

"Is Mr. Brentwood in?" Kathleen inquired.

"He isn't in now and he hasn't been in all day," said Mrs. Perman, breathlessly. She was generally breathless, from frequently running up the steep flight of stairs that led from the basement, and from a natural shortness of breath due to increasing years. "And you wouldn't expect him to be here, either, the day his brother was being operated upon, would you?"

She went on, without a pause: "I tell you I've felt that sick every time the telephone bell rang, expecting it to be bad news. When Mr. Clive finally did ring up, not more than half an hour ago, to say that Master Gumps was progressing satisfactorily like, I nearly was sick, right over my best rug, and it had not come back from the cleaners more than a week ag.).

"Well, it's a load off my mind to know that they haven't killed the poor mite with their knives and their ether. I suppose you came to inquire how he was getting along, Miss?"

Kathleen nodded. "Yes. What was the operation for?"

Mrs. Perman looked at her in astonishment. "Didn't you know? Appendicitis it was, and a real bad case, too. Mr. Clive didn't know anything about it until the day before yesterday, and they cut open the poor little chap to-day." She added, drawing a deep, gasping breath, "Who shall I tell Mr. Clive has been inquiring, Miss?"

"No name," said Kathleen quickly. "Just say a young lady."

She walked slowly back towards the car park, where she had left her car. She realised that it must have been on the day after Clive had heard about the necessity for this operation that he had withdrawn his resignation. She had fancied there was something more behind it than the reason he had given.

She wished now that she had asked what hospital Gumps was in, so that she could send some flowers. Still, she would have had to send them anonymously; she would have felt self-conscious about enclosing a card.

She worked late that night on the gent's pullover copy, and it was past two o'clock when she turned out her light and got into bed.

CHAPTER 10

SEVERAL evenings later Clive dropped in on Mrs. Hastings and Daphne. He had found himself curiously reluctant to call there since his last visit, and this surprised him. While he had never pretended to be violently in love with Daphne, she had pleased him.

But now he couldn't help thinking that her life was, after all, a rather empty and shallow one. He wondered, with a sense of cynical amusement, what she would be like running a successful department of a business, such as the advertising department at Webber's, for instance.

The day after Gumps' operation he had returned to Webber's. He told Kathleen, none too graciously, that he had been forced to be absent owing to illness of a "near relative." From behind her large mahogany desk she smiled at him in a friendly way and said: "You mean Gumps?"

He started. "How did you know about him?"

"You told me about him that evening, the evening you resigned. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, so I did. He was operated upon for appendicitis."

"I'm sorry. Is he getting along all right?"

"They say he is doing splendidly. If no complications set in he should be out of hospital in two or three weeks."

"That's fine. I'm so glad." She smiled at him again.

But instead of pleasing him, her interest in Gumps, curiously, aroused his antagonism. He found himself wanting to say to her, "Why should you be glad? He's nothing to you," which he realised fully would be both churlish and uncalled-for.

Instead, he remarked coldly, that he believed she had asked to see him, and she replied that she had wanted to discuss some copy, but had subsequently written it herself.

She sensed, for she was particularly sensitive to other people's moods, that his nerves were on edge. Yet he was, she reflected, his own worst enemy and probably always would be.

Far from trying to ingratiate himself with the people who would be important to him or his career, those were the very ones he would go out of his way deliberately to offend. She wondered why this was, and decided it might easily be the result of an unhappy childhood. Some day, she thought, I'll ask him about it.

"I was about to ask you to tackle something rather difficult," he said aloud. "I've been going through the furniture department with Mr. Tilford, the new buyer. He has reported slackened sales during the past months.

"Among other things, they have a superfluity of grand pianos. No one, apparently, wants grand pianos these days. They haven't room for them in the modern house or flat. Mr. Tilford said that Mr. Mason, the previous buyer, ordered them. Things that won't sell have invariably been ordered by someone else!"

She smiled faintly, and resumed. "Anyhow, they're taking up far too much room, and the sooner they are cleared out the better. Will you tackle the job?"

Clive said stiffly, "I'll do my best, Miss Manners."

As he walked out of the office, he determined fiercely to live up to that promise. It was a matter of pride, he told himself, though he was disturbingly conscious that it was also a matter of something else.

Somehow, the pianos must be sold, but although he sat all day at his desk, he merely frowned down at a blank sheet of paper. Whether it was the fact that he was unmusical, and so could think of nothing at all in favor of a grand piano, or that his thoughts kept straying to Gumps and wondering how he was getting along, he didn't know.

When the time came to go home the sheet of paper was still blank.

He went round to the hospital to see Gumps, but wasn't allowed to remain with him more than a few minutes. He went back to his digs, ate, without being conscious what he was eating, a high tea provided by Mrs. Perman.

But the Australian eggs scrambled by Mrs. Perman this evening didn't help Clive's inspiration. At eight-thirty he decided to abandon the struggle and go and call on Mrs. Hastings and Daphne. The fresh air might do him good.

Nipper insisted on going with him, though Clive was reluctant to take him, knowing that the poor creature would have a cold wait on the Hastings' door-step. Mother and daughter were both at home when the visitor arrived, and appeared glad to see him.

"It was nice of you to call the other day to inquire about Gumps," Clive said to Daphne.

He didn't know definitely that it had been Daphne, but Mrs. Perman had said a young lady, and he didn't know any other young lady who would be sufficiently interested to call and inquire.

She had also said a "right pretty young lady," and certainly Daphne could be described as pretty. At least, Clive had always so described her to himself, but now he thought suddenly, "She isn't really very attractive. A girl has to have character in her face to be genuinely attractive."

Unwittingly, he found himself thinking of a small, oval face, rather pale, with faint freckles on the bridge of a slightly tip-tilted nose, frank, penetrating hazel eyes and a full, generous mouth.

"Certainly," he thought, "she has character enough—though I shouldn't say it was always pleasant!"

Daphne had opened her blue eyes wide in surprise. She had just begun to say "It wasn't . . ." when her mother frowned at her. Mrs. Hastings could frown effectively and meaningly. Daphne stammered, "Well, as I was passing that way . . ."

"Now, don't you be so modest, Daphne," Mrs. Hastings broke in with ponderous playfulness. "You know perfectly well you went round to Clive's lodgings especially to inquire about dear Gumps. Why should you mind Clive knowing?"

"It was very kind of you, anyway," Clive reiterated.

"We've both been worried to death about him," Mrs. Hastings resumed, as she picked up her knitting. "We haven't been to the hospital yet, as we didn't think we'd be allowed to see him. And it's so discouraging to go and be refused admittance, isn't it? We knew you'd bring us news as soon as there was any to bring."

Again Clive murmured something appropriate. He seated himself in a straight-backed chair near the fireplace and answered the questions they put to him about Gumps' operation.

"Well, it's all been very trying," Mrs. Hastings remarked, as she wedged herself deeper into her corner of the couch, "but

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some good has come out of it. At least, it's made you give up that mad idea of throwing up your job."

Clive's lips tightened. "I could scarcely afford to do that under the circumstances," he remarked curtly.

Presently they returned to the subject of Gumps.

"I'm rather worried to know what to do with him after he leaves hospital," Clive remarked. "He should go away somewhere to convalesce, but I can't send him away alone and I can't take him myself. Besides, frankly, I haven't the money.

"The expense of the operation will more than clean me out, and then there are the hospital bills. I suppose he'll have to come to me at Mrs. Perman's, but it's scarcely a cheerful environment for the youngster."

AGAIN mother and daughter exchanged glances. This time it was Mrs. Hastings' eyes which asked a question and Daphne's which signalled "No."

"We'd have loved to have him here," Mrs. Hastings said, "but, unfortunately, an old school friend of mine wrote asking if we could have her son for a few weeks. He's home on leave from India."

What had actually happened was that, by chance, they had heard that the young man in question was home on leave, and had written inviting him on their own initiative. The letter hadn't yet been posted, but if there was any chance that the young man could come, they didn't want to be saddled with a convalescing boy in the house.

"All the same," as Mrs. Hastings had remarked later to Daphne, "perhaps we should have had Gumps. It would place Clive under a great obligation to you, and you've no idea whether Freddy Turner can come, nor if he's already got any other—er—attachments. Any other girl, I mean."

"But mother, what should we do with a boy of eleven to entertain all day long?" Daphne had wanted to know. "I haven't the time to spare."

"When you're a little older you may learn that selfishness doesn't always pay," her mother had remarked sharply.

"It's kind of you to have thought of it," Clive said now, as he twisted uncomfortably on his seat. "But Gumps and I will manage all right." He hated the thought of being beholden to anyone.

There was a pause in which no one seemed to think of anything to say.

"You'll have some tea, won't you?" Mrs. Hastings murmured presently. "And some of Daphne's cakes, of course. She's been making them all afternoon." She added archly, glancing up at him from her knitting. "She must have guessed you were coming!"

Daphne flushed. "I'm awfully sorry, mother, but I didn't have time to make the cakes to-day. I've been so busy." She had, as a matter of fact, begun reading the life history and true love confessions of a famous talkie star in a film magazine and been unable to put it down.

"Yes, dear, I know you have been busy," her mother agreed hastily. She turned back towards Clive. "The dear child has been rushed off her feet. But she'll make you a cup of tea."

While Daphne made the tea, Clive conversed with Mrs. Hastings. In the past he had usually gone out into the kitchen to help Daphne, and he sensed that such was expected of him to-night. But he knew very definitely, for he was rather a definite young man, that he had no desire to go out into the kitchen to flirt with Daphne.

He preferred to remain in the sitting-room and talk with her mother, even though her conversational powers were singularly uninspired. After they had drunk the tea Mrs. Hastings remarked solicitously:

"You look tired, Clive. Come and sit on the couch beside me and relax while Daphne plays the piano to us."

At the mention of "piano" Clive shuddered inwardly. For a time he had been mercifully oblivious to all thoughts of pianos. But now it came back to him with full force that he still had his copy to write.

"I've been trying all day to write some sales copy about pianos," he remarked. He preferred to ignore Mrs. Hastings' invitation to sit beside her.

"Have you?" Daphne inquired. "What sort of pianos?"

"Grand pianos," he told her.

"I always think a grand piano is so romantic, don't you? That's why I made mother buy ours."

Clive didn't reply. Or rather, what he did say seemed to have no bearing on the subject. He sprang to his feet and murmured:

"I must go. I've a lot of work to do. Awfully sorry, but I really must."

He had seized his hat and was gone before they had time to say anything further. They heard the front door close behind him with a resounding bang.

"Do you think he was offended with me about anything?" Daphne asked her mother anxiously. "He must have been, mustn't he, to have rushed off like that?"

But far from being offended, Clive was so delighted he could almost have kissed her. Her remark had started a train of thought in his brain. He strode home through the night at a breathless pace, Nipper having all he could do to keep up with him.

The moment he got back to his digs he sat down at his desk and started to write furiously. He didn't even wait to take off his hat and overcoat.

When, after some little time, he had finished, he pushed his chair back, took up the paper and started to read through his effort. Every now and then he emitted a slight chuckle of amusement and a certain ironical satisfaction.

"There, Miss Kathleen Manners!" he remarked aloud presently, to no one at all. "You think I can't get heart appeal into my copy? What are you going to say to this?"

When Clive awoke the following morning he was undecided whether to hand in that "copy" after all. In the cold and sobering light of day it seemed rather foolish. He hesitated some time before he picked it off his writing desk and put it hastily into the pocket of his overcoat.

On the way to the office he called in at the hospital to inquire after Gumps, and was heartened to learn that his progress was all that could be desired.

There was still the problem of what to do with him after he came out of hospital, but, if the worst came to the worst, he could, of course, share Clive's own rooms at Mrs. Perman's.

She was a good soul and Clive felt sure she would do her best to look after Gumps. What worried him most was the thought that the long days might prove dull for the boy.

He left his copy on Kathleen's desk, and was glad that she hadn't apparently arrived at the store yet. He hoped, even if she did approve, that she wouldn't comment upon it. But, precisely at eleven-thirty, the office phone beside the desk rang, and he was told that Miss Manners wished to see him.

He saw immediately upon opening the door that she had the "copy" spread out on her desk before her. He visualised the words in his mind's eye, and was filled with shame.

"Romance has come back into our lives. The most successful plays are romantic. The sure-fire talkies are romantic. But you can't have romance in your homes without a grand piano.

"Picture the lamplight shining on its polished surface. Picture your wife or daughter sitting of an evening before it, soft firelight weaving a pattern on her gown as she plays your favorite tunes.

"Picture yourself sitting back in your favorite armchair, a pipe between your teeth as you listen enraptured. All this for a small weekly instalment, etc., etc."

He shuddered inwardly.

"I must congratulate you on your piano copy," Kathleen remarked in her cool quiet voice. "I'm delighted with it."

Clive's face turned a brilliant unbecoming red. In the past her criticism had angered him, but now, for some reason he didn't rightly understand, her appreciation angered him just as much. He had a sudden desire to take her by the shoulders and shake her until he had forced her to admit that the copy was slushy rot!

As he didn't reply she went on: "I'm glad to see that, at last, you realise the sort of stuff I require. I doubt," she smiled at him in a friendly way, "if I could have written it half as well myself."

But this was more than he could bear. From out of his unexplained anger he spoke: "It's gratifying to know that a mere man can, occasionally, do something as well as a woman!"

The smile froze on Kathleen's face. Why, every time she held out a friendly hand to him, did he deliberately repulse her? She felt he was acting very much like a small surly boy.

"Are you trying to be difficult, Mr. Brentwood?" she said. "Or is it just a rather feeble attempt at a joke?"

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I suppose my remark was uncalled for and stupid."

"In that case we'll say no more about it," she remarked. She took up her pencil, and glanced down at her desk to indicate that the interview was at an end.

Clive went, feeling furious both with her and with himself. It was galling to his pride to realise that in every interview Kathleen succeeded in getting the better of him. She invariably put him in his place, and the fact that she was a woman, a year younger than he was, and extremely pretty made it worse.

It was unfair, very unfair of women in business, he felt, to wear the kind of dress that Kathleen had worn that morning, for instance. It had been simply though exceedingly smartly cut, of dark green material that shone in the sunshine, and brought out all those red lights in her hair.

There had been amber beads at her throat that exactly matched her eyes. Such very clear amber . . . He hadn't been able to take his own eyes off them . . .

He glanced at the clock on his desk. "Confound the woman!" he muttered, and wished, fervently, that Felton's hadn't gone bankrupt. At Felton's his boss had been a genial, grey-haired man, getting on for sixty, who was never disturbing, exasperating or . . . He left the sentence unfinished.

"If only I were back at Felton's," he muttered, and knew, in a startling, uncomfortable way, that he didn't wish anything of the sort.

CHAPTER 11

AFTER Clive had left her office, Kathleen glanced towards the closed door with a puzzled frown. These eternal wrangles with him were unpleasant and unsettling. After each of them she found it difficult to concentrate on her work, and she was also conscious of an uncomfortable sense of failure.

Repeatedly she had tried to win his confidence and friendship; repeatedly she had turned the other cheek, as it were, and, just as repeatedly—she smiled wryly at the thought—he had slapped it.

Yet, curiously, she found herself unable to dislike him. On the contrary, her feelings for him were tinged with real warmth. He was rude to her, he irritated her, yet, strangely, she felt that he didn't mean to. As though something in himself, over which

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he had very little control, drove him to it.

"He's queer," she thought. "I wonder what's at the root of the trouble?"

On an impulse she decided to talk the matter over unofficially with Mr. Daniel, who was a genius at healing breaches between various members of the staff, and, apart from that, it was he who had introduced Clive into Webber's.

She phoned through to his office, and after waiting a moment heard his genial, hearty voice asking:

"Well, what can I do for Miss Manners this morning?"

"You can spare me a few minutes to talk something over," she told him. "But—I don't want you to consider our talk in any way official. It's a purely personal matter."

Mr. Daniel chuckled into the receiver. "Personal, eh? That sounds hopeful. Well, it can't be too personal for me, my dear."

He wasn't too old to indulge, occasionally, in a ponderous flirtation, but as he really had the proverbial heart of gold no one minded. Indeed, the staff rather encouraged him, since he seemed to get such a huge joke out of so little.

"Well," she went on, "you can judge just how personal it is once I've told you."

"Let's lunch together," he suggested. "I happen to be free to-day. A man I was going to lunch with has developed flu. Do you mind if we make it my usual chop-house? Fancy cooking doesn't agree with my dyspepsia."

They met at the chop-house, at Mr. Daniel's own suggestion. He was old-fashioned in that he didn't like to be seen leaving Webber's in the company of one of the female employees.

They sat in the upstairs dining-room in one of the cubicles, and he seemed to forget all about his dyspepsia when the saddle of mutton arrived. A good lunch invariably put him in a good humor, and he beamed across the table at Kathleen.

"Well, well, my dear, this is pleasant, isn't it? It's almost a year since we last lunched together." He shook a finger across at her playfully and added, "We must do it more often. Don't forget I regard you as a protegee of mine. And a very pretty protegee, too, if you don't mind my saying so? Nice dress you've got on. It suits you."

They chatted about trivialities for some time without the subject of Clive being introduced. Curiously, although she had come out expressly to discuss him, she felt reluctant to begin.

It was Mr. Daniel who eventually introduced the subject of Clive.

"Young Brentwood been behaving himself lately?" he remarked, apropos of nothing at all.

"You must have been reading my thoughts," she smiled. "It was about Mr. Brentwood I wanted to talk to you."

He frowned. "What is it now? What's he been up to?"

"I'd like this to be quite unofficial," Kathleen said quickly. "But I remember you saying you were interested in him. You might be able to advise me how to deal with him."

"This sounds ominous!"

She smiled and shook her head. "It isn't, really. Had it been ominous I could have taken matters into my own hands long ago and given him the sack."

He raised his grey, bushy eyebrows. "As bad as that, is it? I'm sorry. Isn't his work good?"

"Up till to-day it hadn't been too good," she admitted. "But this morning he handed me some quite good copy. I sent for him to compliment him . . ." she smiled wryly. "He almost bit my head off!"

Mr. Daniel nodded thoughtfully. He didn't, curiously, appear surprised.

"I always knew he had a queer streak in him. I think the fact that he's peculiarly sensitive and intensely proud has a great deal to do with it. And then he's had a pretty hard life.

"It may be good for a young fellow to be toughened early in life, but if he gets too many knocks and too little kindliness it's apt to give him a kink. Clive's particular kink is an instinctive destrust of anyone who tries to be nice to him. He's an idea they are only doing it out of pity, and his pride resents that intensely."

Kathleen leant her elbows on the table.

"But how did he come to be that way?" she asked.

"He had a very unhappy childhood," Mr. Daniel said. "And his life since, as far as I can see, has been a grim struggle with precious little fun. His mother died when he was quite young and, some years later, his father married again. A beautiful, but most selfish woman.

"I think it was his step-mother who sowed the seeds of his distrust and dislike of women. She thought him difficult and didn't attempt to understand him. I believe she even resented him, particularly when, in due course, she had a son of her own.

"Not that she can have cared much for her own child, since, when he was a lad of six, she cleared off with another man, a wealthy merchant, and washed her hands of the whole lot of them.

"Clive was sixteen when his father went bankrupt and shot himself, leaving his son the sole support of his half-brother Robin, who goes by the absurd name of Gumps.

"Clive certainly has my respect for the way he's treated that boy. At first he sent the lad to a country vicarage and now he's at a preparatory school. Before Clive got his last job at Felton's I've reason to believe he often didn't have enough food to eat, let alone clothes to put on his back.

"But all along he saw that Gumps did not suffer. He'd do anything for that boy. That's why, when Felton's went bust, I was so anxious to get him into Webber's. I shouldn't like to think of him losing his job even now. But, of course, if you don't find him satisfactory . . ."

"Please, the last thing I want is for him to get the sack," Kathleen broke in. "If that had been my idea I shouldn't have wasted time discussing him with you."

"Perhaps you would like me to transfer him to another department?"

Kathleen considered this suggestion.

What Mr. Daniel had told her hadn't really surprised her. She had suspected that some such story lay behind the strangeness of Clive. But she understood now why, all along, she had instinctively liked him and why his manner towards her, that amounted at times almost to rudeness, hadn't antagonised her more.

"No," she said at last. "I don't think I'd like you to transfer him to another department just yet. You see," she looked up with a frank smile, "to have you do that would be to admit failure, wouldn't it?"

He laughed. "And you're woman enough to resent having to admit failure with any man, eh?" His nice eyes twinkled. "Poor Clive! I'm more sorry for him than ever."

CHAPTER 12

"GOING gay to-night, I see," laughed Lea. "I gather I'm not invited to the party?"

Kathleen smiled. "No, you're not invited. I'm going out to dinner with a friend."

Lea stretched her arms as she yawned. She was lolling in an armchair in front of the fire. "Male, presumably?" she commented.

"Why," Kathleen wanted to know, "should you think that?"

"Be your age! Do you think you would have gone to all that bother about your complexion and clothes if the friend had been a woman? Not the fascinating magazine proprietor I met in your office the other day, is it? I rather fell for him myself."

"Did you?" Kathleen replied coldly.

"I'm not going to try to cut you out, so you needn't be jealous or sound so chilly."

"I assure you," Kathleen told her even more coldly, "I shouldn't be in the least jealous."

Lea raised her attractively-pencilled eyebrows. "That so?" she drawled. "Then you wouldn't care if I did get off with the boy friend, eh?"

Kathleen almost said, "Of course I wouldn't," but suddenly she realised that that wouldn't be true.

Standing there before the bevelled oval mirror she saw that her hazel eyes were shining, her cheeks were flushed. The flimsy tulle bodice of her amber evening gown was moving unevenly. She clenched her hands tightly by her sides. It was nonsense; it must be nonsense!

She changed the subject. "Any luck today in the flat hunting, Lea?"

Lea nodded. "Not a bad little place—in Bloomsbury. The rent's more than I wanted to pay, but I guess I can cut down on food."

"Couldn't you have found something cheaper a little further out?" Kathleen suggested.

"I expect so," Lea agreed. "But what's the sense in losing your beauty sleep in a rotten old tube or a bus? Don't you worry! I'll manage all right."

The house telephone rang, and Kathleen picked up the receiver.

It was Derek, calling for her. She had suggested she should meet him in town and save him the long trip to Hampstead, but he had merely said:

"Don't be difficult, Kathie."

"Difficult?" she had questioned.

"Remember the little lecture I gave you at lunch the other day about not being too independent? A man doesn't like it."

She had reflected, wryly, that had she been a little more independent seven years ago the blow Derek had dealt her wouldn't have hurt so much. Men were queer creatures. They forced you to become independent by their callousness or lack of sympathy, then blamed you for it.

She hadn't meant to ask him up to her flat, but . . . could it be anything Lea had said that made her change her mind?

Or was she merely trying to prove to herself that she wasn't, couldn't be, jealous where Derek was concerned? When one has suffered intensely over someone once, surely one is immune from further suffering? Lea crossed lazily to the mirror and patted her hair into place. Her violet eyes, as she regarded Kathleen, were faintly mocking.

"So I'm to be granted another sight of him, eh? You are generous, darling!"

There was a light tap on the door, that led directly into the sitting-room, and Kathleen opened it.

"Hello, Kathie. This is great!" said Derek. There was warmth in his voice, and his eyes, as they swept over her, said more than his voice. He shook her hand. "You look lovely! You don't mind my saying so?"

"Don't let me cramp your style," Lea interposed with a laugh.

"Why should you?" Derek asked. "She is lovely, isn't she?"

"I suppose so," Lea grinned. "But don't forget she's my own sister."

"WILL you have a glass of sherry, Derek," Kathleen suggested.

"Yes, do," Lea urged. "And I'll have one, too. It may console me for the loss of a second good meal in the course of a week!"

Her eyes, large and dark in the lamplight, gleamed derisively. Derek knew what she meant. She was establishing a faint bond between them, though at present the bond consisted solely of a joke that was shared.

Kathleen got the sherry out of the cupboard. It was in a charmingly-shaped glass decanter of the Indian tree pattern, with attractive glasses that matched. Derek raised his glass to her.

The sherry gleamed gold in the firelight, Kathleen glanced towards him and thought

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how handsome he looked in his well-cut evening clothes. It was the first time she had seen him in "tails." In the old days he had owned only a somewhat shabby dinner jacket.

He drank the sherry. "Come along, Kathie," he said. "I've ordered dinner."

"Me for an orange and bed, I suppose," Lea murmured. "Still, I daresay it's good for the figure."

Derek looked towards her and thought, as she had meant him to think, that it was absurd of anyone, with as perfect a figure as Lea's, to bother about it.

As he looked towards her, she smiled into his eyes and he realised suddenly just why she had made the remark. He felt a curious mixture of annoyance and pleased vanity. He remarked to Kathleen during the drive down to the West End: "Your sister isn't in the least like you, is she?"

"You don't think so?"

He smiled quietly. "I know so. And it isn't only a matter of looks. Everything about you is different. She's—well, she reminds me, in a way, of a lovely Persian cat!"

"And don't I?" Kathleen laughed.

He laughed, too. "No. You're more like a dog, Kathie. Honest, dependable, quick-witted, clever. Loyal, too, to anyone who is good to you, as a dog is loyal to his master. But your sister, she's definitely the feline type. Lovely, slinky, unreliable, even treacherous at times, as likely as not to scratch the hand that feeds her should the notion come into her head."

Kathleen felt that she should have resented this description of Lea more than she actually did.

"I'm sorry you don't like Lea," she murmured.

"But what nonsense! Of course I like her."

"But," she objected, "if you think she's slinky and treacherous . . ."

"That has nothing to do with it," he said. "She is most attractive. She pleases my eyes and my senses, which is more than half the battle, as far as a man is concerned. But I shouldn't care to be in her power in any way—desperately in love with her, for instance."

"But you wouldn't like to be in any woman's power," challenged Kathleen. "You're terribly keen on keeping your independence, aren't you, Derek?"

"Why not?" he wanted to know. "If anyone has a firm hold on you, you no longer belong to yourself."

"Is it so important to belong to oneself?" Kathleen murmured. It was curious that she should be taking the opposite side in this argument, she, who had so often proclaimed that she valued her independence more than anything else.

"I think it is," he said gravely. "At least, it's important to me."

"But what about love?" she questioned. "To fall in love with anyone means, of necessity, surrendering yourself, or a great part of yourself."

"I know," he said. "That's why I don't really believe in love."

She glanced towards him as a street lamp shone directly into the car. Derek hadn't talked like this in the old days. Had he changed, hardened? Certainly his mouth now had a slightly hard line to it; his eyes also were hard.

Yet when he smiled there was a gentleness about him that was hard to reconcile with this impression of hardness. He was an amazingly complex character. But then, hadn't he always been?

HE was one of the few men whom no woman would ever dominate. Whatever happened he would remain his own master. Was it because of that strong egotistical streak in him, or because he knew women too well?

He wasn't, she found herself thinking as the silence continued, the type of man it is good for a woman to love. To love Derek didn't make for happiness. Hadn't her own past experience proved that?

Yet unfortunately he was the type women did love, and would go on loving, battering themselves helplessly against the rock of his impersonality, picking themselves up tired and hurt, finally to give up in despair or else . . .

Surely history couldn't repeat itself? Surely no woman who had once failed, who knew that failure was inevitable, would be fool enough to risk disillusion a second time?

No, no, of course no woman could be such a fool! Kathleen was quite relieved when they arrived at the restaurant Derek had chosen.

CHAPTER 13

A TETE-A-TETE dinner, he told her, as he led her down the softly-carpeted stairs, should be taken in a place where the atmosphere is pleasant, the food perfect, and the wine cellar above reproach.

Above all, there should be no unnecessary noise. No shrieking jazz band, no clatter of plates. Large, noisy hotels and restaurants were all right for lunch. You rather welcomed an atmosphere of noise at lunch.

It pepped you up after the strain of the morning, keyed up your frayed nerves afresh for the renewed struggle of the afternoon. But dinner should be an excuse for relaxation.

Yet during the early stages of the meal the new magazine was mentioned, and Kathleen found herself witnessing a startling metamorphosis.

The pleasantly agreeable, carefree man-about-town vanished, and there, before her, was the old enthusiastic, restless Derek, brimful of vitality, catching hold of the tail of a seemingly impossible scheme, twisting it about in his hands, looking at it first from this angle, then from that, finally either adopting it whole-heartedly, or tossing it over his shoulder as useless.

But then a twinkle came into her hazel eyes, and she said: "I thought you told me earlier this evening that dinner was the time for relaxation! I should say your brain has been more active during the past half-hour than most men's brains are throughout the year. Any one of those ideas would be good enough to float a company on!"

He grinned apologetically, though she could see he wasn't ill-pleased. He was like a small boy when he grinned in that pleased, sheepish way.

"One can't always live up to one's theories," he said with a smile.

"Perhaps," she suggested, though she couldn't have explained what prompted her to say it, "you'll feel the same once you fall in love again. All those theories you were airing will collapse like a balloon pricked with a pin."

The smile died from his face. He shook his head slowly and his eyes were hard again. "No," he said. "I shan't fall in love again. Not in the way you mean."

"Then you wouldn't ever marry again, even if you were free?" Kathleen asked.

He shook his head.

"You don't believe in marriage?"

"Not for a man like myself," he said. "If one is sensitive and idealistic it can't be a success. To make any human relationship a success one must be always keyed up to concert pitch. And one can't be keyed up for seven days in the week.

"One is bound to relax, and for the other person relaxation is synonymous with disillusion. Besides, marriage destroys one's privacy. And to achieve anything worthwhile one must have privacy."

She nodded slowly. These were much her own sentiments about marriage. But for some reason to-night there was a perverse streak in her that made her want to argue with him.

She leant her elbows on the table and stirred her coffee slowly.

"And what is your substitute for marriage?" she asked.

"Why," he laughed suddenly, "a perfectly simple one. I'm not at all averse to having an affair, even a serious one."

She wrinkled her small nose slightly.

"The word 'affair' always has an unpleasant sound, don't you think? It suggests something fleeting, clandestine and . . . and rather cheap."

"But," Derek protested, "it is just that suggestion of permanency I think one should avoid. Since it has been proved time and again that few, if any, human relationships are permanent, why should one pretend to believe that they are?"

She thought that over for a minute before asking:

"Then what would be your idea of an ideal relationship between yourself and a woman whom you liked and who also attracted you?"

He took a cigarette from his silver case, which lay open on the table, and lit it thoughtfully.

"We would have our own flats," he said. "We'd meet often for dinner or for lunch. We might even go jaunts abroad together. We'd see quite a lot of each other, but not too much! And naturally we'd each keep our own friends."

She frowned.

"Do you mean friends of the opposite sex?"

"Why not?" he asked sharply. "In a world full of interesting men and women, why confine ourselves——."

"Do you really think a woman would be happy under such an arrangement?" Kathleen broke in.

There was a pause. A minute later he stretched his hand across the table and said, with his attractively boyish, apologetic smile:

"What nuts we are wasting our time arguing, Kathie. There's so much I want to hear about you. Seven long years. Begin at the beginning, please, my dear, and tell me everything that has happened to you, since that morning I sailed for the States."

She told him. A little diffidently at first, but, in the warmth of his genuine interest, she expanded and the tapestry of her life, instead of being given him in bits, like a jig-saw puzzle, became an absorbing, colorful whole.

"Splendid, Kathie, splendid!" Derek's grey eyes shone with enthusiasm. "I'm terribly proud to think that we used to be friends, that we are once more. I always knew there was something out of the ordinary about you. Now I've found you again I'm not going to lose you."

A warm rush of color flooded her cheeks. She knew it, and was annoyed and self-conscious, but Derek thought it delightful. It made her look young and glowing, extraordinarily vital.

"You're going to let me share in your future triumphs, aren't you?" he asked. "Promise me you will," he urged softly.

She smiled, rather tremulously. "Yes, of course, Derek. Why shouldn't we be friends?"

"That's a bit of my own medicine back, isn't it?"

"You mean?"

"Your insistence on the word friendship."

She was a little bewildered. "But isn't that what you want?"

He frowned, but he didn't let go of her hand. "Yes, I suppose it is. But . . . oh, lord, Kathie . . . perhaps I don't know what I do want. Anyhow, friendship is such an elastic term. Where does it begin, and, between a man and a woman, who ever knows where it will end?"

CHAPTER 14

APART from her small salary, Lea was well pleased with her job at Webber's.

She told Kathleen, "It's a bit of a fag strutting about all day long in fancy costume," but, in reality, she enjoyed walking about in the trim, well-cut sports outfits.

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When she wasn't needed to model for customers, she was instructed to roam the store at large, even to penetrate into the restaurant during the lunch and tea hour.

The powers-that-be considered this a good advertisement, and if Lea spent more of her time in the grillroom than in the ladies' luncheon lounge who could blame her? The men might have daughters and wives whom they could send to Webber's for sports outfits.

Certainly Mr. Manton, the buyer, would have been the last person to call Lea to question. He had looked once at her perfect figure in the green flannel sports trousers, and the soft, becoming angora sweater, and decided she was the most perfect mannequin he had ever seen.

On her second day at Webber's she allowed him to take her out to lunch, and that completely finished him.

She told him that she had a flat of her own in Bloomsbury, and hinted that at some future date she might invite him there for a cocktail.

This thrilled Mr. Manton. He felt that he was at last about to step out into the delightfully wicked bohemian life he had secretly hankered after. Bloomsbury, he had heard, was now the abode of artists' models, writers, and interesting people of that kind.

In return for this promised excitement he made Lea's work at Webber's easy and pleasant; he praised her highly in his reports—so highly that Miss Watkins snorted when she read them, and said: "The man's an idiot, obviously!"

Still, all might have been well, for a very little would have contented Mr. Manton, had it not been for the complication caused by Mr. Wilson, the floor manager, who had also looked in Lea's direction more than once since her arrival.

Though Mr. Wilson knew very little about modelling, he had a number of suggestions to offer. So many, in fact, that before Lea had been at Webber's two weeks he decided that they must lunch together in order to discuss her duties fully. Lea agreed that it would be most beneficial, and they went.

He took her to the Luxury, which seemed to him just the sort of place a big business man, like himself, should take an exceedingly attractive model. He considered her inexperienced and innocent, and Lea played up to this conception of herself.

It amused her to play this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde role; to be the experienced, disillusioned married woman to Mr. Manton, and the sweet young innocent to Mr. Wilson.

That day, seeing Lea leave the store accompanied by the portly Mr. Wilson, Mr. Manton didn't go to lunch at all. For some reason the thought of food didn't tempt him, though he usually had a hearty appetite.

He mooched about the store during the lunch hour, blowing up the assistants needlessly, and being in a bad humor generally. When two o'clock struck, two-fifteen, then two-thirty, he could scarcely control himself.

When Lea did return he spoke to her quite sharply and pretended that some customers who wished to have sports clothes displayed had come and gone. Lea was cute enough to realise the cause of the trouble, and she wasn't displeased.

All the same, she was careful to soothe Mr. Manton, since nothing could be gained by antagonising him and much might be lost. She explained softly that she had thought it best to lunch with Mr. Wilson for both their sakes, seeing that he was Mr. Manton's superior.

She intimated, also, that if she lunched with Mr. Wilson occasionally, he could have nothing to say about her lunching with him, Mr. Manton.

The latter allowed himself to be convinced, and cheered up considerably when she promised to lunch with him the following day.

It was a little unfortunate, perhaps, that Mr. Wilson should happen to see them walk down the street together and disappear into a neighboring restaurant. It angered him, and made him feel he had wasted his largesse on the desert air.

How could any girl, having lunched with him in the exclusive and discreetly gay atmosphere of the Luxury Hotel one day, bother the very next with the insignificant Mr. Manton!

But, after conversing with Lea later that same afternoon, he found, rather to his own astonishment, that it wasn't her he was annoyed with, but the unfortunate Mr. Manton. He couldn't have explained just how this had come about, but the fact remained. He even began to wonder if Mr. Manton was as competent at his job as he had previously thought him.

But while Lea was quite amused during the day, playing one man off against the other, her evenings were dull. She saw very little of Kathleen. Her sister's friends didn't amuse her. One evening, feeling particularly bored with life, she decided to ring up Hal and see how things were going.

She had promised Kathleen she wouldn't, but she argued that Kathleen couldn't possibly know. With Lea what the eye didn't see wasn't worth worrying about. Hal, she had heard, was now living with Lottie Felsham but, she surmised shrewdly, this was more a practical than a romantic arrangement.

His bookmaking business had gone west, and, apart from Lottie, Lea didn't see what means he had of support. She decided that if Lottie answered the phone she would merely replace the receiver, but, as it happened, she got through directly to Hal.

She said: "Hello, Hal. How are you?"

"What the devil do you care?" he muttered.

"No reason why we shouldn't be *friends*," she offered. "I often think about you."

"Then you're wasting your time," he flung back at her.

"What's the matter with you, Hal?" she demanded. "Isn't life with Lottie quite the bed of roses you expected?"

"I'm fed to the teeth!" Hal growled.

Lea smiled. This was better than she had expected.

"Poor Hal!" Her voice softened. "If you care to come round, I'll give you a drink and you can tell me all about it. I'm at . . ." she gave him the address.

"Nothing doing!" he said. "Lottie wouldn't stand for it."

This, for some reason, infuriated Lea. Lottie wouldn't stand for it, indeed! What had Lottie to do with it since she, Lea, was still Hal's wife?

"Don't come then," she shouted. "You're not the only pebble on the beach. I said there was plenty of drink in the flat, and it'll be drunk to-night, but you can bet your life I shan't be drinking it alone!" And with that she slammed down the receiver.

It took her some time to calm down. During the process she stormed about the flat, kicking rugs and cushions out of the way, lighting cigarettes and throwing them half-smoked into the fireplace.

Suddenly she thought of Kathleen's friend, Derek Carlton. Perhaps he had been at the back of her mind all along. She had found him immensely attractive. Besides, she gathered he was quite well off, was important, and likely to become more so. Supposing she telephoned him and invited him round for a cocktail?

Derek's private address was in the phone book. Lea noted that he lived in a service flat in Mayfair. She hesitated a little while longer about phoning him, but, having poured herself a cocktail and drunk it, became emboldened and gave his number to the operator.

She recognised his voice at once.

"Yes, of course, I remember you. You're Kathie's sister, Lea."

She was pleased, feeling that things were going to be easier than she had anticipated.

"You did ask me to ring you up some time," she said, and paused, waiting for him to help her out.

He knew perfectly well that he hadn't asked her to phone him, and so did she, but for the moment he let that pass.

"Well?" he inquired politely.

"I—I rather wanted to speak to you about Kathleen," she blurted out, feeling strangely self-conscious.

He laughed. "Oh? That alters the situation, doesn't it? Well, what's on your mind?"

"I wondered if you could come round to my flat and have a cocktail," Lea suggested. "We could talk quietly and undisturbed here."

He hesitated, but only momentarily. "All right," he agreed. "Give me the address."

Lea replaced the receiver, feeling that the first round was hers. She ran into the bedroom and changed hastily into her most attractive evening dress, a gown of copper lace that was striking and well cut. She screwed long paste ear-rings, reproductions of an old-fashioned design, into her small ears.

She put one of the latest dance tunes on the gramophone, and swayed about the room to the music. She had now completely recovered from her ill-humor over Hal.

"Just as well you couldn't come, my boy," she remarked aloud.

The bell rang and, leaving the gramophone on, Lea ran to the door. She had planned a gay, effusive greeting, but at the actual sight of Derek that queer self-consciousness overcame her again.

He was wearing a dark blue, well-cut overcoat, which she helped him out of in the hall. His suit, she noticed, was grey and it, also, was exceptionally well-tailored.

"Will you mix a cocktail, or shall I?" she asked, as she led the way into the sitting-room.

"You do it, please," he suggested. "It always pleases me to watch a pretty girl mix a cocktail specially for me and hand it to me."

He smiled and added, "It must be a sort of sultan-complex."

She smiled, too, and the ice was broken.

"And what have you to say to me about Kathie?" he inquired presently.

It had never occurred to Lea that he would probe into her poor excuse.

"She's—she's working too hard, don't you think?" she suggested after a pause.

He laughed, as he had laughed over the telephone, only more heartily this time. "Of course, she isn't working too hard, and even if she were it wouldn't worry you."

She flushed. "Oh, well, if you didn't agree . . ."

"But I do agree," he told her, and there was still that twinkle in his eyes. "I agree that it's quite delightful to meet like this. That's what you really meant, wasn't it?"

She was so slight and willowy, so lovely in a rather exotic fashion. But, except in a primitive way, she wasn't intelligent. One could never, for instance, discuss the same things with her one could discuss with Kathie. Nor could one, he judged, ever become genuinely fond of her.

Lea laid a hand on his arm. She was smiling up into his eyes pleadingly. "Please don't be difficult," she begged. "You see, I don't want to hurt Kathleen in any way."

"If you were genuine about that," he remarked quietly, "you wouldn't see me at all. What you mean is that you don't want to hurt her unless it is necessary. All the same," he added, "I don't agree that it would hurt her, so really there's no need to make a fuss about it."

"That's very sweet of you," she murmured.

She raised her head a little. Her lips were very near his. So near that he kissed them. He didn't apologise, for he knew she had expected it. But her next question surprised him

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"Do you often kiss Kathleen?" she asked.

He shook his head and smiled faintly. "As a matter of fact, I haven't kissed her for seven years. Does that sound very odd?"

She nodded. Then her violet eyes brightened. "Then you can't . . . I mean, if you haven't kissed her you can't really still like her. Not in that way, anyhow."

He said, "I don't know," but it came over him in that moment that perhaps the reason why he hadn't kissed Kathie was that he liked her too well.

Presently he said: "What about dinner?"

"Are you—are you going to take me to dinner?" she asked.

"Of course." He smiled down at her teasingly.

Lea was soon ready and they walked down the staircase and out into the street, which, as usual, was crowded. As they crossed to the kerb to hail a taxi a man brushed past them. Or rather, he deliberately bumped into them.

"So sorry," he drawled, and was gone.

"Clumsy fool!" Derek muttered. He had received a vague impression of a fair young man of dissolute good looks, in a rather flashily-cut overcoat.

Lea didn't reply. Her face had gone white and she clutched Derek's arm tightly.

Why, she wondered, since Hal had refused her invitation to come round for a drink, had he been hanging around the entrance to her flat?

Of course, he might have changed his mind and been coming to see her after all. But, if that was so, why hadn't he spoken to them? He had looked queer, she thought. He might have been drinking.

They got into a taxi and Derek gave an address to the driver.

He didn't ask her where she wanted to dine. He never asked women where they wanted to dine. He knew it embarrassed rather than pleased them. But he didn't take her to his favorite restaurant.

He took her to a more obvious place. Perhaps he didn't think she would like the select haunt he reserved for his occasional romantic evenings. Or perhaps he didn't think she was worth it. . . .

CHAPTER 15

KATHLEEN glanced at the square-shaped clock on her desk. It was almost a quarter past six. She wondered why Derek hadn't rung up. Certainly he hadn't said definitely he would, but she had rather expected him to.

Every time her desk phone rang she had picked up the receiver more quickly than usual, and her heart turned over in a queer manner as she waited to hear the voice at the other end. She had been abrupt with everyone, giving the impression that she was immensely busy.

"It's just as well," she thought, in an attempt to calm herself, "that he hasn't phoned. I might be tempted to have dinner with him, then I should have to sit up for the remainder of the night finishing my work. In any case, I went to dinner with him four nights ago. There's no reason for me to hear from him until next week."

Of course, there was no reason, no logical reason, except that she wanted to. But it took her some time to admit this. "We're just friends," she reminded herself. "And it's fun talking over our work together."

But a friendship, like any other human relationship, must, of necessity, grow into something more or dwindle into something less. At least, if it is between a man and a woman who are both young, attractive, and attracted towards one another.

She hadn't thought much about it until just recently. She had been pleased, perhaps more than pleased, to see Derek again. Their renewed friendship had filled a blank in her life.

Even though she hadn't admitted it, the blank had been there. It was curious that during those seven lonely years she hadn't allowed some other man to fill it. Perhaps it was that Derek had dealt such a blow to her pride that she hadn't dared risk a further hurt?

When they had last parted he had said: "I'll phone you in a day or two, Kathie, then we'll arrange something else."

He never, when leaving her, made a more definite engagement. Sometimes she wished he would. It would, for instance, have saved her from the tension she felt this late afternoon as she sat at her desk, waiting for the telephone to ring.

She thought: "If we arranged definitely to see each other twice a week on a certain day it would be better. One can bear anything but suspense."

But Derek, for all his success, wasn't a definite person. At least, he didn't like to tie himself down to anything definite, socially. Sometimes he would telephone her twice a day, at other times he would leave her, as he was leaving her now, for four whole days or a week.

She wouldn't admit that her work suffered in consequence. But she had been jumpy all day. And now, with evening established and nearly everyone gone from the building, she was still sitting before her desk, although for the past twenty minutes she hadn't attempted to do any work.

PRESENTLY, with a restless gesture, Kathleen pushed the work in front of her aside and said aloud, though there was no one within earshot: "Well, I must be getting home."

It was then she noticed a batch of advertising copy she had meant to give to Clive Brentwood to reconstruct and enlarge upon. It was important, since it had to go to the printers by noon the following day.

How could she have been so stupid as to have forgotten it? It had been lying on her desk underneath a dummy of the catalogue.

Clive wouldn't have time to do it in the morning. Perhaps if she got it round to him to-night he could work upon it? It wouldn't take her long to run out to his lodgings in her car.

Twenty-five minutes later she was ringing Mrs. Perman's front door bell.

"No, Mr. Clive isn't at home," Mrs. Perman said breathlessly when she answered the bell. "But Master Gumps is, and you'd be doing the poor boy a kindness if you'd step in and have a word with him. He's only been out of hospital ten days, and he must be getting sick of sitting in that room by himself.

"I'd be talking to him myself, but I've got my other young gentleman's dinner to cook. Mr. Clive usually stays in of an evening, but to-night he had to go out to dinner. It was important, I reckon, for he wore his dress clothes, and I haven't seen them on him for six months or more."

Mrs. Perman paused, more breathless than ever, but while she had been talking she had half-insinuated, half-propelled Kathleen towards Clive's sitting-room door, the first on the right of the corridor. She threw it open and said:

"Look, Master Gumps, here's a visitor to see you. She came asking for Mr. Clive, but I told her as how you were alone, and she said she'd like to see you."

Kathleen and Gumps smiled across the room at each other.

She saw a boy of eleven, taller than the average. So tall, in fact, that he might have been fourteen or fifteen. He had Clive's brown hair and Clive's brown eyes. He was, in many ways, strikingly like his half-brother.

"How do you do?" he said gravely, with the odd formality of youth. "Won't you sit down?"

Kathleen was somewhat nonplussed, but she sat down in an armchair by the fire facing him. His face was very white, she noticed, and slightly pinched. He needed, she found herself thinking, a lot of good, nourishing food and bracing air.

"I'm afraid my brother is out," Gumps resumed formally. "I know he'll be disappointed to miss your visit."

"As a matter of fact, I only came to bring him some copy from the office," she remarked.

"Did you?" he returned politely. "Then if you'd care to leave it I'll see he gets it when he comes home."

He was, she noticed, quaintly old for his years, undoubtedly the result of being so much with an adult.

She smiled and said, "But surely you'll be in bed by then?"

He looked offended, as though his pride had been hurt.

"I don't think so. You see, I'm very busy at the moment."

"Are you? That's very interesting," she remarked quickly to cover up her mistake. "What are you working on?"

"I'm working on a perpetual motion machine," he said.

She gasped: "A perpetual motion machine?"

He nodded gravely. "I have been working on it for some months. I have the plans over there. Would you care to see them?"

She told him she would be delighted, and he solemnly brought the plans out of a drawer in Clive's desk, and, standing beside her, began to explain them. They were utterly impossible, of course, yet it was not easy to see just why they were impossible.

He talked eagerly, intelligently, completely lost in the intricacies of his own design. Kathleen listened, marvelling.

"What are you going to do with them when you've finished the final plans?" she asked when he paused.

"I shall sell them," he told her. "I want to make a lot of money."

"What do you want to make a lot of money for?"

He leant forward slightly and told her, obviously in the greatest confidence: "I want to buy a motor-car for Clive."

"What a splendid idea!"

"Yes," he agreed. "Clive has been very good to me. I should like to make it up to him."

"You're keen on motoring?" she inquired.

His brown eyes shone. His thin white face broke into an eager smile. "It's great!" he said. "Most of the boys' fathers have cars. That's why I want Clive to have one."

"You're very fond of your brother, aren't you?" she remarked quietly.

SHE was sorry the minute she had said it, for she saw that her question had embarrassed him terribly. His face reddened. He thrust his hands in his pockets and gazed down at his boots, which he knocked together.

"Oh yes, Clive's all right," he said gruffly.

There was a note in his voice that made Kathleen feel suddenly as though she wanted to cry. She turned her face towards the fire and blinked rapidly. She thought, in the pause, that it must be rather wonderful to have someone feel towards one as Gumps felt towards Clive.

"Clive is very clever," Gumps remarked presently. "He earns more than five pounds a week, you know."

Five pounds a week, Kathleen sensed immediately, represented a small fortune in the boy's estimation. She thought guiltily of her own salary, more than four times that amount.

"That's a lot of money," she agreed.

He nodded. "It must be nice for you to work under him. Are you his secretary?"

She blinked momentarily. A secret smile threatened, but she kept it in check. "No," she said. "I'm not exactly his secretary, but we're both in the same department."

"I suppose Clive tells you what to do?"

"Something like that," she said hastily, and changed the conversation.

"I was very sorry to hear about your operation."

He smiled quite proudly. "I'll be the

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only boy in the class who has had his appendix out, anyhow."

She agreed, gravely, that that must be some consolation, and, remembering all the work she had to get through that evening, rose to go. But she was sorry to have to leave. She liked this boy. She liked talking to him. Before she went she said impulsively, "I've got a car. Won't you come driving with me one afternoon soon?"

Again she saw his brown eyes fire with eagerness. "I say, do you mean it?" he exclaimed.

"Of course," she smiled back. "I think it would be great fun."

"We can take Clive along, can't we?" he said excitedly, "and Nipper? Nipper isn't very good in a car, but he enjoys it very much."

Nipper looked up and wagged his short, stumpy tail as though to confirm this statement.

"We'll take Nipper by all means," Kathleen agreed. "But do you think your brother will want to come with us?"

Her eyes twinkled suddenly. "Don't you ask him," she said. "I will. I'd rather like to."

CHAPTER 16

CLIVE had had, to use his own phraseology, a foul evening. He had been to dinner with the Hastings'. This was an event in itself, since never before had he known them entertain at anything other than tea in the afternoon or tea again after supper.

He should have been warned. But, instead, he had walked blindfold into the trap. It had been a trap and, as he strode homeward through the night, he realised it, for though he knew little of women he was no fool.

He had been invited solely so that Daphne could show off before her new young man. That became obvious before he had been in the house fifteen minutes. Mrs. Hastings treated him in a kindly, condescending manner tinged with pity, especially when Freddy Turner was in the room.

Obviously, the impression they wished to create was that Clive was mad about Daphne, but that her own affections weren't involved.

It was a ghastly meal served by the girl who came in to help clean in the mornings. Her expression was permanently startled and she seemed to be in such a state of terror that Clive expected her at any moment to drop one of the dishes and rush screaming from the room.

Freddy Turner was a plump, complacent young man in the Indian Civil Service. He had determined, before he came on leave, to take a wife back with him, and he made no secret of this.

"Beastly lonely for a man out there unless he's married to some nice girl," he commented during the meal.

"It must be awfully romantic out in India," Daphne remarked with a wistful sigh.

"It's dashed hot!" Freddy commented.

"But I mean . . . the moon on the Taj Mahal . . . and all that sort of thing," Daphne persisted, with a dreamy expression in her large blue eyes.

"Yes, and fevers and snakes and poisonous insects, not to mention the vermin," Clive broke in.

"It's easy to tell you've never been out there," Daphne remarked angrily, then, turning once more towards Freddy, "I'm sure I should adore it!"

Clive was tempted to ask whether she'd like a silver butter dish or a set of teaspoons for a wedding present, but thought better of it.

After dinner they adjourned to the sitting-room. Mrs. Hastings subsided into her favorite corner of the couch, but since this was "an occasion" she didn't produce her knitting. Clive sat on his customary straight-backed chair near the fireplace and scowled down into the flames.

Daphne wandered across the room and sat down on the long narrow piano stool, inviting Freddy with a coy glance to come and sit beside her.

"Oh, mother," Daphne called across the room, "I was reading such a beautiful advertisement about grand pianos in the paper to-day. It was terribly romantic."

"What paper was it in?" Clive asked, and his voice sounded hollow.

"The 'Daily Beacon,'" she returned.

Clive moistened his lips nervously and shuddered. He would die rather than admit that he had written that copy.

Mrs. Hastings shook a finger at Daphne with ponderous playfulness.

"Perhaps mother will give you a grand piano as a wedding present."

Clive rose to go.

"Awfully sorry to rush away," he mumbled. "But I've work to do."

No one seemed greatly disappointed, though Daphne condescended to see him to the door.

"Nice of you to have come, Clive," she said.

He refrained from the customary, "Nice of you to have asked me," because he didn't think it had been nice at all.

"I think Freddy's a dear," she remarked, half defiantly. Perhaps she sensed something censorious in Clive's manner. "What do you think of him?"

Clive was standing in the doorway with his hat in his hand.

"I think," he remarked, "that he's just the right man for you. Good-bye, Daphne, and thank you." And with that he strode off into the darkness.

It wasn't late when he reached Mrs. Perman's. Barely ten o'clock. All the same, he was surprised to find Gumps still up.

"Hello, what does this mean, young fellow?" he demanded. "You should have been in bed hours ago."

Gumps wasn't without tact when it suited him. He changed the topic of conversation.

"A lady came to see you," he said, and added graciously: "She wasn't bad, either."

Clive looked surprised. "A lady?"

Gumps nodded. "Yes, from Webber's. She said she worked in the same department as you."

A faint color rose to Clive's cheeks as he stared at his half-brother. "Do you mean Miss Manners called here?"

"I don't know what her name was," said Gumps. "But she has a car." He added importantly, "She's taking me out in it on Saturday."

"The devil she is!" Clive ejaculated. He added, as he took off his grey overcoat and threw it over the back of a chair, "You want to go?"

Gumps thrust his hands into his pockets and tried to consider the question dispassionately. "It wouldn't be so bad," he said at last. "I don't mind going."

Clive, who knew him so well, suddenly smiled. He knew that Gumps was simply longing to go; that he was so excited at the prospect that he hadn't gone to bed.

"I should go then," he said. He crossed over to his desk and saw the copy on it. "What's this?" he asked.

"Oh, she brought that," said Gumps. "She said there was a note with it."

Clive tore open the note. It was brief. It merely said that if he could possibly manage to get some of the copy done that night it might be as well as it had to go to the printers by noon to-morrow. He glanced at the clock. It wasn't late. It was just as well he had left the Hastings' early.

"You'd better run off to bed, Gumps," he said. "I'll be up some time working."

Gumps wasn't listening. He had something else on his mind. He said, "It's funny she should have a car when she's working under you, and you shouldn't have one, isn't it, Clive?"

Clive started. He almost dropped the copy. "Working under me?" he repeated. He added after a moment's pause, "Did she say she was working under me?"

Gumps looked at him curiously. "I think I said so. Isn't she? She didn't contradict me."

"You told her she was working under me?" Then, when Gumps nodded, he threw back his head and laughed. "Why should you have thought that?"

"Well," Gumps considered it, "she's a woman, isn't she? And . . . and she didn't look old."

Clive said quietly, "As a matter of fact, I'm working under her. She's my boss."

He had his back half turned towards his brother as he said it. His face had reddened. He was furious with himself that he should feel mortified, but he did. He wondered whether Gumps would think less of him for having to work under someone younger than himself, and a woman.

But whatever Gumps thought, he merely said: "Oh well, I don't suppose women are so bad, Clive. At least she isn't."

CHAPTER 17

WHEN Clive brought the revised "copy" into Kathleen's office the following morning he said: "I'm sorry I wasn't at home when you brought the copy round to my digs last night."

She looked up from her work with a smile. "I'm rather glad you weren't at home. You see, I made the acquaintance of a most delightful young gentleman."

He flushed—this time with pleasure. "You mean Gumps. He's a great kid, isn't he?"

"And most intelligent, too. He showed me some marvellous plans for a perpetual motion machine."

Clive nodded. "They're not bad for a kid of that age, are they?" He added, "It was kind of you to ask him to go driving on Saturday afternoon. I know he's looking forward to it."

A slight twinkle came into her hazel eyes. "I was going to ask you if you'd come along with us. But, frankly, until this moment I didn't think I'd have the courage to do so."

He raised his dark eyes. "What on earth do you mean?"

She smiled. "You are rather an alarming person at times, don't you think?"

He appeared astonished. "Am I?"

"Especially alarming," her smile broadened, "to anyone who is trying to be nice to you."

But at that he scowled suddenly. He said, "Were you trying to be 'nice' to me last evening when you allowed Gumps to think you were working under me?"

This time she flushed. "I didn't see any point in telling him . . ."

"Quite so," he interrupted curtly. "You think I'm so vain and conceited that I couldn't bear my half-brother to know the truth?"

It was her turn to be angry.

"Well," she defended, "you always have given me the impression that you were ashamed of yourself for having to work under—a woman!"

"That may be so," he said. "But that doesn't mean that I want Gumps to be deceived. I told him the truth, anyhow."

Kathleen flushed. She glanced down at the copy he had just placed on her desk.

"I'll read this through when I have a moment," she said.

He walked towards the door. But, with his hand on the knob, he glanced back and said abruptly, "I should like to go driving with you next Saturday afternoon if the invitation's still open."

"Certainly!" she said. "I shall be very glad."

"It's very kind of you." Without another word he went out of the room.

Alone in her office, Kathleen started to laugh softly. But after a moment she ceased laughing. Curiously she found she had lost the taste for laughing at Clive Brentwood's expense. . . .

Derek rang up on the Saturday morning.

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"Hello, Kathie," he said. "What about driving out into the country with me this afternoon? It's a nice day."

It was typical of Derek. No excuses, no apologies. No suggestion in his manner, even, that there was any need for an apology even if he had left her without a word for almost a week.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm booked this afternoon."

"Nonsense!" he said. "And, even if you are, you can put it off."

"I can't," she said. "I'm taking some friends for a drive and I can't possibly disappoint them."

"How do you know they'd be disappointed?" he demanded. "That's your vanity speaking, Kathie. Probably your friends won't collapse under their disappointment. For all you know, they may feel relieved! So don't be difficult. I'll be round at your flat shortly after two. We'll drive out into the country, have tea, and come back to town for dinner. How does that strike you?"

"It doesn't strike me at all because I can't possibly go," she answered. "I'm sorry, Derek. Any other day."

"What's the use of any other day?" he said half angrily. "Any other day may not be as fine as this one. Besides, heaven knows what the morrow has in store for any of us. Don't you want to come, Kathie?"

THAT was so ridiculous that she almost laughed aloud. Didn't she want to come? She wanted to so much that she was desperately afraid of weakening. But she couldn't go back on Gumps.

She might have explained why, at least have told him that it was because of a child who had been ill. But that unreasonable feminine annoyance she still felt towards him prevented her.

"I thought I had first claim on your week-ends, Kathie," he protested.

"I thought," she reminded him, "that your idea of an ideal friendship was that neither friend should have any claim over the other."

She wished she hadn't said that the next moment. She had meant it teasingly, she told herself, or had the remark grown out of an unacknowledged rancor she felt against those ideas of his?

"Score one to you, Kathie," he said quietly. "Well, have it your own way. I'll ring you up some other time."

He replaced the receiver before she could say anything more.

She spent a miserable half-hour during which she went twice to the telephone to ring him up, but didn't. She had always prided herself upon being logical and level-headed, but now she didn't feel in the least logical or level-headed.

Since they were merely friends it should have been simple enough to ring up and explain. But, somehow, it wasn't. Another half-hour dragged by in wretched indecision.

When, finally, she did phone through to his flat his man-servant told her he had just gone out. No, he didn't know where his master had gone. He didn't expect him back until late that night.

"Well, that's that," Kathleen thought, and made a half-hearted attempt at a laugh. Then she glanced guiltily towards the clock. She was already late calling for Gumps and Clive. . . .

CHAPTER 18

GUMPS had his nose flattened against the window-pane as he peered eagerly down the street waiting for Kathleen. She saw him at the window as she drew the car up before Mrs. Perman's door and was immediately glad that she hadn't put him off.

Not, of course, that there had been any question of it. But some of her depression lifted, and she was smiling as she ran up the front steps.

Gumps had the door open before she reached the top.

"We're all ready," he said eagerly. "Nipper's had a bath."

Clive appeared then and lifted his hand in salute. They smiled at each other, and Kathleen noticed, for the first time, that he had a peculiarly attractive smile. In the grey slacks and brown sports jacket he looked much younger than in his formal business suit.

He held the door of the sitting-room open. "Won't you come in for a moment?"

She came in and stood before the meagre coal fire, holding her gloved hands towards the blaze. Clive watched her and thought, afresh, how small she was and how pretty. No, more than pretty! After all, Daphne was pretty. Kathleen was beautiful.

"It's character in a woman's face that makes her beautiful," he meditated.

He found himself wanting to say, "You're very beautiful to-day, Kathleen," but he knew that he was quite incapable of such behaviour.

Gumps had disappeared into the bedroom and now reappeared in a navy-blue overcoat with his school cap and muffler.

"Come on," he urged. "Aren't we going to get started?"

"Of course!" Kathleen smiled. "How do you think we shall best fit in?"

The coupe had a small back seat, but Gumps sat in front with Kathleen, so that he could watch the speedometer. Clive and Nipper were installed behind. At least, Nipper began the journey behind, but before very long he had clambered into the front seat beside Gumps, and nothing would induce him to return to the back seat again.

NIPPER barked at every dog they passed as though he wished to call their attention to the fact that while they, poor devils, were merely running along the streets, he, Nipper, a mongrel fox-terrier, was being carried along swiftly and luxuriously in this very smart coupe.

"Ouch!" said Gumps, squirming uncomfortably. "I wish Nipper didn't have such very sharp claws."

"It was your idea bringing him," Clive reminded him.

"I don't mind his claws," Gumps said sturdily. "Only I'm afraid his front ones are scratching Miss Manners' car."

Kathleen laughingly said she didn't mind, and the journey proceeded happily. It was a lovely day, cold, crisp, and clear. They drove through Burnham Beeches with the tall, leafless trees swaying slightly in the breeze and the fallen leaves making a soft, brown carpet underfoot. The holly berries were fat and red and shining, as though each had been especially polished by Jack Frost himself.

Gumps was enjoying himself hugely. He pointed out the make of every car they passed, and knew a surprising lot about the merits or demerits of each. Presently Clive suggested that they should stop for tea, and indicated a big hotel they were passing.

"Oh, no!" said Kathleen. "Let's have tea at a farmhouse. They're much more friendly and jolly."

"I'd prefer it myself," he admitted. His brown eyes twinkled as he added, "but when one is taking one's boss to tea one likes to do her proud."

She half turned her head and smiled. "You can't forget I'm your boss, can you?"

He leant a little towards her. "I might be able to manage it just for this afternoon," he said.

Presently they were having tea in a picturesque farmhouse with whitewashed oak beams. The sitting-room was small, gay with cretonne, and warm from blazing logs in the hearth. They were the only occupants of the room. Gumps ate a huge tea hastily, and then informed them he was going to take Nipper out into the fields looking for rabbits.

"If he catches one could we stick it in the back of the car and have it for supper?" he asked earnestly.

"If no one sees him catching it," Clive agreed.

Both he and Kathleen were silent for some moments after Gumps had gone. It was pleasantly relaxing in the warm room after the sharp cold outside. Kathleen felt her cheeks glowing from the bite of the wind. She put her hands up to them and laughed.

"They feel as though they were alight!"

"You certainly don't look like the head of Webber's advertising department now," Clive remarked with a grin as he handed a cigarette across the table to her.

"What do I look like?" she wanted to know.

He looked at her thoughtfully. With her flushed cheeks and warm, red hair, she looked a delightful, vivid creature, especially in the bright green costume she was wearing, with the touches of red on her hat.

"You look as though a holly berry had burst open and you'd stepped straight out," he remarked.

"What a marvellous line!" she cried impulsively. "I'm sure you could use it in your copy somewhere."

He banged his fist on the table. "Dash it all, can't you forget work for one afternoon? That's the worst of successful women," he added with a scowl. "They can never forget their jobs for five minutes. A man usually leaves his job behind at the office, but a woman brings it right home through the front door with her."

"You're still set against women being in business?" she asked.

He smiled. "Perhaps not quite so much as I used to be. In any case I admit that no man could do the job at Webber's as successfully as you are doing it."

The talk that followed was only interrupted when Gumps burst into the room carrying a small, muddy dog who had once been white, and was now far blacker than before he had visited Mrs. Perman's bath-tub.

Nipper had covered himself with no glory. Far from catching the rabbit for supper he had got his head firmly wedged in the rabbit's hole, and Gumps had been ages trying to extricate him.

"And I'm sure I heard the rabbit laughing at him all the time," he remarked in disgust.

Clive paid the bill and they started homewards, Nipper being relegated to the floor since he was in disgrace and so dirty.

Gumps soon recovered from his disappointment over the rabbit, and chatted happily and excitedly. Kathleen and he laughed often. I, he was enjoying himself, she was, too. She found, rather to her astonishment, that she had enjoyed the whole afternoon immensely.

She had even enjoyed that talk with Clive over tea in the farmhouse. She thought, "He's much more human that I imagined him. He's really quite human."

He was nice, too, once you knew him, though she had been right when she had told him he was inclined to be too serious.

Leaning back, driving the car slowly, she gave herself up to a definite sense of happiness.

It went so abruptly and completely that she couldn't believe it had ever existed. Gumps cried, "Gee, isn't that car a beauty?"

She started and stared as the lovely red sports model raced past them. She knew that car. How well she knew it! Derek's car. Time and again she had sat with him in the front seat as he drove.

He was driving now. There was no mistaking the glimpse she had of his keen, interesting face with the black hair and penetrating grey eyes. But it wasn't the sight of him that caused her to feel as though she were falling dizzily through space.

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It was the sight of the girl sitting beside him. Lea! Lea of the pale white face, brown curling hair, and large violet eyes. Lea, her small chin cuddled down into an immense silver grey fox fur Kathleen had never seen her wearing before. Lea, her own sister, and Derek.

Gumps cried: "Be careful, Miss Manners, you nearly hit that kerb!"

"Did I?" said Kathleen. "I wasn't thinking what I was doing."

Clive leant forward and remarked, with a smile: "I didn't think you, as a practical business woman, were ever absent-minded!"

But Kathleen didn't smile. Nor did her reply make any sense. She said, in a curiously strained voice: "Perhaps Mr. Daniel was right."

"Right about what?"

She shook her head quickly. "Oh, nothing." She added: "But, you see, Clive, I can lose my head. Do you think less of me for it?" She didn't realise that she had called him Clive.

But he did, and, just for the moment, it almost took his breath away, though, really, there was nothing so very extraordinary about it. Even if she were his boss there was no reason why she shouldn't call him Clive out of office hours.

No reason, and yet . . . He hadn't expected her to. In his thoughts she had been "Kathleen" to him for some time—at least, when he was pleased with her. When he wasn't she was "that insufferable girl" or "that woman."

Yet he wouldn't have dreamt of calling her Kathleen to her face. But now . . .

He realised that he hadn't answered her question. He said quietly: "On the contrary, I think I like you better for it."

"Are you flattering me?"

"No," he replied.

She didn't argue the question. She couldn't think of anything just then but what she had seen. Derek and Lea together. And it was she herself who had first introduced them.

But just because she had seen Lea and Derek together, why should she be so upset? She knew he had other women friends. He made no secret of the fact.

She had never dreamt she could be jealous. She had always despised the emotion in others. But she seemed to be discovering a lot of unpleasant facts about herself lately. It was curious, she reflected, how little one really knew oneself.

She drove on without speaking. Perhaps Clive and Gumps talked. She didn't know. She must have driven more or less automatically, for it was almost a shock to her when she found she had pulled the car up before Mrs. Perman's lodging-house.

Gumps said, with a stiffness that came of shyness: "It was awfully kind of you, Miss Manners, to invite us. We have enjoyed it." But his brown eyes were shining and he was still breathing rapidly from excitement.

"You must come again, Gumps, quite soon," she told him.

"That would be great . . ." he began, and broke off with a shout as he saw Nipper disappear down a side street in pursuit of a black alley cat. He rushed off after him, leaving Clive standing before the open door of the car.

"It has been nice of you . . ." He tried to say "Kathleen," but, somehow, it stuck in his throat. "Gumps has had the time of his life."

"So long as Gumps has enjoyed himself," she replied, trying to smile.

"Not only Gumps! I've enjoyed myself, too." He grinned self-consciously and shifted from one foot to the other.

"Then you don't find me such an ogre out of office hours?"

"I never thought you an ogre," he protested quickly.

"Well, what was it?" she questioned. "Rather inhuman?"

"Not inhuman," he returned, a faint twinkle noticeable in his dark brown eyes. "Shall we say too clever, too efficient, too altogether perfect?"

"And you don't think I'm perfect any longer?"

"I think you're really quite human."

"Please, Mr. Brentwood."

He grinned. "That's meant as a compliment."

Gumps returned with the erring Nipper under one arm. Kathleen already had her foot on the accelerator when Clive said quickly:

"I suppose you wouldn't come out somewhere and have dinner with us, Miss Manners? We'd both love you to."

"It's kind of you," said Kathleen, "but not to-night, thanks all the same."

"Some other night?"

"Thanks awfully."

CHAPTER 19

KATHLEEN turned the car homewards. She had nothing planned for to-night and found herself wondering why she hadn't accepted Clive's invitation. In normal circumstances, it would have been a pleasant finale to a jolly afternoon. But having seen Lea and Derek together, she knew she couldn't have enjoyed anything that night.

After tea and toast in her flat, she gave herself up to thought. Gradually her bewilderment changed to a slow, burning anger. Lea was deceiving her. She must also be conscious of her deceit or she would not have bothered to hide the fact that she was seeing Derek.

"I'll go and see her," Kathleen thought. "I'll ask her what it all means."

She sprang to her feet and went into the bedroom to get her hat and coat. It was a relief to be doing something definite.

There was a white night mist as she drove the car into town, a mist that clung close to the ground. Kathleen's previous numb hurt was giving way to a sense of recklessness. She had been too good to Lea. It seemed that the people you were nicest to were the first to stab you in the back.

She parked her car in a side street and, as she turned the corner of the block, noticed a light in the front window of Lea's flat. The flat was over some offices, and the outer door of the building was kept locked at night. But there was a bell one could ring that was in direct communication with the flat.

Kathleen pressed the bell and waited. There was no reply. She rang again and kept her finger on the bell this time. Still no reply.

She stepped back into the middle of the street to have another look up at the window, but as she did so she received a shock. The light in the front room had been put out. The flat was now in darkness.

She stood there and continued to stare upwards with a puzzled frown. She knew, beyond all dispute, that the light had been on when she first rang the bell. Why had it been put out? Lea, of course, wouldn't know who was ringing the bell. She might be tired and not wish to be bothered by visitors.

Kathleen decided to go to the nearest phone box, ring up Lea, and asked her to let her in. She crossed the road and was about to move down a side street when a man stepped out of the shadows and caught hold of her arm.

Her nerves were in such a state that she almost screamed aloud. A moment later she was glad she hadn't. It was Hal Rayburn, though at first she scarcely recognised him. He seemed to have lost most of the good looks he had once had. His face was lined, his fair hair untidy, and his eyes bloodshot. Obviously he had been drinking.

"So she wouldn't let you in, either, eh?" he asked thickly.

Kathleen shook herself free of his grasp and said coldly: "I'm not surprised she wouldn't open the door if you're hanging around her again, Hal."

"Why shouldn't I hang around her? She's my wife."

"And a precious lot of use you've ever been to her as a husband," Kathleen retorted. "You've brought her more misery than happiness. Now she's left you and started to make a career for herself you might at least leave her alone."

At that he threw back his head and laughed. "Yes, but what sort of a career? That's what I'm hanging round here to find out. And when I do . . ." His lips tightened ominously and an ugly look came into his eyes.

Kathleen looked up at him in alarm. She had always known that he drank, but she had never seen him in this ugly mood before. He looked dangerous.

"Lea's working at Webber's," she explained. "I got her a job in the sports wear department. She's trying to make a decent, self-supporting existence for herself . . ."

"Decent, self-supporting!" He threw back his head and again she heard that harsh, mocking laughter. "That's so darn funny I could laugh all night. Decent, self-supporting . . . when she's being kept by that fellow. . . ."

"How dare you say a thing like that?" Kathleen shot out so furiously that Hal seemed momentarily quelled.

"If he's not keeping her what is he hanging around her for?" he muttered. "And what the devil are they doing to-night up there in her flat?"

KATHLEEN didn't reply for some time. Her face had slowly paled. Who was this other man Hal spoke of so persistently? He couldn't mean Derek? No, no, not Derek. It was out of the question that Derek was in Lea's flat.

"How do you know any man is in Lea's flat?" she heard herself ask in a voice that sounded totally unlike her usual one.

"How do I know? Don't be silly! I saw them go in together, and I've been waiting around for him to come out. I wanted to get a good look at him so that I wouldn't forget his face in a hurry. I've seen them together before. I'll find out who he is and then . . ."

"Lea has a perfect right, since she isn't living with you, to have other friends," Kathleen broke in, but her voice was no longer so indignant, and she was conscious of a sense of sick misery. If only she knew who was there with Lea! It mightn't be Derek. She clung to that thought. It mightn't be Derek . . .

"Friends, but not one friend. Not that sort of friend, anyway," he persisted stubbornly. "Not the sort of friend who buys her expensive presents. Did you see the fur she had on to-night? That must have cost him a small fortune. A man like that doesn't give a woman presents for nothing. He's not that kind of altruistic bird, or I'm no judge of character. He must have money—pots of it—or he wouldn't be running around in that swell car . . ."

"What sort of car?" she asked, and her voice was sharp again.

"A red sports affair." He jerked his thumb behind him, and added, "It's parked down there in an alley. That's why I know he hasn't gone home. I might have missed him otherwise. I was in the pub until closing time."

"A red sports car." She repeated the words in a small, toneless voice. She wasn't jealous any longer. She had got past jealousy. Without another word she turned away from Hal and walked towards her own car.

She sat down in it and stared ahead of her sightlessly. What should she do? She had no right to interfere. Derek had always insisted that each of them had the right to other friends. And, quite apart from that, she had no real claim on him.

Her love, which for the first time she

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had admitted that night, gave her no claim. She felt lost and dizzy.

Presently she gave herself a sharp mental shake. Her hands tightened about the steering-wheel. "I'm not going to let this thing get me down. I won't!" she muttered.

She started up the car and drove slowly homewards. Had the "other girl" been anyone but Lea, she thought, it wouldn't have been so bad. The ironical part of it was that she was more than half-supporting Lea even now.

That Lea should be her rival with Derek. . . . Any other rival she could have fought openly. She might even have enjoyed fighting. But, somehow, she hadn't the heart to fight Lea. . . .

CHAPTER 20

THERE was no question in Derek's mind which of the two sisters he liked better. He wasn't even sure he did like Lea, but in certain moods she amused and intrigued him.

Kathie gave him stimulation, companionship, and a warm sense of friendship. Or was it something deeper than friendship? Whatever it was, he had become half-afraid of it.

He wouldn't admit it as fear, but he knew instinctively he was up against someone who might destroy his dearly-cherished independence. He still refused to call it love, but when a deep, genuine affection is allied to attractiveness, what might not happen?

He had been shocked and amazed at his own feelings when Kathleen had refused to go out driving with him. Instead of accepting her quite legitimate excuse he had felt, and rather behaved, he fancied, like a bad-tempered small boy.

He had been furious at the thought of any other man monopolising her week-ends. So furious that he had rung up Lea immediately; a gesture he was not very proud about.

"Like a stupid girl who had been jilted," he had thought.

Though Kathie disturbed his peace of mind too much, and was therefore dangerous, there could be no danger with Lea. She could never interfere in his life because she could never be sufficiently important to him.

He had seen her six or seven times in all since that first evening he had come to her flat. He knew she had fallen in love with him, or imagined she had. But that didn't disturb him greatly. He felt that, with Lea, the emotion was too shallow to be of any great significance. Now, had it been Kathie. . . .

He shied away from that thought, but not before he had been conscious of a quickening of his pulses.

Lea, when he suggested the drive into the country, had accepted with alacrity.

"Fine!" she had cried. "I was just dying for something thrilling to happen to-day!"

When he had called for her she was wearing a lightweight coat of dark blue velvet, with a tiny velvet hat crushed down so that it almost completely covered one of her large violet eyes. She looked lovely and striking, but not very sensibly dressed for the clear, cold afternoon.

"Do you think you'll be warm enough in that?" he had asked doubtfully.

"I'm sure I shan't!" She had wrinkled her nose at him attractively.

"Then why on earth don't you go and put on something warmer?"

"Because I've nothing warmer that looks at all decent. I'd rather freeze to death than go out with you looking a fright."

The compliment was so naive that he had laughed.

"Well, what are we going to do about it? You wouldn't, I suppose, accept a small present from me? A fur to keep you warm, for instance?"

She had smiled provocatively into his eyes. "How nice of you, Derek, to have thought of it!"

"I didn't think of it," he had corrected. "You did." But there was still that twinkle in his eyes.

He had driven her along to a fur shop which remained open on Saturday afternoons, and there he bought her the finest silver fox fur they had. She was enraptured as she snuggled her chin down into it, purring like a pleased kitten.

"It's such a beauty," she kept insisting. "It was sweet of you to give me such an expensive present, Derek. I don't know how I shall ever repay you."

He had smiled down at her. "You needn't try."

Her small gloved hand rested lightly on his arm. "But I want to, Derek."

There was no mistaking her meaning. Derek was far too experienced with women to mistake it for a moment. It wasn't the first time that she had hinted that she would like to have what is commonly referred to as "an affair" with him.

But he knew that to start an affair with Lea would mean that he would have to give up Kathie's friendship. And while there were plenty of attractive women, there was only one Kathie.

The afternoon had passed off pleasantly, and if, at times, he wished it had been Kathie with him instead of Lea, he crushed down the thought.

Lea, apart from her looks, had another great asset in Derek's eyes. She didn't chatter. He didn't mind a woman being brainless as long as she didn't talk constantly and advertise the fact. They had tea at an hotel, drove back to town for dinner, and afterwards, at Lea's suggestion, went back to her flat.

She produced drinks and cigarettes and curled herself up on the divan. She patted the space beside her invitingly but, with a faint smile, he seated himself in the armchair opposite. He could see that she was annoyed, and it amused him. He felt like quoting to her: "He only does it to annoy because he knows it teases."

And then, towards eleven, the outer door-bell rang. Lea said she wouldn't answer it, because it might be Hal.

"Isn't that your husband?" he questioned.

Lea nodded.

"Yes, but Hal and I are definitely through. He's living with another woman. But that wouldn't prevent him coming here and making a scene if he were tight."

"Are you at all in love with him?" Derek asked curiously.

She shrugged and grimaced. "After all I've put up with from him!"

He said: "I think you might be. It isn't always easy to throw off an old love, however unsatisfactory it has been. But what about that bell? It's ringing again."

"I'm not going to answer it," she said determinedly. "I don't want anyone breaking in on us, do you?"

He replied, "Certainly not a husband who might give trouble!"

She sprang to her feet. "I know what I'll do. I'll put out the light, then whoever it is will think there's no one at home."

She switched off the light as she spoke. There was only the faint glow of the gas-fire in the room.

"This is cosy, isn't it?" she murmured, happily.

He laughed outright. "Do you think it safe for me to remain here alone in the dark with you, Lea?"

She came and sat on his knees, and pressed her cheek against his.

"I don't mind if it isn't so safe."

He kissed her lightly, pulled her ear, and said, "Has it ever occurred to you, Lea, that there are times when a man doesn't want to make love to a woman, however attractive she may be?"

She got up from his knees and crossed over to the divan. He waited a moment, then went and sat down beside her. He laid a hand upon her shoulder. "Listen, Lea," he said gently. "You mustn't be cross or upset, but for me to love you would be too complicated. Don't you see that?"

"But I must understand, Derek." Her voice rose, querulous, insistent. "It isn't"—she caught her breath sharply—"it isn't Kathleen?"

He hesitated a moment. "Yes, it is Kathie," he admitted.

"But . . . but," she stammered, "I thought you told me since you met her again you hadn't even kissed her?"

"Perfectly true," he agreed.

"Then why?" she demanded. "Derek, it's only fair to tell me why."

He said quietly, "I happen to value her friendship."

"More than you value my love?" she cried jealously.

He got to his feet. He said, half-angrily, "It isn't fair to ask me that, Lea."

"But I must know. I must!" She pounded her clenched fists on the divan.

He said curtly, "Very well, then. More than what you suggest is love, Lea."

She said no more, afraid that she had pushed matters too far. She told herself she should have waited until she had a greater hold over him. She shouldn't have forced such an early climax.

In those moments that she sat there, thinking things out, a hatred grew up in her heart for her sister, a hatred that was probably more intense than any emotion she had ever experienced.

She was up against that hard streak in Derek. She hadn't experienced it before, but it was as though he had shut himself up in a steel box. She felt that nothing she could do, nothing she could say, would get through to him. And suddenly, in her desperation, she cried aloud, "Oh, I hate her! I hate her!"

In the darkness he paced about the small sitting-room. Like most men, he hated a scene, and he was still too angry at being forced into a corner to have any genuine pity for Lea. But gradually he began to see her point of view.

"Stop crying, Lea," he said. "And don't say such silly things about Kathie. It's all nonsense."

She had sufficient presence of mind to agree. "Yes, I suppose it is, Derek. I'm sorry."

"Never mind," he said. "We'll forget all about it."

She caught hold of his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "Let's forget about it."

Her fear that, by precipitating matters, she had lost him for ever, vanished. She could pretend to agree with him and, later, her time would come. She was sure it would come. She was convinced that, in the end, she could get him from Kathleen.

She raised her face towards his. "Kiss me, please, Derek, to show me you've forgiven me."

"Turn on the light first and I will," he promised.

CHAPTER 21

IT was on the following Monday morning that Kathleen revolted. Hitherto she had welcomed responsibility as an incentive to work. Though she had assistants, she had run the department almost single-handed. But on that drab, grey Monday morning she found she had little or no taste for responsibility or for work.

Sunday had been a dreadful day. She had slept little on that fateful Saturday night. The morning found her tired out, her limbs aching, her mind weary and disillusioned. Of course, there might be some simple explanation.

She still clung to that thought, her mind revolting against Hal Rayburn's insinuations. All the same, the fact remained that both Lea and Derek had been meeting behind her back, and if they weren't conscious of their conduct as deceitful why

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hadn't they admitted their friendship openly?

"Forget it!" she admonished herself sternly. "Stop thinking about it. Think about something else. Your work, for instance."

But she had decided to go out. Anywhere. Anywhere to get away from the sight of that telephone; anywhere out of earshot so that she knew even if it did ring she couldn't hear it. She would go and visit her sister Mamie at Slough.

But when things start badly they have a habit of going from bad to worse. Mamie's household was the last place she should have gone to to be cheered up or taken out of herself. Dickie was down with measles, Margaret had a cough which made her querulous, and Jeff grumbled because the roast joint of pork wasn't done to his liking.

So this is marriage, Kathleen thought. . . . Derek is probably right. It can't be a success. I was right, too, when I used to vow I'd never marry. And yet. . . . She couldn't believe that if Derek and she had married it could ever have become like this.

But perhaps everyone thought that? Though they saw the shipwrecks of marriage all around them they believed their own must turn out differently. Simply because it was theirs.

She realised with dismay and annoyance that her thoughts were revolving round Derek again. As though she couldn't get away from him. But she would have to. She must make a more determined effort.

Jeff and Mamie continued to bicker on and off, all afternoon, and the children were as unpleasant as only children can be, despite what the sentimentalists would have us believe. She was glad to get away.

She left Mamie a five-pound note to get in extra help until the children were better, and while Mamie thanked her profusely, Jeff grumbled that they didn't really need outside help.

Kathleen left them, feeling that she had much to be thankful for.

SHE didn't do the work she had brought home that night. She found she had no ideas. Her anger against herself grew. She remembered Mr. Daniel's words that first morning she had re-met Derek. He had been talking about women falling in love.

"I've never known a woman in love," he had told her flatly, "who was any use at her job. She's nervous, fidgety, can't keep her mind on her work for two minutes together. If I had my way I'd sack every girl assistant the moment she fell in love—except that, with most girls, falling in love is chronic!"

Could that be true, she wondered? She had denied it hotly at the time. But now she wasn't so sure. With intense mortification she realised that she hadn't been so good at her own job these past few weeks. Perhaps no one but herself had noticed it. She hoped and prayed not.

The immediate problem was that her work was terribly behind-hand. But was that altogether her fault? Hadn't she rather too much to do? More, really, than was humanly possible? She had several assistants. Why shouldn't one of them share the responsibility?

She made an appointment with Mr. Daniel the following morning and went up to his office to see him.

"I was thinking of reorganising my department, Mr. Daniel," she told him, "and I would like to have your approval of the scheme."

"Reorganise your department?" He pushed back his chair and looked at her in alarm. "But, my dear girl, I always consider your department the most successfully run in the entire store. Changes may make for the better sometimes, but not always, don't forget. What's it all about, and how do you think your department can be improved? You're not . . . You're not," he drew his bushy eyebrows together, "thinking of getting married?"

A faint color stole into her cheeks, but she answered sharply, "Oh, no, Mr. Daniel."

"That's good" he said. "At least, for the sake of the store. Though"—he added, with a chuckle—"some poor fellow is out of luck. Are you still as opposed to all idea of marriage as you were when we had that talk on the subject a few months back?"

She didn't reply for a moment. She glanced down at her hands clasped in her lap. "I don't think I have changed," she said at last.

But she knew suddenly that she had changed. She would rather marry Derek than do anything in the world. And, in the circumstances, it was awful to realise this so keenly.

Fortunately Mr. Daniel didn't pursue the subject.

"Well, what changes have you in mind?" he asked.

"I thought I might put someone in entire charge of all the advertising for the men's departments," she said. "After all, a man is surely more competent to deal with it than I am. I would suggest Mr. Brentwood."

He made no attempt to disguise his surprise.

"Clive Brentwood!" he exclaimed. "But, my dear Kathleen, I thought, out of your entire department, you considered him the most unsatisfactory!"

She said, "Yes, I did once. But lately he's improved tremendously. The copy he turns in now is altogether different from the staid, dull stuff he used to write when he first came from Felton's. Besides, I believe it would do him good to have responsibility. It might spur him on even more."

"Humph!" said Mr. Daniel, and drummed his short fat fingers on the edge of his desk. "Well," he added, "there are few men I'd rather see get on in this firm than Clive Brentwood. Even if his work didn't deserve it I'd do a lot for him because of the way he's slaved to give that boy every advantage.

"But," he raised one eyebrow, "are you sure he's competent? I thought you told me, not so long ago, that he needed the human note in his copy. You told me you'd advised him to fall in love, and I think I hinted that it was dangerous advice to give any young man, for he might begin by falling in love with you."

He gave a fat, jolly laugh. "I don't suppose that has happened, has it?"

AGAIN that quick color rose to Kathleen's cheeks, but she laughed, too.

"I can assure you it hasn't. The first time he's ever spoken to me pleasantly was on Saturday afternoon."

"Saturday afternoon? Out of office hours." He caught her up teasingly, and added, wagging a finger at her, "I knew, my dear, that there was something afoot. What were you doing with the unfortunate young man on Saturday afternoon?"

"I was taking him and Gumps driving in my car."

"For Gumps' sake, I suppose?"

"Of course," she replied, and her voice was sharp.

"There, there, my dear, don't get touchy about it," he said soothingly. "Allow an old man who has known you so well and watched your career admiringly for seven years to have his little joke. And, if you really think it would be a good thing to try out Brentwood in this new capacity, I've nothing to say against it. I'll mention it at the directors' meeting as a matter of form."

"Could my suggestion go into operation immediately?" she inquired.

"Certainly," he said. "Shall I inform the young man or will you?"

"I'd rather you did," she said quickly. She added with a smile, "It will seem more official."

He agreed. But before she left his office he allowed himself a parting thrust. "I congratulate you upon your victory," he said with a twinkle in his kindly eyes.

When Kathleen got back to her office she was surprised to find Miss Watkins there, for the staff supervisor rarely had any cause to visit her.

Miss Watkins rose as she came into the room. "I hope you don't mind me butting in on you without an appointment, Miss Manners. Could you spare me a few moments? I have something . . . er . . . confidential to talk over with you."

Kathleen felt that her visitor's voice and manner were both faintly alarming.

She answered pleasantly, "Of course."

Miss Watkins clasped her hands together and spoke with an effort. Obviously she was performing a duty that was painful.

"It's about your sister," she said abruptly. "I'm afraid I'm not satisfied with her."

"Please say what is on your mind," Kathleen interposed.

"While I would hesitate to say anything against her moral character, I'm afraid she is what we call in the store a 'trouble-maker.'"

"Trouble-maker?" Kathleen repeated.

Miss Watkins nodded. "There is a certain type of girl who, while one can bring nothing definitely against her, makes untold trouble in the store. Usually among her fellow employees. It might be that the girl is bad-tempered, or spiteful, or takes a delight in making other girls dissatisfied in their work.

"Or it might be," she paused and coughed in embarrassment, "that she amuses herself and, incidentally, wastes her time, which is paid for by the store, by flirting with the men in her department, or in other departments and deliberately setting them at loggerheads with each other."

There was another pause. "I see," Kathleen said quietly. Her cigarette had gone out.

"To cut a long story short, there has been decided unpleasantness amongst the employees of the sports wear department ever since your sister went to model there, Miss Manners.

"I'm afraid that isn't all. During the lunch and tea hour she is supposed to parade in the restaurant to display the latest model sports wear to women customers. Instead, she is usually to be found in the grill room flirting with various male customers, making what I believe are called 'dates' with them.

"On one occasion I spoke to her myself about it and she answered, I regret to say, most rudely. Had she not been your sister, Miss Manners, I would have dismissed her on the spot.

"As it is, I should like to give you this opportunity of persuading her to send in her resignation. To have resigned voluntarily may make it easier for her to obtain another job. I'm afraid, in the interests of Webber's, I can't suggest that she should remain in any capacity in the store."

"I'll see that Lea resigns," Kathleen said quietly. "It's been very kind of you to give her the opportunity, Miss Watkins."

Miss Watkins rose to her feet. "I'm sorry for the trouble this will cause you, Miss Manners. But one can't be responsible for one's relatives, and I've learnt that it doesn't always pay to try to help them."

After she had gone, Kathleen sat before her desk and did nothing for some minutes. She hadn't attempted to defend Lea. She felt instinctively that the charges brought by Miss Watkins were justified, and that the staff supervisor could have acted in no other way.

She would have to see Lea, but it wouldn't be easy telling her the gist of Miss Watkins' remarks.

Presently she scribbled a note and sent it down by her secretary, asking Lea if she would come round and see her that evening. A message was brought back inviting Kathleen to come to Lea's flat about seven for a scratch meal.

Later in the morning there was a knock

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on Kathleen's door and Clive Bentwood came in. His usually pale face was flushed and his manner agitated.

"Did you suggest I should take over control of the men's advertising?" he shot out abruptly.

She said, "Yes, I did; but you needn't bite my head off for it."

"It was decent of you to suggest it," he said. "Do you really think me competent or"—he swallowed something in his throat—"were you just trying to be nice to me?"

She saw then what was the matter. At the back of Clive's mind was the idea that she had suggested him for this job through some desire to be kind to him. Perhaps he felt she was sorry for him because of the expense he had been put to through Gumps' operation. His fear of receiving favors in any form amounted almost to a mania.

She placed her elbows on her desk and looked up at him with a deliberate stare. "Why," she demanded, "should I want to be nice to you?"

That took him aback. "I don't know," he stammered. "But I thought that, perhaps, after Saturday . . ."

"I should have thought the boot was on the other foot," she replied. "As a slight return for my having taken you and Gumps out in my car, one would think it was you who should try to be nice to me!"

He flushed. Then, quite suddenly, he smiled. "Forgive me. Have I been making an ass of myself?"

She smiled, too. "I'm getting quite used to your making that sort of an ass of yourself during office hours. Perhaps now that I'm no longer your boss you'll manage to be polite to me!"

"I'll try," he promised, his brown eyes twinkling, "though I can't swear I'll succeed. I find you rather a difficult person to be ordinarily polite to, Kathleen."

He hesitated for a moment, and then:

"I say, you wouldn't care to have dinner with me one night this week?" he stammered.

"But I would," she said. "Very much. Would Friday do?"

"That's great," he exclaimed. "We'll celebrate . . ."

"Your release from my bondage?" she smiled up at him, and her hazel eyes had mischief in them.

"Perhaps," he admitted, but he was uncomfortably aware that far from being released from her bondage he was in grave danger of delivering himself into her power for good.

CHAPTER 22

BEFORE Kathleen left the office that evening Derek rang up.

"You're a most elusive person, Kathie," he said. "I spent half of yesterday trying to get in touch with you."

"Did you? I'm sorry." But, though her voice was cool, she was unhappily aware that her heart was pounding in a maddening way.

"Is that all you have to say? Your voice doesn't sound promising, either. Are you in the middle of a business conference?"

"Not at the moment."

"Not at the moment!" He mimicked her tone and laughed. "Really, Miss Manners, I am not some hard-up artist trying to interest you in my work, nor am I that annoying firm of printers, who charge twice as much as they should, endeavoring to solicit your order. I am just a poor, lonely creature begging you to take pity on his loneliness and dine with him to-night."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not free to-night. I'm dining with Lea."

"With Lea?" He sounded genuinely astonished. "But if it's only Lea you can put her off."

"I've no intention of putting her off. I'm sorry, Derek. Some other time, perhaps." Then she did put down the receiver.

She was trembling slightly. She sat before her desk and clasped her hands tightly before her. She was fighting against an absurd and humiliating impulse to ring him up and tell him she would dine with him after all.

Lea could wait. She wasn't looking forward to that meal with Lea, anyhow. But there were those secret meetings Derek had been having with Lea. The rotten things Hal Rayburn had insinuated.

No, she wouldn't ring up Derek. But she had a miserable feeling that, by not doing so, she was hurting herself more than she was hurting him.

LEA had nothing prepared when Kathleen arrived. But that was typical. Had her visitor been Derek she would have had the table attractively laid, cocktail glasses put out on the low oak table before the gas fire, and a cold supper, as delicious as her means would allow, waiting to be brought in from the small kitchen.

"Sorry nothing's ready," she said as she mooched about the room, a lighted cigarette between her fingers. "But I've been awfully rushed this evening.

"This modelling business is so tiring," she went on, as she threw herself down on the divan while Kathleen cut several slices of bread. "On your feet all day long, at the beck and call of customers who have only come to look, anyhow, parading about the store dressed up like something out of a penny circus. . . . I tell you I'm just about fed up with it."

Kathleen replaced the bread knife on the board and remarked quietly, "Perhaps it's as well you are fed up with it, Lea."

Lea glanced towards her sharply. Something in her sister's tone made her apprehensive. "Why do you say that? Do you mean I've got the sack?" she demanded.

Kathleen nodded. "That's about it, though Miss Watkins is giving you the opportunity of resigning. It might make it easier for you to find another job."

There was another pause. Then Lea flung out her arms and said, dramatically, "But why am I getting the sack? They can't give me the sack for nothing. I . . . I could sue them, couldn't I?"

Kathleen regarded her sister pityingly.

"Miss Watkins thinks you are what she calls a 'trouble maker.'"

Lea looked angrily puzzled. "A trouble maker?"

"She thinks you waste your time flirting with the men employees."

"So that's what's eating the old cat? Jealous, I bet she is. Just because she can't get any of the men to pay attention to herself she's trumped up this charge against me!"

"There's no point in this argument, Lea," Kathleen said. "The main thing is what are you going to do?"

Lea had by now partially recovered from her first anger.

"Oh, I shall find plenty of jobs," she said loftily. "That's the least of my worries."

Knowing how incompetent Lea was, Kathleen was sufficiently roused to remark: "I don't think you'll find it easy. In fact, since you've no training and you've lost your first job so quickly, I should think you'd find it dashed difficult."

This angered Lea afresh, and she retorted, before she had time to think: "Oh, I'll find a job all right, and I shan't need your help. Derek will find me a job."

The next moment she could have bitten out her tongue. The last thing she wanted was that Kathleen should discover her relations with Derek. But now that it had been said she had to brazen it out.

"It's quite all right, Lea," Kathleen remarked quietly, noticing her sister's discomfiture. "I know you've been meeting Derek."

"Just because you and he once had a love affair, that doesn't mean he's never going to look at another woman," Lea remarked vehemently, all her compressed jealousy coming to the surface. "He's pretty keen on me. We've been out together quite a lot."

"I know," said Kathleen.

"You know?" Lea took her up. "You're kidding. You didn't know. You couldn't possibly know. Unless," she looked at her sister suspiciously, "he told you."

Kathleen shook her head. Her lips were compressed in a tight line.

"Derek didn't tell me. Hal told me."

"Hal?" Lea's voice was startled. "Hal?" she repeated. "Where did you see him?"

"I met him here, outside your flat, last Saturday night."

"I thought he was snooping around," Lea muttered. "I fancy I've seen him once or twice when Derek and I have been coming out of the flat. But I didn't think you'd descend to spying upon me!"

"I wasn't spying upon you, but I did come to see you. I rang the bell, but there was no reply."

A faint smile twisted Lea's lips. "Of course, I didn't answer it. You don't imagine Derek and I wanted anyone butting in on us, do you?"

CHAPTER 23

KATHLEEN turned away. She went in the direction of the small bedroom where she had left her coat and hat. Whatever happened this discussion must cease. Lea followed her sister to the bedroom door. "Haven't you anything to say?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing at all," Kathleen replied.

She put on her hat before the oval mirror. She felt tired and unutterably depressed. How right she had been about love during those seven years of work and independence! Definitely it was something to be avoided. It interfered with your work, undermined your character, ate into your very soul.

"Well," she thought dully, "it's just as well it's ended. I'm glad. I'm really glad."

"You're going?" Lea demanded, when Kathleen returned to the sitting-room.

"I think I'd better."

"You haven't had any supper."

"It doesn't matter. I'm not hungry. Goodbye, Lea. I hope you find something else to do."

Lea tossed back the warm brown lock of hair. "You mean you've washed your hands of me?"

"I thought you said Derek would find you another job."

"I expect he will if I ask him. Anyhow, I've a bigger hold over Derek now than you have," she muttered.

"Lea, for heaven's sake, shut up! I'm going home!"

With a swift movement Kathleen was out in the hall. She opened the door and banged it behind her. Then she was running down the dark, narrow stairs, as though she were escaping some actual physical menace.

She was shaking and breathless as she reached the outer door. But as she gained the street she paused abruptly. Drawn up by the kerb was a familiar car, and as she stood and stared Derek opened the door and sprang out to meet her.

DEREK grasped both her hands. "Hello, Kathie," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

She was so astonished she didn't obey her first natural impulse, which was to snatch her hands out of his.

"Waiting for me?" she repeated after him, in a gasp.

"Of course. You told me you were having dinner with Lea, and I wanted to see you. Besides," he smiled grimly, "I fancied you might have rather a rough passage. I wanted to undo any harm Lea might have done as quickly as possible. Get into the car. We'll drive somewhere."

She did as he told her. Perhaps she was still too astonished not to. Or, perhaps, all her resistance had been sapped by that

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awful scene with Lea. She was too tired to fight. And it was pleasant to lie back in the front seat beside Derek, to have him direct her, to have him think for her.

"I've had my man lay out a cold supper," he said presently. "Caviare, chicken in aspic—you know you like that, Kathie—and there's champagne on ice. I had a shrewd suspicion you wouldn't eat any dinner at Lea's. You didn't, did you?"

She was too exhausted to deny it.

"How did you know that?" she asked weakly.

He smiled quietly. "I happen to know Lea, Kathie."

At that some of her resentment against him stirred. "I don't want any supper," she said. "Please drive me home, Derek."

"Nonsense!" he said gently. "Sit back and don't talk."

She didn't demur, and presently he was helping her out of the car, guiding her up the stairs to his Mayfair flat.

She was glad to be there. It was such a pleasant room; warm and friendly. It was dark when they entered. The firelight licked the grey walls with a pale yellow tongue; two armchairs, drawn up before the hearth, were faintly golden.

Derek switched on a stand lamp, and the yellow tongue of the firelight faded.

He took off her coat and hat, smoothed back the hair off her forehead, and led her towards one of the deep, comfortable armchairs.

"Lie back and rest," he said. "I'll get you a drink. Then, when you've recovered sufficiently, we'll go in and have some supper."

She lay back and closed her eyes. Queer, she thought, that she should be here in Derek's flat, obeying him meekly, after all she had suffered through him, all the firm mental resolutions she had made to cut him entirely out of her life.

But it seemed it wasn't much use making resolutions of that kind. You made them, determined to stick by them, then, presto, they vanished.

Derek handed her a drink.

"Feeling better, Kathie?" he asked softly.

She nodded. "Much better."

He knelt down by the hearth to poke the fire. The light from the stand lamp gleamed on his bent head, burnishing it, bringing out dark gleaming lights in it. She longed, suddenly, to kneel beside him, to draw his head against her breast, but resisted the impulse.

DEREK said, with his back still towards Kathleen, "Lea told you, of course, that I'd been taking her out?"

"Yes."

"I suspected she would. An affair with a man, whether it be a mere flirtation or something more serious, is something few women can keep to themselves. I wish I'd been firm with her and told you the truth from the beginning."

"The truth?"

He turned towards her and said, with a faintly apologetic smile, "There is so little to tell. A few outings. A mild flirtation. Nothing more."

"Then why the secrecy?"

He shrugged. "Stupidity! For some reason Lea didn't want you to know, and I humored her. I don't know why."

"Why did you want to take her out, Derek?"

He looked at her in faint surprise. "Why not? She's pretty. From a man's point of view, very attractive. And she flatters one in a way that you, Kathie, would never bother about. That's the advantage brainless women have over intelligent ones. After all, Kathie, I can't go out with you every evening."

She wanted to say: "Why can't we go out together every evening?" But she knew too well what his answer would be. They had thrashed it out before. Derek felt one should preserve a neat balance, even in one's love affairs. Suddenly Kathleen felt enraged with these arguments. Why couldn't he cease having these futile theories and be human instead?

As though he read her mind he asked gently, "What's the matter, Kathie? Don't you want to go on with things as they are?"

"I don't think I can, Derek." Her voice was strained. "Friendship's all very well, but," she drew a sharp breath, "it isn't enough."

He looked at her curiously. "I thought you once agreed that it was the best possible relationship?"

She nodded. "I know, but . . ."

He took her hand. "But you've found you want more? Perhaps I want more, too, Kathie."

She glanced up at him quickly. "You mean . . ."

"Just this, Kathie." He bent down and kissed her. A kiss that lasted a very long time.

"That's what I want, Kathie." He smiled down at her slowly.

She knew she wanted it, too. She wanted . . . so much. All his love, all his thoughts, everything.

And because of that she was afraid of the threatened uncertainty of the future. A sentence she had heard once flashed through her brain: "Love is impossible for a woman without a sense of security."

In the pause she looked down at her hands that were clasped so tightly in her lap. She didn't look at Derek. She couldn't.

"Derek," her voice was small, almost inaudible, "you wouldn't marry me, I suppose?"

There was another pause. She sat feeling cold with doubt, sick with mortification. She had had to say it. She had to know.

He came and knelt beside her. He took both her hands in his and gave them an affectionate squeeze.

"Listen, Kathie," he said softly, "if there was the possibility of my ever marrying any woman again, I would marry you. You must believe that. I care for you more than I do for anyone. Perhaps even more than I cared for Delia.

"But I do know I'm not the type of man to make a success of marriage. I've tried once and I failed. I'm fairly certain I should fail again. Anyhow, I don't care to risk it. But you knew all this from the beginning, didn't you? I tried to warn you."

She had no answer to that. The sharp sense of revolt that had momentarily dominated her dwindled. She felt crushed and was now in the grip of a depression blacker than before.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, is there?" She stood up as though she had some vague notion of going. A curious gesture, as if she were terminating some business interview rather than ending one of the biggest things that had ever come into her life.

"But, my dear Kathie, there is everything to be said!"

HE came and took her in his arms, smiling down at her in that soft, tender fashion, as though she were a small child whose castle of cards had been blown down by the wind and who was crying in consequence.

She didn't draw away from him. She hadn't the strength to. She was trembling.

"I don't understand," she whispered.

"Of course you understand, my beloved," he reproved gently. "Don't pretend to be sweet seventeen and completely innocent. Do you think marriage so important? I don't. There is so much happiness we could have without it, Kathie. You see that, don't you?

"Trips together, whenever both of us were able to tear ourselves away from our jobs. Week-ends snatched from the very teeth of business; week-ends when we could fly to Paris, Berlin, Vienna. And, when we couldn't get abroad, little jaunts in this country. Can't you see how much more we'd enjoy them, because they'd be rare?"

Suddenly, for no reason, her eyes filled with tears. Sharp tears that stung her lids and rolled slowly down her cheeks. She tried to blink them back, but couldn't.

"Kathie, sweetheart, what is the matter?"

He held her in his arms again and she rested her head against his shoulder. She went on crying. She was tired and overwrought. Life which until recently had been so calm and settled was now full of problems. And this problem, the one that concerned Derek and herself, was the biggest of all.

"You're sweet to me, Derek," she murmured. "I love you, but . . ."

She choked over the "but" and didn't go on. He didn't urge her to. He merely raised her hands to his lips, one after the other, and kissed them.

"Bless you!" he whispered. "Don't try to think it out to-night, Kathie. You're tired out. I'm going to take you home now so that you can go to bed. Then, to-morrow, or the next day, whenever you like, you can ring me up and tell me your decision. But, darling, don't forget I want you very much."

CHAPTER 24

KATHLEEN didn't telephone Derek that day, or the next. Formerly, both in business and social life, she had faced every issue squarely and had had little difficulty in making up her mind. But now she seemed to have no mind. Or, rather, her mind revolved in circles.

She loved him. But was there any hope of happiness in the relationship he suggested? It would be just as serious a step as marriage, and she wasn't the sort to go into anything of that nature lightly.

She herself would be bound by as deep a sense of loyalty to Derek as though she had taken her vows in a church. Would he feel the same way? He had told her she would count first with him, but was that enough?

She could make no claim on him. She would have no share in his public life; no exclusive share in his private one. They would be invited to different houses; they would have different friends.

Never would she be able to let down. Never must she allow herself to upbraid him in the comforting manner wives allow themselves to upbraid their husbands. It would be like living continually at concert pitch.

Other women, of course, had love affairs. She recalled all the great love affairs of history and tried to derive comfort from those. But, with most of these women, their love affairs had been their careers as well.

If only she could consider the problem clearly and dispassionately. But she couldn't.

In those days she moved in a strange, unreal dream. She did her work, but even that wasn't real to her. If only something would happen to force her decision what a relief it would be!

Lea had sent in her resignation and had been "released" with a week's salary. She came into the office to see Kathleen one afternoon, slim, lovely, and defiant.

She stood in the doorway and said, "Hello, Kathleen. So you're trying to take Derek away from me, are you?"

A faint color stole into Kathleen's cheeks. "I haven't tried to take him away from you."

"Haven't you?" Lea's voice was sarcastic and resentful. "Then why won't he see me? You must have put him against me. And, anyway, I saw him drive you away from my flat the other evening. You must have known he was waiting for you all the time we had that discussion. You've got to make Derek see me, Kathleen." She threw back her head and laughed bitterly. "I've been the poor fool, it seems!"

Kathleen raised her dark eyebrows slightly. "But why should I have to make him see you, Lea? Surely, since it's so

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pressing, you have only to ask him to see you."

"I have," Lea said hoarsely. "But he won't. He says there can be no point in it. He can," she drew in her breath sharply, "be awfully hard and stubborn. After all we've been to each other." Her voice rose shrilly. "Merely to say there can be no point in seeing me! It's—it's incredible. It's the act of a cad!"

Kathleen's face flushed again, angrily this time. "But I understand, Lea, there was nothing at all between you and Derek except a few outings. Perhaps a kiss or two. Why should you think that gives you any claim on him?" She spoke in a quiet, controlled voice, yet it was hard for her to say that to Lea, her own sister.

Lea's defiance crumpled, as it generally did before any direct onslaught of Kathleen's.

"Anyhow," she muttered, "even if there is nothing between us, Hal believes there was. He's convinced of it, and he's threatening me. That's what I've got to see Derek about."

"How do you mean threatening you, Lea?"

"He stopped me the other night in the street and told me he'd do us both in. He'd been drinking, of course. I tried to shake him off, but I couldn't. He insisted upon coming back with me to the flat. We had an awful scene. He made me so mad I—I——"

Kathleen leant across the desk.

"What did you do, Lea?"

Lea shrugged. "I let him believe Derek and I were having an affair. I know I was a fool, but I thought it the best way to get rid of him. I was sorry afterwards. I tried to tell him it wasn't true, but he wouldn't listen to me. He said, if Derek wasn't my lover, why had he given me that fox fur? He went off at last, but I'm scared, Kathleen. That's why I have to see Derek."

"Very well," Kathleen promised, after a pause, "though I don't see what good it will do."

It was some little time after Lea had finally gone before Kathleen got in touch with Derek on the phone. As to their own personal problem, she was no nearer reaching a decision, but the moment he heard her voice, he said quickly:

"At last, Kathie. Well?"

"I want to see you, Derek," she said, a little breathlessly. "But it isn't about us. It's about something quite different."

"You haven't made up your mind yet?" he asked.

"No."

He gave a short, strained laugh. "I promised not to try to force your decision, but . . . it's hard waiting. What is this something else you want to see me about?"

"I'd rather talk it over with you. When can I?"

"To-night at dinner?"

She was about to agree when she suddenly remembered that this was the night she was dining with Clive. It had completely slipped her mind during the anxiety of the past three or four days.

"To-morrow for lunch?" she suggested.

"You can't make it to-night?"

"No."

"You're a very determined person at times, aren't you, Kathie?" he said, and rang off.

CHAPTER 25

IT was a relief to see Clive. Such a relief that Kathleen was queerly shocked. But to talk to him about ordinary sane matters was a blessed respite from the problem of herself and Derek.

"Do you mind if we drive out to my digs first and have a word with Gumps?" he asked hesitantly. "I don't like to leave him for the entire day and evening. Besides, he's taken a great fancy to you. He'll be thrilled."

"I'd love to see him," Kathleen said quickly. "Why don't we take him out to dinner with us?"

He smiled down at her, in that slightly crooked way he did smile at times. "I hope I'm not selfish where Gumps is concerned, but I'm not quite so unselfish as all that!"

"But if he'd enjoy it," she protested, prompted, perhaps, by a faint sense of mischief.

"Hang it all, this is my night for enjoyment," he exclaimed. "Do you know this is the first time I have had you alone?"

"But we've been alone in the office often," she pointed out.

"That isn't the same at all," he said curtly.

They had left Webber's together, and were walking along the street to the square where Kathleen's car was parked.

In the light from a street lamp she glanced towards him curiously. How did he regard her now? She was no longer his direct boss, though, of course, they still worked in the same department. Had that changed his feelings towards her? She sensed definitely that they had changed.

Old Peter, in the new overcoat that Kathleen had bought, and sent him anonymously, came forward, touched his cap, and helped her get her car out of the parking place.

Clive climbed in beside her and slammed the door.

"I'm thinking of getting a car myself," he remarked. "Gumps is thrilled to death about it. He spends the entire day reading motor magazines, and apparently knows the price of every second-hand car in the whole of England.

"Of course, it won't be anything like this one of yours," he went on. "But to have any sort of car will be grand for us. Webber's are giving me a rise, you know. Mr. Daniel broke the glad tidings to-day. You didn't suggest it, did you?" he asked suddenly.

She laughed outright as she steered her car through some traffic.

"I did not. I presume if I had you'd spend the entire evening hating me!"

He laughed too, rather self-consciously. "I might think I was hating you, but," his brown eyes twinkled suddenly, "somehow I don't think I'd be able to manage it this evening."

"You've changed," she accused.

"I don't think I've changed very much," he remarked quietly.

"Mr. Daniel told me to-day you were getting along splendidly," Kathleen remarked. "I'm delighted."

Clive grunted. "I'm glad you don't think me quite the fool you did when you remarked that my only hope of an advertising job was with some nice sedate firm that manufactured bath-chairs and gent.'s carpet slippers!"

She flushed at the memory. "I'm afraid I was awfully rude," she said hesitantly.

"Not at all! It did me the world of good."

They had reached Mrs. Perman's lodging house, and Gumps, with Nipper close at his heels, came running down the steps to meet them.

He stopped short at the sight of Kathleen, held out his hand and said, "Oh, Miss Manners, how do you do?" with that quaint old-fashioned stiffness of his. But his brown eyes, so like Clive's, were sparkling and he was breathing rapidly with pleasure and excitement.

Clive put his arm about Gump's shoulders and said, "Will you look after Kathleen for me, old man? I want to look in at one of the shops. I shan't be five minutes."

Gumps led Kathleen up the front steps and into the sitting-room. He drew up an armchair before the fire and invited her to sit down.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Gumps?" she inquired, taking off her gloves and rolling them into a neat ball.

"Oh, I've been busy on my perpetual motion machine," he remarked, with an assumption of casualness. "The plans are almost completed now."

"That's great!" she said enthusiastically.

"Yes," he agreed. "But these last few days I've had to put them by to find a car for us to buy. It's not easy, you know. There are so many cars for sale these days, aren't there?"

"I suppose there are."

"And it would be silly to get the wrong one," he resumed. "That's why I have to give my full time to it. I get quite cross when people come to see Clive and I have to talk to them. Some people are a nuisance, aren't they?"

"I hope you don't consider me a nuisance, Gumps," she smiled.

"Oh, no," he said, sincerely. "Not you, Miss Manners. But there's another girl and her mother, a Mrs. and Miss Hastings. They say they come to see me, but I know they really come to see Clive. Miss Hastings does, anyhow. She's never interested in anything I'm doing; I don't think she even likes me. I'm glad she doesn't, for I'd hate to talk to her. She's such a fool. Some girls are fools, aren't they, Miss Manners?"

"Is she pretty?" Kathleen inquired.

Gumps wrinkled his nose. "Not bad, I suppose. But I shouldn't like Clive to marry her."

Kathleen raised her head with a jerk. "Do you think he wants to marry her?"

"I don't think so," he said. "But women do marry men sometimes who don't want to marry them. At least they do in books. That's why I'm worried."

There was a short pause. Gumps stood before the fireplace kicking his boots together. Presently he said in a half-awkward, half-decisive manner, as though he had been giving much thought to the subject:

"You know, Miss Manners, if Clive must marry somebody I'd just as soon he married you."

This so startled Kathleen that it was some moments before she could say anything.

"But what nonsense, Gumps!" she cried at last. "I'm the last person in the world Clive would dream of marrying."

"Oh, I don't think he'd mind it so much," he said loftily. "That is, if he must marry someone."

THEY were interrupted by the sound of Clive's return. His arrival coincided with a loud clatter and shriek from Mrs. Perman from the kitchen below.

"You come and remove this dog of yours, Master Gumps, or out into the street he goes. How can I get on with my dinner with him nipping my ankles and making me drop all the plates!"

Gumps grinned. "'Scuse me, Miss Manners, I'd better go and make Nipper apologise to Mrs. Perman. She's been in an awful stew with him ever since he ate the ham she bought for lunch."

He dashed off as he spoke, collided with Clive, who was coming in at the door, and ran on.

Now that she had recovered from the shock of Gumps' announcement, Kathleen found it highly entertaining. Her manner clearly showed that she was amused, for Clive demanded:

"What's up? What has Gumps been saying to you?"

"He's perfectly priceless," she said. "He's just remarked that he thinks we ought to marry each other!"

She laughed, and waited for Clive to join in. But he didn't. At least, he didn't laugh out loud. He merely grinned and ran a hand through his hair. "Well," he said, when her laughter had subsided: "It mightn't be such a bad idea, at that."

This, of course, was absurd. It was out of the question that he could be serious. But, as several minutes passed, and he said nothing, she asked tentatively: "You're joking, aren't you?"

The faint grin still lingered. "Well, you can take it as a joke if you like," he said. "But it isn't one really. At least, when I said it I didn't intend it as a joke."

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"But . . . but . . ." Kathleen stammered. Then she stopped. She had never felt more embarrassed or at a loss in her life. "You don't mean you're proposing to me seriously?" she asked at last.

"Well, I seem to have done it, don't I?"

"But . . . it's ridiculous. You don't want to propose to me."

"Don't I?" He strode over to her, gripped both her arms and stood gazing down into her flushed face. "I've been wanting to propose to you for months," he said. "At least, half the time I've been wanting to propose to you. The other half I've been wanting to murder you! I'm not quite sure which I want to do now."

He smiled, and added, "But, please, don't take my proposal seriously at the moment. It wouldn't do me any good for one thing. You're not ready for it. I meant to keep it up my sleeve for some time to come. Let's pretend it hasn't been said, shall we?"

She agreed with a sense of relief. It saved her from having to refuse him. Suddenly she thought of Derek. If only Derek had been willing to marry her as Clive was! What a host of worries and perplexities she would have been spared!

Dinner passed off pleasantly. They dined at one of the better restaurants in Soho. It was quiet, and the food was excellent. Clive hadn't the flair for ordering a perfect meal that Derek had, so he left the choice to her.

"I'm not much good on foreign names," he grinned. "And I'm far too independent to ask the waiter to translate them for me!"

"I didn't know much about them myself until recently," she confessed.

"But, lately, I've been dining out quite a lot."

He looked at her quizzically across the table. Then, suddenly, he frowned. "Does that mean I have a rival, Kathleen?"

She didn't reply for a moment. She spun a fork round like a small roulette wheel. Her hand, she noticed, was rather unsteady.

"Yes," she admitted presently. "There is someone else, Clive."

He digested that slowly. "Does he make you happy, Kathleen?" he asked presently.

Curiously that startled her. It was a question she hadn't put to herself for some time. Did Derek make her happy? Certainly she had moments of happiness; moments of intense happiness. That was when she was with him.

But, at other times, was she happy? She knew she wasn't. She was constantly worrying where he was, what he was doing, why he hadn't phoned her. It was the very uncertainty of their relationship that was worrying. And, if she entered into this new and more serious one, mightn't she be still more worried?

Clive was still waiting for her reply. She said hesitantly: "I don't really know, Clive."

He leant across the table and gripped her hand. "I think I could make you happy, Kathleen," he said quietly. "Do you know a dream I've had lately? That, at some future date, you and I might open an advertising bureau on our own. I don't always want to work for someone else, do you? We could each do the kind of advertising for which we were most suited. You could stick to your 'heart appeal' and I . . ."

He paused, and, in the pause, she smiled across at him. "But I thought, Clive, that recently you'd adopted the 'heart appeal' type of advertisement writing, too? I thought you agreed with it."

He scowled. "I don't know. I think you're right up to a point, but . . ." He banged his fist down on the table. "I don't believe you want to feed the public entirely on slop. I think they'd enjoy swallowing a few insults along with it!"

She threw back her head and laughed merrily. "If we ever did open a bureau together we'd always be at war."

"Well," he admitted slowly, "it mightn't be bad always to be at war—in that way. At least, it should keep us from getting bored with one another."

It was while they were having coffee, with the smoke from their cigarettes curling in a faint blue-grey ribbon to the ceiling, that Clive started talking about Gumps.

"Of course, he's only my half-brother, but I often feel as though he were my son," he remarked. "I pity any man who hasn't a son. I can't think what married couples do without kids. I think children . . ."

He went on talking, but Kathleen was no longer listening. She was lost in her own thoughts. She hadn't thought much about children recently. Perhaps she hadn't dared let herself. But . . . mightn't she want children some day?

She thought of Gumps; his honest brown eyes, his slight stutter when he was excited; that curious, old-world formality of his that was both surprising and charming.

She knew, suddenly, that she would sacrifice much to have a son like Gumps; that, unless she did, there would be a large blank in her life.

The waiter was hovering round with the bill. All the other diners had gone.

"I hope you haven't been bored," Clive said, as he helped her on with her coat.

"I've enjoyed myself immensely," she said, and both of them knew that she meant it.

CHAPTER 26

"WELL, what is it you wanted to see me about that is even more important than the question of you and me, Kathie?" Derek asked.

"Not more important, Derek," she said quickly.

He smiled faintly. "Thanks, Kathie. All the same, your apparent reluctance to make up your mind isn't flattering."

She glanced down unhappily at the plate of food before her.

"There are so many things to be considered."

He leant his elbows on the table, clasped his hands together, and said intently: "Listen, Kathie, there is nothing to be considered ever except you and me, and our happiness. I'm sure I could make you happy . . ."

How queer it was that Clive had used those same words only last night! But he had been offering her a very different brand of happiness. A happiness of mutual respect and liking, of work shared, of security.

"Please, Derek," she interrupted. "I don't want to talk about it to-day."

She frowned suddenly.

"It is about Lea I wanted to talk to you," she said.

He sighed. "I thought it might be."

"She came into my office yesterday. She says you won't see her."

He moved his chair impatiently. "Why should I? What's the use of going over the old ground? Our affair was nothing more than a slight flirtation. Why should I go and see her and expose myself to a lot of stupid scenes? I'm not the slightest bit in love with her. I never was!"

"Then I wish you hadn't taken her out at all," she murmured. "It wasn't quite fair to her."

He looked up at her sharply. "Do you think I've treated your sister badly, Kathie?"

"Not according to your point of view, Derek."

"But according to yours?"

"Oh, I don't know. I wish," she gave a short, unhappy laugh, "I wish you hadn't flirted with her. It would have saved so many complications."

He frowned. "What complications? I wasn't aware there were any."

She said: "It's Hal, her husband. He's been round there threatening her. He thinks—well, he thinks there was something between you and Lea."

"Something more than a flirtation?"

She glanced down at her plate. "Yes."

He didn't reply for a moment. He was drumming his fingers on the table. "Does it matter?" he jerked out presently.

"Lea seemed pretty upset yesterday," she told him. "Hal can be rather alarming. You see, he drinks a good deal. And then . . . I don't know . . . but I've always thought there was something a bit queer about him. At times I've thought he wasn't quite sane."

Derek's face had grown grave. His lips were set in a tight grim line. "In that case, I'd better see him," he said, "and try to clear his mind of any suspicions that there was anything but friendship between me and his wife. Will that satisfy you, Kathie?"

She said, "Yes, I suppose that's the best thing to do. But I don't like it, Derek."

"You don't like what?" he demanded, quite irritably.

"I don't really know. It's an absurd thing to say, but . . . I'm afraid."

"What on earth is there to be afraid of? I'll see this fellow and let him know he's got to stop bothering Lea. He won't be difficult to deal with. His sort never are."

He added after a moment's pause, "If you'll excuse me a moment I'll ring up Lea now. She may be at her flat. I'll get her to arrange a meeting between me and her husband. It's much better to get an unpleasant thing like this over and done with."

WHEN he returned he told her that he would see Lea that evening. Apparently Hal was expected, too.

"If we face him together with the truth he must believe us," he insisted. "It will put all this nonsense out of his head."

But Kathleen wasn't convinced. She repeated: "I don't like it, Derek."

He patted her hand and his grey eyes, with the network of crinkles under them, smiled down at her affectionately. "Then forget it, darling. Let's put the question of Lea and her husband aside and talk about a much more important one—ourselves."

"I told you I didn't want to discuss that just now," she said quietly. "I haven't made up my mind one way or the other."

"Aren't you a little cruel, Kathie?" he demanded softly. "Or is it a woman's privilege to be cruel at such times? Listen, I've something important to tell you. You know how well the first number of the new magazine has gone. We printed nearly half a million, and the issue was completely sold out.

"Of course, the publicity we've been giving it in 'Man About Town' has helped greatly. But, anyhow, it's been enough of a success for a big magazine combine in the States to be interested. They'd bring it out on slightly different lines, naturally, using different copy, though a great many of the illustrations could stand in both countries.

"They've invited me to make a flying visit to the States as their guest to discuss the matter with them. I thought of going in a couple of weeks. Why shouldn't we both go, Kathie? You've never been to the States, have you? It would be a grand experience for you. And . . . it would be marvellous for me!"

"But I couldn't get away," she protested.

"Of course you could," he said sharply. "You've only got to suggest to one of the directors that you'd like to take your holidays a little earlier this year. And, surely, you've someone you could leave in control? Why not go down to-morrow and book your passage?"

"To-morrow?" Her voice was faint, startled.

"Of course," he exulted. "I insist upon

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having your decision at once, darling. Decide now, or if you can't decide this minute, come round to my flat this evening."

"But you're seeing Lea this evening," she objected.

He still held her hand. He pressed it firmer. "Come afterwards, darling. Come up to my flat and we'll have supper. I'll tell you what's happened at Lea's flat. Shall we say nine o'clock? You will come, won't you?"

She hesitated for one long moment, then she promised. She felt breathless, and there was an empty sensation inside her. She had promised to go to his flat for supper, but hadn't she, in reality, promised more than that? Wouldn't that mean she would have to give him her decision to-night?

She said quickly:

"I must be getting back to Webber's. There's a meeting of the board of directors at three and they have asked me to be present."

He rose to his feet. "Of course, Kathie. If you'll just wait a moment while I get the bill I'll take you there in a taxi."

She shook her head. "I'd rather not wait, if you don't mind, Derek. I'll—I'll go now. Good-bye."

He caught hold of her arm. "You will come to-night, Kathie?"

"Yes, yes." She spoke rapidly. "I'll come to-night, Derek."

"You'll try to make up your mind by then?"

She nodded. "I'll try." But she knew, as she passed hastily through the crowded restaurant, her eyes blinded by tears, that her decision had already been made.

CHAPTER 27

IT was curious that that same day should mark the zenith of Kathleen's business career.

At the meeting of the board of directors, it was unanimously decided to extend Webber's advertising considerably. From the beginning of the month they would take a whole page daily in each of the important newspapers, for at least a fortnight. It was to be an immense advertising campaign, costing literally thousands of pounds.

"You realise, Kathleen, that we shouldn't have dreamt of such a colossal scheme, nor of such an enormous outlay, had we not supreme confidence in your ability to put it across to the public," Mr. Daniel remarked to her in the privacy of his office after the meeting was over.

"It's really a big compliment to you, my dear. Not that you don't deserve our entire confidence," he said hastily. "But should it fail . . ." He got up from his desk, came round to her side and patted her on the shoulder, clumsily.

"But you won't fail. That's something I'd put my last shirt on. It's a tremendously big thing but you'll put it across for us in a big way. If it's a success, we are planning an immense extension both of business and premises. So this campaign means everything to us. The future of Webber's as London's biggest department store!"

There was a ring of pride and excitement in his voice. He took out his silk handkerchief and blew his nose twice, rather loudly. Then he walked to the opposite side of the room and stared out of the window.

"I realise," he added, after a slight pause, "that it's a pity we can't give you more time to work on it. But it's taken those darned old colleagues of mine so long to make up their minds, and we can't afford to miss the spring drive, can we?

"Do you think you will be able to give me the rough draft of your first week's campaign in two days' time? That's when the directors meet next, you know."

Later, when she left his office and walked down the corridor towards the staff lift, she still felt confused.

It had all come upon her so suddenly. She hadn't had an inkling what the directors wished to speak to her about when she had first gone into the board-room. And now to be told that so much depended upon this campaign. Upon her, really!

For the time being at least it put all thoughts of Derek out of her mind. And when she did think of him it was only to remember that now there was no possibility of her accompanying him to the States. Was she disappointed? In one way she was, yet in another she was immensely relieved.

She had prayed that some such thing as this should take the decision out of her hands, and now it seemed as though her prayer had been answered. Yet had the decision really been taken out of her hands?

She would have to see him that night and tell him. It would be painful because she still cared for him. Did she care for him as much as she had once? She couldn't answer that question. She only knew that he had suddenly become curiously divorced from her life, as though he had no real place in it.

The first person she thought of upon returning to her office was Clive. "We must talk this scheme over together," she decided. "He will be able to help me."

She sent a message to ask if he would come into her office. He came, on the heels of the messenger. As he stood and smiled down at her, with his attractive, slightly crooked smile, his brown eyes, frank and honest, like Gumps' eyes, shone with a very tender light.

But he merely said, "Did you want to see me, Kathleen?"

She nodded, but, for some moments, she couldn't tell him. It meant so much to her. It was so tremendously important. But, curiously, when she did tell him, her voice was calm, almost casual. Yet he wasn't deceived.

He leant across her desk and said, his eyes firing with enthusiasm, his voice husky with excitement. "Kathleen, Kathleen, that's splendid, isn't it? I . . . I don't know what to say, how to congratulate you.

"It shows how much they think of you, doesn't it? But you've deserved it. And they're no fools. There is no one in the country who could put this across in a bigger way than you can!"

A faint flush stole to her cheeks. Praise from him had an unexpected sweetness.

She gave herself a sharp mental shake. There was only one thing to be thought of now. Planning this great advertising scheme.

"Clive," she said suddenly, "will you help me plan it? I'd be very grateful for your advice."

He had been standing with his back half turned to her, staring out of the window. Now he swung abruptly towards her. "Kathleen, do you really mean you want me to help you?" There was something queer about his voice.

She nodded. "If you would, Clive."

"That," he said slowly, "is the biggest compliment anyone has ever paid me. It's strange it should come from you."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Well," he smiled slightly, "a few months ago you didn't think much of my work, did you?"

"But you've improved since then out of all measure."

"Perhaps that was the result of taking your advice," he said gravely.

"About getting 'heart appeal' into your copy?"

"No." Again there was that faint twinkle in his brown eyes. "About falling in love."

There was a pause. It was Clive this time who brought the conversation back to the business in hand.

"Would you care to have dinner with me to-night when we can discuss this scheme?"

"Yes, I'd love to. That will give me the afternoon to make a few preliminary plans." Then she exclaimed, "But I've just remembered I have an appointment at nine."

"You must keep it?"

She nodded. "I promised."

"Well, we'll have two hours together, anyhow," he said.

BUT, for all that, they didn't spend the entire two hours discussing the advertising scheme, important as it was. They were finding they had an increasing number of things outside office business to talk over.

There was the question of whether or not Clive should send Gumps away for a short holiday before he went back to school, and, if he did, what place to choose. Clive, too, was considering moving into a small flat of his own after Gumps went back to school. Mrs. Perman, apparently, was giving up her house in order to move into a suburb.

Kathleen also discussed with him the problem of what was to be done with Lea, who had no job and little prospect of getting one. At last they got down to real business.

"If only," Kathleen remarked over coffee, "I could think of presenting Webber's, and all its stock, in an entirely new light. If only I could see some method of weaving a romance around it, and present it each day to the public more as a serial story than as a continuous advertisement. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," he nodded slowly. He was silent for some little while, but suddenly his eyes blazed excitedly. "I think I've got it," he exclaimed. "What do you think of this for an idea? Supposing some Elizabethan Johnny, a sort of Rip Van Winkle character, has been to sleep for centuries. He wakes up in 1935, bewildered and amazed at all the changes he sees about him. By chance he stumbles into Webber's . . .

"Do you get the idea? Each day he wanders into a different department; he contrasts what he sees to-day with what he remembers before he went to sleep. He notices, for instance, how the beds have changed, how much more comfortable the box springs are than the beds he knew.

"Of course, you would have to do some research, but that would be fun. And in any free time I've got I can go down to the British Museum and make rough sketches of the old-fashioned contrivances for you." He paused and added, "What do you think of the idea?"

"I think," she said quietly, "it can be worked up into one of the most original and striking advertising schemes I've ever heard of. If . . ." she leant a little across the table, "if we put it across . . ."

"It's not 'if.' You will!" he said forcefully.

"If we put it across," she persisted, "the credit will be due entirely to you."

"No, it won't." He shook his head. "I may have stumbled on to the idea, but you're the only person in London who could carry it through successfully."

She laughed suddenly, merrily. "This seems to be a mutual admiration society."

"A mutual admiration society is not a bad beginning for something else," he remark, with a grin.

They discussed the scheme excitedly. It was past nine before Kathleen remembered to look at her watch. She glanced up at him, startled.

"Oh, Clive, I'm late already. I must rush."

"I'll take you there in a taxi."

She didn't protest. She was grateful for his company. She was dreading this meeting with Derek. She hated to disappoint him. But she knew now, beyond all doubt, that it wasn't in her to enter into a relationship such as he suggested. Far from making her happy, it would bring her nothing but misery.

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CHAPTER 28

OUTSIDE the building where Derek's flat was, Clive took off his hat and stood bareheaded on the pavement before Kathleen. The moonlight glinted on his dark brown hair.

"Do you want me to wait, Kathleen?" he asked quietly.

She shook her head. "No, thanks. I may be some time."

His lips twisted slightly. "Is this where your friend lives, the man who takes you to restaurants where the food always has foreign names?"

"Yes."

"You seem disturbed about something," he remarked sharply.

"Do I?"

"Yes, you're quite white, and I noticed that you were trembling in the taxi. What's the matter?" His voice was rough with anxiety.

"Nothing's the matter," she said quietly. "Only . . . I have to tell someone something I don't think he will want to hear."

"You mean this man has proposed to you and you're going to refuse him?"

She bit her lower lip sharply. "Something like that," she said, and turned into the building.

Derek wasn't there, but his manservant admitted her and said she was expected. He showed her into the sitting-room. She sat down to wait.

It was queer he was so late. Usually he was the most punctual of people. It was especially queer to-night, when he must be eager to hear her decision. Could anything have happened?

She sprang from the armchair and started to pace the room. She clenched and unclenched her hands as she walked, her nerves strung to concert pitch. Probably the strain of the day had proved too much for her. She tried to persuade herself it was that, trying not to listen to the warning voice that kept whispering to her.

But, in the end, she had to listen. She couldn't stay any longer in this quiet room just waiting for Derek.

She would ring up Lea and ask if he was still there. She got put through quickly, but a strange man's voice answered her.

"Who is it wants to speak to Mrs. Rayburn?" he said gruffly.

"It's Kathleen Manners, Mrs. Rayburn's sister."

"Oh," said the stranger's voice. There was a moment's pause. "I'm Inspector Marden, of Scotland Yard, Miss Manners," he said. "I'm afraid there's been . . . an accident."

She moistened her dry lips with her tongue. She couldn't speak for a moment. "An accident? I . . . I don't understand." Then, her voice strengthening, she cried sharply, "Please tell me what's happened, inspector. I'd much rather know than suffer this suspense."

He cleared his throat. The wait was agonising.

"Well, Miss Manners," he said. "I'm sorry to say there's been a tragedy. Your sister is . . ."

Curiously, it was Kathleen who supplied the word.

"Dead?" she whispered, in a startled, bewildered way, as though she didn't believe it, couldn't believe it.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice. "I'm afraid so." There was another pause.

Kathleen swayed slightly, and had to grip the telephone-stand to prevent herself falling. She leant heavily against the wall and closed her eyes.

"How did it happen?" she whispered.

"It appeared her husband shot at her and another man, and then killed himself," he told her. "Both your sister and her husband are dead. They were dead when I arrived. A neighbor heard the shots, and summoned the police. The other man, a Mr. Carlton, has been taken away in an ambulance. He's wounded, but not seriously."

She said "Thank you," and put down the receiver. It was an odd thing to say, but she could think of nothing else. She could think of nothing but the awful horror of it. Lea, lovely, lazy, shallow, was dead! Lea, her own sister! Shot by the husband whom Kathleen had always suspected of being slightly insane, especially when he had drink in him.

And Derek wounded!

Without quite realising what she was doing, Kathleen was fumbling in the telephone-book, her eyes searching for the name of Perman. She found it at last. She gave the number in a daze and asked for Mr. Brentwood.

But it wasn't until she was actually speaking to Clive that she went to pieces.

"Clive, come round here to me at once," she sobbed. "Something awful has happened. I want you, my dear—I need you!"

CLIVE didn't leave Kathleen all that night. He took her home to her flat, got one of the maids to undress her, and then, for the remainder of the night, he sat with her. He soothed her as a woman might have done.

He let her sob on his shoulder, he smoothed back the rich, red hair, and dried the tear-stains from her cheeks. When, towards dawn, she slept fitfully, he wandered into the sitting-room and sat before the dead embers of the fire, waiting. He had some tea ready when, a few hours later, she woke.

She was better, more controlled, but there was still horror in her eyes and her voice shook pitiably.

"I'm sorry I went to pieces last night," she said, unsteadily.

He smiled at her. There was a peculiar sweetness in his smile that brought the tears to her eyes again. "There isn't a woman in the world who wouldn't have gone to pieces," he told her.

She accepted that. "You've been awfully . . . good to me," she murmured.

He picked up the tea-tray hastily and walked out of the room with it. He went out to get a breath of air, and when he returned, half an hour later, she was dressed.

"You're not to dream of going to the office to-day," he said sharply.

"Why not?"

"You're not fit for it. Besides, the—er—story may be in the papers. People may have heard it. It . . . it mightn't be pleasant. You'd better stay at home until after the inquest, anyhow."

"But . . . but my job. I can't neglect that."

"To hell with your job! Don't worry about it."

"But, Clive," her voice was hesitant, "a man wouldn't neglect his job—no matter what had happened."

"I tell you you're not fit for it," he said, roughly. "Besides," he paused, "in spite of all your theories, men and women aren't the same. There are times when a man could carry on and a woman couldn't. This is one of them."

She sank down on to the couch before the fire he had lit and covered her face with her hands.

"I don't know what to do, Clive," she whispered. "There's the new advertising scheme. I've got to get a rough draft before the directors' meeting to-morrow somehow. I promised I would."

"You can work on it here," he pointed out.

"Yes, yes," she clung on to that eagerly. "There's nothing to prevent my working on it here."

There was nothing to prevent her, but she found she couldn't concentrate. She tried feverishly to work; she tried feverishly to think; she covered sheets of paper. She hadn't the slightest idea whether the work she was doing was good or bad.

And Derek . . . He was no longer a part of her life, but she still cared for him. In a way she would always care for him.

She rang through to the hospital and learned that he was in no danger. She left her name. She knew she couldn't go round to see him. Not yet. He had been innocent, but he was the cause of the trouble. If he hadn't flirted with Lea. . . .

Again and again she forced her mind back to her work. She handed the copy to Clive when he came in to see her that evening.

"I don't think it's much good," she said, with a tired smile. "But I couldn't do better."

He folded it and put it into his pocket. "I'm sure it's good," he affirmed stoutly. "I'll hand it in at the directors' meeting to-morrow."

"You're not going to read it here?"

"I'll read it through when I get back to my digs," he told her. "It'll be something to look forward to."

But he lied. He was afraid to read it through before her. He had glanced at the first page. He knew it wasn't a patch on her usual stuff.

CHAPTER 29

KATHLEEN returned to the office two days later, but she looked like a ghost of her former self. She was thin, wan, terribly tired-looking. All hazel eyes and a blaze of red hair. . . .

Some of her fellow-workers murmured sympathy. Others, tactfully, refrained from mentioning the recent tragedy at all. She hadn't heard yet what the directors had thought of her copy. She felt as though she could scarcely breathe until she did hear.

Mr. Daniel came down into her office to offer his sympathy. He kept shaking his head and saying, "Terrible! Terrible! I used to notice her when she was modelling our sports clothes. Such a pretty girl! Poor Kathleen! It must be awful for you. What you must have been through! I can't think how, with all that misery and worry, you were able to turn out such brilliant copy."

Kathleen sat very straight at her desk, her white hands clasped tightly before her. They were shaking so.

"Did you say . . . brilliant, Mr. Daniel?" Her voice was queer.

"Certainly!" he said, heartily. "The most brilliant piece of advertising copy I've ever seen. Not only is the idea original and striking, but the actual wording is the cleverest I've ever come across. 'Pon my soul it is. All the directors are delighted. I'm as pleased as Punch myself. Didn't I advise them to leave it entirely in your hands?"

She didn't reply. She put her head down upon the desk and burst into tears. The relief of knowing that she hadn't failed was enormous.

Mr. Daniel was distressed beyond words. He patted her clumsily on the shoulder. Then, tactfully, he left her.

"I'll send you down the copy," he said from the doorway. "It's still up in my room."

It arrived a few minutes later. As Kathleen took it from the messenger, she glanced at the first page and her eyes widened in surprised bewilderment. For a long time she sat at her desk just staring at that copy. Presently she read it through.

When she had finished she pressed her desk-bell and asked for Mr. Brentwood.

"So my copy wasn't any good, Clive," she

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remarked quietly, when he came into her office.

He flushed scarlet. He ran a hand through his hair and muttered: "Well, it wasn't as good as it usually is, Kathleen. I . . . I just thought I'd touch it up a bit. Nothing much, you know. I realise it was awful cheek on my part . . . Are you furious with me?"

"Furious? You've saved my reputation with the firm." She gave a small, weak laugh that had a sob behind it.

"There isn't any of my original copy left," she resumed presently. "It's all yours, Clive. And Mr. Daniel was right. It is brilliant."

He said, half-pathetically, half-eagerly. "Then you're not angry, Kathleen? You didn't mind my altering it?"

"Perhaps my pride was hurt a little, just at first," she said slowly. "But it shouldn't have been. And, anyhow, that doesn't matter. While we're both working for Webber's, only the firm matters. You've done Webber's a tremendously good turn, and I'll see that those in authority know about it."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he said roughly.

She glanced up at him, startled by the fierceness of his expression. As he did so, something queer stirred in her heart.

"Very well, Clive," she said meekly. "I promise not to say a word about it so long . . . so long as I remain at Webber's." The last words were so faint that he scarcely heard them.

Having gained his objective, he didn't press the point. He sat on the end of her desk, took out his cigarette case and said: "May I?"

"Look here, Kathleen," he remarked presently, having lit a cigarette. "It shouldn't take you more than a couple of weeks to finish this advertising scheme. Then you must go away for a holiday. Heaven knows you need it. You look all in. This morning I had an idea. Why don't you take Gumps to Switzerland for a few weeks? He'd adore it, and it would do you both the world of good. Would you like that?"

She said eagerly, "Yes, yes, I'd love it, Clive. I love Gumps. I think he likes me, too, provided——" she paused and smiled, "he doesn't suspect me of trying to marry you!"

"I don't think he'd even mind that," he interposed brusquely. "But we'll talk about that when you come back from Switzerland. In the meantime you've got to finish this advertising scheme as fast as you reasonably can."

"As fast as we reasonably can," she corrected. "Surely, since it's almost entirely your work up till now, you're not going to desert me. I—I couldn't carry on without you, Clive."

He didn't reply for a minute. He got off her desk and came round to where she sat.

"You're not going to carry on without me—ever," he said quietly, and both of them knew that Webber's advertising campaign was not even at the back of his mind. . . .

KATHLEEN saw Derek once before he sailed for the States. She came to his flat while he was convalescing with one arm in a sling.

"This is nice of you, Kathie," he said, and his grey eyes smiled down at her. "Especially nice as . . . I suppose you blame me a little?"

She sat down in the armchair he pushed towards her. "No, I don't, Derek," she said. "Not any longer. Only . . ."

"I understand," he said gently. "I've understood ever since it happened. Perhaps before it happened. You were coming that night to tell me you couldn't go through with it, weren't you?"

She glanced up at him, her eyes wide, surprised. "How did you know?"

He shrugged and crossed over to the window. "I sensed it in your manner at lunch that day. But, of course, I hoped against hope. I love you, Kathie."

She said nothing.

"I suppose," he resumed, "if Delia and I did get a divorce it wouldn't make any difference?"

"Not any longer, Derek."

There was a pause.

"You're still going to the States?" she inquired presently.

He nodded. "As soon as I can travel with any degree of comfort. Probably I'll stay there for some time. Long enough, anyhow, to get my two magazines launched successfully." He raised one eyebrow and smiled faintly. "Without you, Kathie, there won't be much incentive to rush back to England."

She left shortly afterwards. Now that they had both written "Finish" to the episode it was better to go. It had been a curious episode, and, for both their sakes, it was better ended.

AFTER Clive and Kathleen had drafted the advertising scheme, and it had been approved, she left with Gumps for Switzerland.

Gumps was the tonic she needed. In entering into his schemes and plans, some of them amazingly practical, and others as bewilderingly illogical as his perpetual-motion machine, she forgot the horror of the recent tragedy.

She recovered her mental balance. The color crept back into her cheeks, the sparkle came into her eyes and laughter found its way frequently to her lips.

Some weeks later, when Gumps and she stepped from the boat train at Victoria Station, it was the old, self-controlled, efficient Kathleen Manners who greeted Clive. But there was a difference . . .

Her hazel eyes had a deeper, softer light in them, and when she smiled at Clive her smile held the golden warmth of a happiness that had been enriched by pain.

Soon after Kathleen returned to Webber's she made an appointment with Mr. Daniel and went up to see him in his private office.

"Mr. Daniel," she began, "I want to ask you a question and I want you to give me a candid reply. When I was away on holiday was Webber's advertising carried on to the entire satisfaction of you and the other directors?"

He looked somewhat mystified. Then, after a slight pause, he coughed and said, "Well . . . er . . . yes, I must admit that it was, Kathleen. I think I can say with confidence that it was. In fact, several of my fellow directors commented that it seemed to be taking on a new and original slant.

"Not," he added, hastily, "that the advertising copy was in any way superior to your work. No one could possibly have given more satisfaction than you have given all these years, my dear."

She leant slightly forward. She said earnestly, "Thank you, Mr. Daniel. I'll always remember that. But," she paused a moment before resuming, "lately I've been realising that I've been at Webber's too long. No one should stay too long in any one job."

She paused, and in the pause Mr. Daniel looked at her curiously. "And all this means, Kathleen?"

"That," she drew a deep breath, "I want to resign."

"Resign?" He was startled, astonished, confused. "I—I—surely you're not going to desert us now that we are about to extend our premises and make Webber's twice the size it is to-day? Who is there who could possibly carry on the excellent work you have done up to now?"

"Clive Brentwood could carry on," she said quietly. "I was going to ask, Mr. Daniel, if, when I leave, you would give him my job."

Mr. Daniel didn't reply immediately. He got up from his desk and paced about the room.

"All this is very disturbing. Very disturbing indeed, Kathleen. Of course, I'm very attached to young Brentwood, anxious for him to get on, but—how do I know he is competent?"

"You told me yourself that he ran the department very efficiently while I was away on my holiday," she pointed out. "And—I can tell you this now that I have resigned, Mr. Daniel. I wanted to before, but Clive made me promise I wouldn't.

"You remember our big advertising scheme of last month? Clive was entirely responsible for that. I—I was ill, upset, at the time. I couldn't cope with it. It was his idea, and he wrote practically all the copy. It was good, wasn't it? I remember you said it was brilliant."

Mr. Daniel was stroking his chin thoughtfully. "Well," he said presently, "in the circumstances I think I might be justified in advising my fellow directors that, in the event of your resigning, we should appoint Mr. Brentwood in your place."

"You think they'll agree?" Her voice was breathless.

He smiled. "I don't anticipate a great deal of difficulty in persuading them."

"That's . . . that's splendid," she said. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Daniel."

She rose to go.

"But, after you leave here, what are you going to do, Kathleen?" he inquired. His eyes twinkled and he added, "Not going to a rival firm, I hope!"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "I couldn't do that, Mr. Daniel. I shall always feel I belong, in a way, to Webber's. But . . . I've saved some money and I've decided to open an advertising bureau of my own."

He held out his hand.

"Then I wish you all the success in the world. There is no one who deserves it more than you do."

"Thank you, Mr. Daniel." She put her own hand into his.

A moment later he smiled down at her mischievously. "You're not thinking of taking on anything else besides an advertising bureau, are you, Kathleen?"

The flush that rose to her cheeks gave her away. He laughed heartily, squeezed her hand tighter, and said: "I've suspected as much for some time. I'm delighted, my dear, but . . . when you open your new advertising bureau, don't advise any other of your men assistants to fall in love. If you do, you may end in the Divorce Court!"

During the course of the day Clive came into Kathleen's office to see her on business. After they had discussed it, she said: "Will you take me out to dinner to-night, Clive? I want to celebrate."

"Celebrate what?"

"I've resigned."

"What?" He stared at her in amazement. "You've resigned?"

"Certainly. I told Mr. Daniel that I thought I'd been in this job too long. I'm going to open an advertising bureau of my own. Have you any objections?"

He ran a hand through his hair and stammered, "Why . . . why should I have any objections? I'm delighted. I always wanted you to run your own show. It will give you more scope. But what's going to happen to Webber's? Who's going to carry on in your place as head of the advertising department?"

"Oh," she said, and smiled wickedly, "I believe the job is going to stay in the family. I've every reason to believe that they're going to offer it to . . . to my future husband."

And, before he had recovered from his astonishment, she had kissed him.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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